

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01729387 9



THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF THE

REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM,

AUTHOR OF

The Ingoldsby Legends :

WITH A

SELECTION FROM HIS MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY HIS SON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.




208783
- 31:1:27

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1870.



LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

PR
4058
A4B3
v. 2

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER VII.

[1837-1839.]

APPEARANCE OF 'BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY'—	
'JARVIS MATCHAN'—	
'THE OLD WOMAN IN GREY'—	
'DR. HARRIS'—	
CRITICISM	
—EPIGRAM—	
OBJECT OF CERTAIN OF THE LEGENDS—	
THE INGOLDSBY FAMILY	
—LETTERS TO MR. BENTLEY—	
EARLY WORKS OF JOHN LEECH—	
HOOK'S	
SUPERSTITION—	
ANECDOTES—	
LETTER TO MRS. HUGHES—	
'LIFE OF CHARLES	
MATHEWS THE ELDER'—	
SYDNEY SMITH'S LETTER TO ARCHDEACON SINGLETON	
—EPIGRAMS—	
LETTER TO MRS. HUGHES—	
'GREY DOLPHIN'—	
PICKLED COCKLES	
—GEAME FEATHERS—	
THE POOR LAW—	
KENTISH SUPERSTITION—	
DR. FLY—	
POETICAL EPISTLE TO MR. RYDE—	
THE 'GLOBE AND TRAVELLER'—	
'A	
FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE'—	
LETTER TO MISS BARHAM—	
'BIRTHDAY ODE'—	
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY—	
INVITATION TO DR. HUME—	
BEGGING-	
LETTER WRITERS—	
FEMALE SWINDLERS—	
LETTER TO MR. BENTLEY—	
LETTER	
TO MRS. HUGHES—	
EPIGRAM—	
SCANDALOUS MEMOIRS ATTRIBUTED TO LADIES	
CHARLOTTE BURY AND HAMILTON—	
LETTER TO MRS. HUGHES—	
DARRELL OF	
LITTLECOTE—	
'MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE'—	
SKITS ON THE CORONATION—	
LETTER ON NOTHING—	
'A SONG OF SIXPENCE'—	
LETTER TO MR. BENTLEY—	
PROPOSED NOVEL, 'THE MODERN RAKE'S PROGRESS'—	
'TOM BROWN'—	
ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEECH—	
LETTER TO MRS. HUGHES—	
ST. PAUL'S—	
AIDS TO	
COMPOSITION	Page 1

CHAPTER VIII.

[1839-1842.]

LETTER TO MR. BENTLEY—LETTER TO MRS. HUGHES—THE MODERN ‘WATTS’—	
LETTERS TO MISS BARHAM—TO MR. BENTLEY—A DAY’S FISHING WITH	
THEODORE HOOK—ANECDOTES—SYDNEY SMITH—LETTER TO MRS. HUGHES—	
REMOVAL TO THE RESIDENTIARY HOUSE—INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN OF	
THE BELGIANS—DR. REID—MR. MONCRIEF—PHRENOLOGY—DEATH OF MR.	
BARHAM’S YOUNGEST SON—LETTERS TO MRS. HUGHES—RENEWAL OF FRIEND-	
SHIP WITH LORD NUGENT—VISIT TO GREAT BURSTEAD—ACCIDENT TO MRS.	
BARHAM—‘THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE’—‘BLOUDIE JACK OF SHREWSBERRIE’	
—LETTER TO MR. BENTLEY—‘THE GOLDEN LEGEND’—ILLUSTRATIONS TO	
THE LEGENDS—LETTER TO MISS BARHAM—VISIT TO HOOK—ANECDOTES—	
LETTER TO MR. BENTLEY—‘PEREGRINE BUNCE’—ANECDOTES—VISIT TO	
MARGATE—POETICAL EPISTLE—LETTERS TO MR. BENTLEY—DEATH OF	
THEODORE HOOK—LETTERS TO MRS. HUGHES—MR. BARHAM’S LAST INTER-	
VIEW WITH THEODORE HOOK—JUVENILE SENTIMENT—LETTER FROM SYDNEY	
SMITH—POETICAL LETTER TO MR. BENTLEY—LINES BY SIR GEORGE	
ROSE	Page 74

CHAPTER IX.

[1842-1844.]

ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY OF SION COLLEGE—APPOINTMENT TO THE	
DIVINITY LECTURESHIP AT ST. PAUL’S—SENIOR CARDINAL—EXCHANGE OF	
LIVINGS—TESTIMONIAL—THE BISHOP OF LONDON’S CHARGE—AN UNLUCKY	
PRESENT—LETTER TO DR. HUME—ANECDOTES—LETTER TO MISS BARHAM—	
TO DR. HUME—LINES ON A CHINA JUG—THE CARTER GHOST STORY—THE	
SEAFORTH PROPHECY—WARRENDER HOUSE—ANECDOTE—LETTER TO MR.	
BENTLEY—WITHDRAWAL FROM ‘BENTLEY’S MISCELLANY’—LETTER TO MRS.	
HUGHES—‘LAPSUS LINGUÆ’—THEATRICAL ANECDOTE—DR. PARIS’S GHOST	
STORY—LETTER TO MRS. HUGHES—ST. PAUL’S—SAUNDERS AND OTLEY—	
LETTER TO MRS. HUME—SYDNEY SMITH’S NOVEL—ANECDOTES—MR. OFFOR	
AND THE DUKE OF SUSSEX—LETTER TO DR. HUME—NOTE FROM SYDNEY	
SMITH—SHERIDAN AND O’BEIRNE—THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—	
LETTER TO MRS. HUGHES—‘ARCHÆOLOGICAL HINT’—THE MUMMY—STORY	
OF LORD M.—SCRAPS, ANECDOTES, ETC.	137

CONCLUSION.

[1844-1845.]

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY—TOO MANY COOKS—COMMENCEMENT OF MR. BARHAM'S ILLNESS—DINNER WITH MR. FORSTER—ANECDOTES—CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT—CONTINUED ILLNESS—VISIT TO BATH—LETTERS TO MRS. HUGHES—ASCENT OF BEACON HILL—'MORAL REFLECTIONS'—LETTER TO MR. BENTLEY—RETURN TO LONDON—ARCHÆOLOGICAL FEUD—RELAPSE—VISIT TO CLIFTON—LETTER TO MRS. HUGHES—MR. COULSON—COUNTRY DOCTORS—GERVASE MATCHAN—'THE BULLETIN'—LETTER TO THE GARRICK—RETURN TO TOWN—'AS I LAYE A-THINKYNGE'—LAST DAYS—BURIAL—'ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. R. H. BARHAM' . . . Page 188

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, &c.

	PAGE
THE RELIC	229
ENCOMIUM IRREGULARE	243
A KING FOR GREECE	247
THE MAD DOG	254
SWING.	261
VIRGO INFELIX	266
ENCOMIUM LONGANUM	269
THE DEMOLISHED FARCE	272
THE OATH	274
A LONDON ECLOGUE	275
RELICS OF ANTIENT POETRY, I.	279
" " II.	284
THE DRAWING ROOM	289
CORRESPONDENCE	293
THE CAVALIER	298
THE VICTIM OF SENSIBILITY	301
THE OLD WOMAN'S CAT	302
THE MODERN IXION	304
THE CABOUAT TRAGEDY	309
A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE	313
THE HOUSE THAT JOSH BURNT	319
THE WONDROUS TALE OF IKEY SOLOMONS	324



LIFE

OF THE

REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

CHAPTER VII.

[1837—1839.]

Appearance of 'Bentley's Miscellany'—'The Ingoldsby Legends'—'Jarvis Matchan'—'The Old Woman in Grey'—'Dr. Harris'—Criticism—Epigram—Object of certain of the Legends—The Ingoldsby Family—Letters to Mr. Bentley—Early Works of John Leech—Hook's Superstition—Anecdotes—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—'Life of Charles Mathews the Elder'—Sydney Smith's Letter to Archdeacon Singleton—Epigrams—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—'Grey Dolphin'—Pickled Cockles—Geame Feathers—The Poor Law—Kentish Superstition—Dr. Fly—Poetical Epistle to Mr. Ryde—The 'Globe and Traveller'—'A Friendly Remonstrance'—Letter to Miss Barham—'Birthday Ode'—The Queen's Visit to the City—Invitation to Dr. Hume—Begging-letter Writers—Female Swindlers—Letter to Mr. Bentley—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Epigram—Scandalous Memoirs attributed to Ladies Charlotte Bury and Hamilton—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Darrell of Littlecote—'My Grandmother's Tale'—Skits on the Coronation—Letter on Nothing—'A Song of Sixpence'—Letter to Mr. Bentley—Proposed Novel, 'The Modern Rake's Progress'—'Tom Brown'—Illustrations by Leech—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—St. Paul's—Aids to Composition.

At the commencement of the year 1837 Mr. Bentley published the first number of his *Miscellany*. Having engaged the services of Mr. Charles Dickens, then rising

rapidly in public estimation, and an ample staff of regular collaborateurs, he sought to secure any occasional auxiliaries whose assistance might be of value; among others he applied to Mr. Barham, who entered at once and very warmly into the design, promising such aid as more important avocations might allow.

Up to this time he had been an anonymous and comparatively unknown writer. The popularity, however, of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, which now appeared in rapid succession in the pages of the new periodical, rendered the pseudonym he had for obvious reasons assumed a very insufficient disguise, and, though he never entirely abandoned it, he was soon pretty generally known to be their author. As has been before intimated, for the groundwork of many of these effusions he was indebted to the inexhaustible stores of Mrs. Hughes and her son, the latter himself a proficient in the higher range of poetry.

Hamilton Tighe was the first subject derived from the source in question. 'The original ghost story,' writes Mr. Hughes, 'was said to have occurred in the family of the late Mr. Pye, the Poet Laureate, a neighbour and brother magistrate of my maternal grandfather, and the date of it was supposed to be connected with the taking of Vigo. *Patty Morgan the Milkmaid's Story* and the *Dead Drummer* were transmitted also through the same medium, the former having been recounted to us by Lady Eleanor Butler¹ as a whimsical Welsh legend, the

¹ This lady, one of the celebrated ladies of Llangollen, said it occurred during her residence at Llangollen and in its immediate neighbourhood. The story as told by her will be found in *The Ingoldsby Legends*, annotated edition, vol. i. p. 62.

latter by Sir Walter Scott, who, having better means than most men of ascertaining facts and names, believed in their authenticity.'

As regards the latter story, the main incidents are fully attested by a contemporary pamphlet, purporting to be *A Narrative of the Life, Confession, and Dying Speech of Jarvis Matchan*, signed by the Rev. J. Nicholson, who attended him as minister, and another witness. The murder, however, was committed, not on Salisbury Plain, but in the neighbourhood of Alconbury, in Huntingdonshire; and the culprit was accordingly, 'on Wednesday, the 2nd of August, 1786, executed at Huntingdon, and hung in chains in the parish of Alconbury, for the wilful murder of Benjamin Jones, a drummer boy in the 48th Regiment of Foot, on the 19th of August, 1780.' Matchan's escape to sea, and the subsequent vision on Salisbury Plain, which wrung from him his confession, and proved unquestionably the means of his conviction, are given with great minuteness, and, though differing a little in detail, are to the full as marvellous as anything recorded in the poem.

At the time of writing the legend the author had never met with this pamphlet, of which probably not half a dozen copies are in existence, and hence his mistake as to the scene of the murder. The *Narrative* was given to me, a year or two after the publication of the Ingoldsby version, by Mr. William Ivitt, a fine old farmer residing at Lolworth, in Cambridgeshire. He had been a great singer in his day, and had frequently in early life assisted at the musical parties given by the celebrated Lord

Sandwich at Hinchinbroke, of whose doings, by the way, he clearly knew more than he cared to tell. He had seen and remembered Miss Ray, and perfectly recollected the trial of Matchan, whom I think he said he had actually seen hanging in chains on or near Alconbury Hill.

The *Hand of Glory* also owes its origin to a conversation at the house of Mr. Hughes on the subject of country superstition. *Nell Cook*, *Grey Dolphin*, *The Ghost*, and possibly the *Smuggler's Leap*, are veritable Kentish legends, a little renovated perhaps as regards 'dresses and decorations,' but without doubt sufficiently genuine for the purpose. Greater liberties have been taken with the *Old Woman Clothed in Grey*, who, for anything that appeared to the contrary, was a well-disposed ghost enough, haunting an old rectory within a few miles of Cambridge. It is represented to have been her custom to wander about the house at dead of night with a bag of money in her hand, of which she appeared exceedingly anxious to be relieved, offering it to whomsoever she happened to meet in the course of her peregrinations: no one, however, seems to have been bold enough to accept the gift. The principal improbability of the tale manifestly consists in the fact that no one was found sufficiently enterprising to meet her wishes.

So strong was the belief that treasure was concealed about the building in question that when it was taken down, and the materials were sold on the erection of the present parsonage-house, the incumbent expressly stipulated for the right and title to all valuables that might be discovered, and he actually received, to my knowledge,

three battered halfpence in fulfilment of the agreement. As for the old lady, as she has never appeared since the destruction of her favourite 'walk,' it is conjectured either that she has taken refuge in an old cellar which has been bricked over, and is likely to remain undisturbed for years, or that she has adopted an effectual method of disencumbering herself of all superfluous cash, by investing it in the scrip of some 'great fen railroad company,' and may even now be wandering an unhappy shade around the precincts of Capel Court; not being a member, she would of course be excluded from the Stock Exchange.

The *Singular Passage in the Life of the late Dr. Harris*, though drawing not a little on the reader's faith, certainly so far originated in fact that the strange details were communicated to Mr. Barham by a young lady on her sick bed, who herself was so impressed with a conviction of their truth as to urge most strongly the apprehension of the young man of whose horrible arts she believed herself to be the victim. The delusion only terminated with her life. It is worthy of remark that the very gentleman to whom she referred, and who was also well known to Mr. Barham, was shortly afterwards taken into custody on the charge of perpetrating a robbery at one of the theatres. His identity was sworn to most positively by the prosecutor, but an *alibi* was so irrefragably established as to place his innocence beyond suspicion. This story, though printed in the first series of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, appeared originally in *Blackwood*, and has indeed little in common with the productions with which it is at present associated.

As respects the poems, remarkable as they have been pronounced for the wit and humour which they display, their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. Popular phrases, sentences the most prosaic, even the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches from various languages are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort that surprises, pleases, and convulses the reader at every turn; the author triumphs with a master's hand over every sort of stanza, however complicated or exacting; not a word seems out of place, not an expression forced; syllables the most intractable find the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits which poets tell us were created pairs, and dispersed in space to seek out their particular mates. A harmony pervades the whole, a modulation of numbers never perhaps surpassed, and rarely equalled in compositions of this class. This was the *forte* of Thomas Ingoldsby; a harsh line or untrue rhyme grated painfully upon his ear; no inviting point or alluring pun would induce him to entertain either for an instant; sacrifice or circumlocution were the only alternatives. At the same time no vehicle could be better adapted for the development of his peculiar powers than that unshackled metre which admits of no laws save those of rhyme and melody, but which also, from the very want of definite regulations, presents no landmark to guide the poet, and demands a thorough and intuitive knowledge of rhythm to prevent his becom-

ing lost among a succession of confused and unconnected stanzas.

Of the unflagging spirit of fun which animates these productions there can be but one opinion; Mr. Barham was, unquestionably, an adept in all the mysteries of mirth, happy in his use of anachronism, and all the means and appliances of burlesque; skilled, moreover, to relieve his humour, however broad, from any imputation of vulgarity, by a judicious admixture of pathos and antiquarian lore. There are, indeed, passages in his writings—in the *Execution*, for example, the *Black Mousquetaire*, and the *Dead Drummer*—standing out in strong contrast from the ludicrous imagery which surrounds them, and affording evidence of powers of a very opposite and far higher order.

The materials of most of the tales referring to Popish superstitions were derived from a variety of monkish chronicles and writings—the *Legenda Aurea* among the rest—with which the library of Sion College abounds, and with which Mr. Barham was tolerably familiar; and it was, as his friend Mr. Hughes suggests,¹—

‘The incautious use of these materials which drew down the animadversions of a respectable joint-stock book, displaying ability in some of its articles, impertinence in others, and certainly most wilful unfairness in that devoted to *The Ingoldsby Legends*. That naughty Gaul, Eustache de Beaujolois, your whilome correspondent, in the magazine of your founding, would perhaps say, “*J’y trouve beaucoup plus de l’esprit du bonhomme Jobard que de l’esprit du siècle*;” and I am sorry to recount

¹ In his letter to Mr. Ainsworth, before quoted.

similar contumacy on the part of the admonished. On being first apprised of the admonition, the following inexcusably whimsical sortie escaped from our friend :

“For turning grave things to farce, Prior asserts
That a ladle once stuck in an old woman’s skirts.
My Muse then may surely esteem it a boon,
If in hers there sticks only—a *bit of a spoon*.”

All Barham’s care and forethought were employed on more prosaic matters of business, professional and otherwise, and *The Ingoldsby Legends* were the occasional relief of a suppressed plethora of native fun. The same relaxation which some men seek in music, pictures, cards, or newspapers, he sought in verse, as it were, stripping off his coat to have a hearty romp with the laughing part of the public, in the confidence of a bold unsuspecting nature. Many of these effusions were written, while waiting for a cup of tea, a railroad train, or an unpunctual acquaintance, on some stray cover of a letter in his pocket-book : one in particular served to relieve the tedium of a hot walk up Richmond Hill. It was rather a piece of luck if he found time to join together the *dissecta membra poetæ* in a fair copy ; and before the favoured few had done laughing at some rhyme which had never entered into a man’s head before, the zealous Bentley had popped the whole into type. After all, the imputed instances of inadvertence (for no one who knew him would style it irreverence) chiefly occur in that part of the series in which his purpose, to my knowledge, was to quiz that spirit of flirtation with the Scarlet Lady of Babylon which has of late assumed a pretty marked shape. It was difficult to prosecute this end without confounding the Scriptural St. Peter with the Dagon of the Vatican.’

But there was even more of purpose in some of the legends than seems to have been apprehended by Mr. Hughes. Firmly and conscientiously opposed to avowed

Popery, and not less so to that anomalous system which means Romanism if it means anything, his friend could not view with indifference the rapid propagation of opinions which he believed to be erroneous, harmful in many ways, and especially tending to dissipate religious feeling upon a multitude of ceremonial trivialities rather than to concentrate it upon the conduct of life. *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*: he perhaps was not of the wood out of which schoolmen and controversialists are framed; but, furnished with weapons of the lighter sort, he did not hesitate to direct them against the errors in question. No one knew better than he that an occasional appeal to the *nonsense* of the public has its effect. Availing himself, therefore, of the clear right of every disputant to suppose an extreme case, and of the test thereby afforded to the soundness of a theory, he applied himself, not unsuccessfully, to the task of exposing in rather a novel way the latent imposture, folly, and impiety to be found in much of the Roman Catholic teaching. At the same time he invented nothing, misrepresented nothing. In point of fact, so far from exaggerating, he was compelled to soften or suppress, out of regard to common decency, many of the particulars set forth as matters of faith and edification by the monkish historians whom he consulted. And it was against the advancement of a superstition which countenances all this trash and absurdity that he was earnestly, though mirthfully, contending. He endeavoured to show—in a ridiculous light if you please, but not in a false one—what was proffered by Rome in exchange for the plain, reasonable Protest-

antism which people were being coaxed and pressed to abandon.

That there was danger in this application of humour is not to be denied—danger arising principally from misapprehension on the part of dull and unsympathetic readers; but danger also, undoubtedly, of transgressing, in the fervour of composition, limits the sacredness of which the author was bound to be foremost in maintaining. Whether either of these perils has been escaped altogether may fairly be questioned. But when it is remembered that, at that day, the cry incessantly sent up from Oxford was, in so many words, ‘Let us un-Protestantise England,’ it can hardly be wondered at that men of keen feelings, and who were sincere in their attachment to the Church of their birth and their convictions, should be found to speak warmly—even unadvisedly in reply.

Without pursuing the subject further, it may be sufficient to observe that penance, pardons, purgatory, the celebration of masses for the repose of souls; and the worshipping of saints and images are among the ‘fond things vainly invented’ against which particular legends are directed; to these may be added those mediæval miracles and ritualistic vanities upon which many are brought to bear in common. That in the treatment of these matters some instances of inadvertence may be pointed out, where the least must be conspicuous, is quite possible. Indeed, there are one or two passages, together with a few expressions, in these poems, which, had the author lived to revise them, would, I am certain, have met with modification at his hands. Moreover, had his original design

been fully carried out, the separate parts would have been fitted together in a more compact and systematic form; the admixture of compositions charged with a deeper purpose with others of a merely superficial character was assuredly not judicious, and seems to have led to some misconstruction of the intent of the writer, and the purport of his work.

If I have dwelt longer upon this matter, or invested it with a greater importance, than the occasion might seem to demand, it has been out of regard to the express wishes of him who would have been deeply grieved to have placed a block of stumbling in the path of the weakest of his brethren.

It need hardly be said that the history of the *Ingoldsby* family is as entirely fictitious as that of the *Pickwick Club*. The name I remember to have seen blended with that of Barham in some genealogical record: thence I presume its adoption for the hero of the *Spectre of Tappington*. How it became connected with the stories that followed appears in a communication to Mr. Bentley:—

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

'1837.

'My dear Bentley,—I think the etching will do capitally. I have corrected and returned the two first proofs, which seem to run smooth enough. *Brag* goes on admirably; the playhouse scene is in Hook's best manner. Why the deuce does he give the actor such a name as Teeardeyell, which nobody can pronounce? Does it

mean anything? I ask this, for I have seen nothing of him, nor indeed of anybody else, for this last week; but I am so far set to rights that I mean to be at the Club to-morrow, about the middle of the day. A scheme has come into my head, which I will mention to you when we meet; in the meantime I have been writing to Hume on other business, and took the opportunity of asking him to try whether Moore could not be induced to send something for the *Miscellany*. I have also been trying to enlist Mr. Hughes for you, who, if he serves at all, will be a volunteer. I hope you will come out strong this time, as in my mind all depends on it; but I do not know of a single article but my own, which to whatever other faults it may possess will, I fear, add that of being too long. Indeed, I was afraid of that before, and did cut it as much as I could to leave it intelligible. If it tells, I have a plan for the rest, by means of making *Tom Ingoldsby*, your correspondent, and some of the other characters, actors in the bye-play, serve as pegs on which to hang the stories. If it is a miss, I shall drop the whole party. I am the more doubtful, as it is my *coup d'essai* in this style, but they tell me it will pass muster.

‘Yours,

‘R. H. B.’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘Friday, 6 o’clock. 1837.

‘My dear Bentley,—I send you the whole of the *Tap-pington Spectre*, the last page or two in the rough, for I am really too unwell to make a fair copy, and, as the

month is running out, it is better to let you have it so than to wait another day. It is all right in essentials, though a sentence or two may be better turned in the proofs. Let me have them as soon as you can, as well as any of (*Jack*) *Brag* that may be ready. I have got a very good link to keep the stories together, and, as you will see, throw out a hint there anent in the close of the narrative. The severity of the attack has gone off, but I am as weak as a seven months' baby. Mudford has written to me; I am glad to find all is right there, though he thinks his style too serious. I must write and tell him a little relief will be no bad thing.

'R. H. B.'

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

'Dear Bentley,—I see no objection to the *Billy Taylor*, save that it is treading pretty close upon Father Prout's idea, without being equal to him in execution; several of the verses won't go to the tune, and if you decide on inserting it, the word *indexes* must be written *indices*. The other I don't think will do at all. Unless these things be done by a first-rate hand, such as Mahony, it is dangerous meddling with the classics. Thanks for *Abel* and *Crichton*; I have got half through the first volume of the latter, and like him much. *The Clerk of Chatham* progresses, and I have written to Oxford for an illustration. Young Leech has just shown me four proofs of the illustrations to *Jack Brag*, which he wants me to submit to Hook. I think them very good. I am terribly

plagued with lumbago, but shall be at the Club on Saturday at four, if I don't fall in with you before.

‘Yours truly,

‘R. H. B.

‘I am glad the *Frolic* pleases you. I have certainly heard, in two or three quarters, where nothing is known about the author, that it tells; but Cruikshank's illustration would make a worse thing go down.’

‘*Diary*: February 16, 1837.—Frank Mills showed us how —— marked the cards, and managed to cut, *sauter le coup*, etc. He mentioned that Lord ——, while he always received his winnings in cash, gave a cheque for 2,500*l.*, his losings, to the Bonds at their gaming-house, and sent immediately and stopped payment of it at his banker's. He had previously done a similar thing at Crockford's, and both the houses were obliged to submit, as he would otherwise have taken away his own custom and that of all his clique.

‘Hook assured me with the greatest seriousness that on his return from the Mauritius he and six or seven more on board had seen the “Flying Dutchman;” that is, that at a time when they could scarce keep up a rag of canvas for the hurricane, a large ship bore down on the opposite tack, seemingly in the wind's eye, with all her sails set, and apparently at the distance of not more than half a mile. He told a story of a gentleman driving his Irish servant in his cab, and saying to him, half jocularly, half in anger,—

“If the gallows had its due, you rascal, where would you be now?”

“Faith, then, your honour, it’s riding in this cab I’d be, all alone by myself may be!”

He also mentioned that last week an old Irishwoman came to St. George’s Hospital to fetch away the body of her husband, who had recently died. Not expecting it to be claimed, the surgeons had been to work and had cut off the head, as well as those of half a dozen more, for phrenological investigation. Some confusion was occasioned by the old woman’s demand, as they did not know precisely which head belonged to any specific corpse.

“Had your husband any mark you would know him by?” was asked.

“Oh! then sure he had; he had a scar on his right ar-rum.”

The body, of course, was identified at once; but to find the right head was not so easy, especially as most of them had been a good deal disfigured. At last one was found that seemed to fit better than the others, and it was carefully sewn on. When the woman was admitted she at once recognised the scar, which was rather a remarkable one; but when she looked at the face, “Oh! murder,” she cried, “and it’s death that alters one entirely, it is! My poor Dennis had carroty hair, and now the head of him is as black as a tom-cat!” This Hook said he had from Keate the surgeon, who declared it to be true.

‘Showed him young Leech’s proofs of the illustrations to *Jack Brag*. He thought them well conceived and executed, but said the figure of *Jack* was not at all what

he meant; he intended him to be a smart, dapper little fellow, and, though impudent and vulgar, not bad-looking.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

'St. P. C. Y., March 1, 1837.

'My dear Madam,—Unluckily, I was too late for your last parcel, but the worthy Mr. Sharpe promises me this shall go. Enclosed you will have the *Spectre of Tappington*, the pictorial illustration to which I think I told you was Dick's. You will say, perhaps, he might have been better employed. You will also recognise Hampden Pye, transformed, for the nonce, into *Hamilton Tighe*, which rhymes as well and prevents all unpleasant feelings, or the chance of them. You will see also that other liberties have been taken with his story, which may, after all, perhaps, be only supplying omissions; for if poor Hampden *was* shot, somebody must have shot him, and why not "Hairy-faced Dick" as well as anybody else? The inference is most illogical and, I think, conclusive.

'I have this moment sent Bentley a real Kentish legend, or rather the amalgamation of two into one, for his next number, which Mr. Dick has also undertaken to illustrate as before. I should much like to have your opinion of the *Miscellany*. At present it does not bear out Hook's prophecy; he said the title was ominous—"Miss-sell-any;" but, so far from this being the case, Bentley assures me he has sold six thousand of the last number, and that he considers the speculation now as safe. He has just given Charles Mathews five hundred

pounds for his father's MSS., to form materials for a life of him, which Hook is to execute, and have five hundred more for the job. The book will be in three vols. with portraits, &c., and, as the editor is heart and soul in the affair, will, I have no doubt, be a most amusing one.

'*Jack Brag* is not yet out, but I have seen the proofs of all that is printed of it. It is not so good, certainly, as *Gilbert Gurney*, but is, nevertheless, full of fun, with some palpable hits in it. I heard yesterday that your old "friend" the Rev. Mr. — has got into a scrape at the University Club, from which certain books and papers have been missed; and there is, I understand, a notice stuck up over the mantelpiece summoning a general meeting of the members to take into consideration the conduct of an individual "concerned in the abstraction," as the swell-mob now dignify their little adventures. Mrs. Clarke (*ci-devant*), whom you inquire after, is so far from quitting her Quickly occupation that she may be said to be now a double landlady, inasmuch as her new husband drives a roaring trade in another public-house, between which and her own she vibrates as a sort of Bacchanalian pendulum. I have not yet seen the Rev. Sydney, though, as his month commences to-day, I presume I soon shall. Perhaps I ought to have called, as he sent me his pamphlet. He did not take in the Bishop [of Llandaff], who hit upon the forgery at first sight. The name of Vorstius alone fixed the chronology and detected the imposition, which, after all, is the funniest I have seen.¹ I am told the pamphlet has had a great

¹ The allusion here is to the story of the Synod of Dort, told by Sydney

effect upon the Commissioners, and that he will carry his point as to the patronage. To-morrow night's debate will let us into the secret.

‘What do you think of my Lord de Roos and Mr. Cumming? I enclose you the following epigram, which is an impromptu of Hook’s:—

“Cease your humming;
The matter’s done :
Defendant’s *Cumming* ;
Plaintiff’s Gone !”

Of course, as you may suppose, there are plenty of these paper pellets of the brain flying about. I only recollect one other, however: it is in the shape of a remonstrance from La Compte, the French juggler, to Sir William Ingleby, for letting the cat out of the bag by showing the method of performing the trick:—

“À Mons.

“Mons. Inkelpee, M.P.,

“À Londres.

“*Mon Dieu!* Chevalier, you von grand nin-com-poop!
Vy you show how to cheat, sare, and *sauter la coup?*

Smith in his letter to Archdeacon Singleton on the Church Commission. It was to the effect that, the clergy being assembled in two chambers, the populace beset the house of meeting and demanded food, upon which the prelates descended to the lower room and threw forth from the window the dinner which had been prepared for their inferior brethren, thus obtaining great glory for their liberality. This was at first received by the majority of people as a piece of genuine history: it was not long, of course, before the sarcasm was fully understood and appreciated.

Ma foi—leetel treek shall be nevare no use!
 Soppose ve vil try—dey shall find out de *Ruse*—
 Eh!

“AUGUSTE VICTOR ALPHONSE HIPPOLYTE LA COMPTE,
 ‘Escamoteur-Général.’

‘By the way, the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Chesterfield are said to have intimated their intention of supporting his Lordship, and the following hit at his Grace is going the round of the clubs. Somebody was saying that the Duke had already left his card with De Roos. “Did he mark it?” was asked. “Of course not,” was the answer. “O, then,” said Poole, who often says very sharp things, “it’s clear he did not consider it an honour.” I wish Mr. Hughes could be prevailed upon to give *Bentley* a lift! Has he seen the book? My paper warns me to conclude, but I have just room to tell you that Mr. Tate has taken the living of Hutton, now vacant, and that Hawes has entered a *caveat* against him, claiming the presentation himself in his capacity of almoner. I don’t think he has a chance of establishing his claim. Believe me to remain, as ever, &c.

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘April 29, 1837.

‘My dear Madam,—If I did not immediately reply to your last kind letter, it was that franks have been scarce with me. The Dean is, I know, terribly plagued for them, especially by that eternal Dr. —, who makes nothing of sending in half-a-dozen letters at a time to

him, to his no little annoyance. Serjeant Talfourd, my only other resource at present, is so Radically known in your part of the country that I dare not venture upon him, lest you should indignantly order the postman off without a warning. Add to which, he has been out of town, or I at least have not fallen in with him at our common haunt, for the last fortnight. Then rose before my eyes the image of the too faithless but repentant Sharpe, and I resolved to reserve my tediousness for his transmission. Many thanks for your hint respecting the *Miscellany*, which, as I sincerely wish Bentley success, I lost no time in transferring to him. I was delighted! Those very two articles I had before remonstrated with him upon, and your and Mr. Hughes's letters came beautifully in to back me. To "Boz" himself I could say nothing, never having as yet seen that very funny fellow, to whom I am only known as a veritable Mr. Ingoldsby. My stipulations with Bentley are that what I send to the *Miscellany* goes at once from me to the printer, and is returned in proofs by him without any intermediate channel; and as Bentley thinks it his interest to accede to these terms, I have no doubt he will preserve an *incognito* which, if destroyed, will lose him his correspondent. I am glad you like *Grey Dolphin*, and the more so because Dick tells me it is a palpable, and not over good (*bad* the fellow would say, but that he thinks it may cost him a five-pound note out of his next quarterage) imitation of the *Abbess of Andouilletts*. Certainly I never had Sterne less in my thoughts than at the time of incubation; but "Faded ideas," says Sheridan, "float in the imagination like half-forgotten dreams, till

Fancy becomes suspicious of her offspring, and doubts whether she has created or adopted." I do not know that I have quoted him correctly, but it is near enough for my purpose; and at all events the next time I am "cluck" I will take care and see whose eggs I have under me. During the whole of the present month we have had the Ashfields staying with us; and as our Suffolk friends are not often in town, and have a truly laudable thirst for information (at least so far as sight-seeing goes) prominent among the female branches of the family, I have no time to do more for this number than scratch off a doggerel version of an old Catholic legend that I picked up out of a High Dutch author. I am afraid the poor "Jackdaw" will be sadly pecked at. Had I more time, I meant to have engrafted on it a story I have heard Cannon tell of a magpie of his acquaintance.'

As the story is told at greater length in Mr. Barham's Diary than in the letter, the former version is here substituted for that which was forwarded to Mrs. Hughes.

'A certain notable housewife—he [Cannon] used to say—had observed that her stock of pickled cockles was running remarkably low, and she spoke to the cook in consequence, who alone had access to them. The cook had noticed the same serious deficiency: "she couldn't tell how, but they certainly *had* disappeared much too fast!" A degree of coolness, approaching to estrangement, ensued between these worthy individuals, which the rapid consumption of the pickled cockles by no means contributed to remove. The lady became more distant than ever, spoke pointedly and before company of "some people's unaccountable partiality to pickled cockles," &c

The cook's character was at stake: unwilling to give warning, with such an imputation upon her self-denial, not to say honesty, she, nevertheless, felt that all confidence between her mistress and herself was at an end.

‘One day, the jar containing the evanescent condiment being placed as usual on the dresser, while she was busily engaged in basting a joint before the fire, she happened to turn suddenly round, and beheld, to her great indignation, a favourite magpie, remarkable for his conversational powers and general intelligence, perched by its side, and dipping his beak down the open neck with every symptom of gratification. The mystery was explained—the thief detected! Grasping the ladle of scalding grease which she held in her hand, the exasperated lady dashed the whole contents over the hapless pet, accompanied by the exclamation,—

“Oh, d—me, *you’ve* been at the pickled cockles, have ye?”

‘Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird moped about, lost all his spirit, and never spoke for a whole year.

‘At length, when he had pretty well recovered and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, discovered a very bald head! The magpie, who happened to be in the room, appeared evidently struck by the circumstance: his reminiscences were at once powerfully excited by the naked appearance of the gentleman's skull. Hopping

upon the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed in the ear of the astounded visitor,—

“Oh, d—me, *you’ve* been at the pickled cockles, have ye?”

In the same letter the writer goes on to say,—

‘I cannot sufficiently thank you for your story of the *Virgin Unmasked*: it is a most amusing one, and highly characteristic of the standard of morality too commonly found in “Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.” As to the communication of the gallivanting propensities of her husband to the dying woman, it is only to be paralleled by what Mr. Wood, the conchologist, once told me, and which I think carries friendly consolation and good offices *in extremis* to even a higher pitch.

‘He was once a surgeon at Wingham, in Kent, and said that, in the course of his practice, he had to pay what he considered would be his last visit to an elderly labouring man on Adisham Downs. He had left him in the last stage of illness the day before, and was not surprised on calling again to find him dead, but did experience a little astonishment at seeing the bed on which he had been lying now withdrawn from under the body, and placed in the middle of the floor. To his remarks, the answer given by her who had officiated as nurse (?) was,—

“Dearee me, sir, you see there was partridge-feathers in the bed, and folks can’t die upon *geame* feathers no-how, and we thought as how he never *would* go, so we pulled the bed away, and then I just pinched his poo

nose tight with one hand, and shut his mouth close with t'other, and, poor dear ! he went off like a lamb !”

‘I agree with you fully about the new poor-law system. It works exceedingly well in Kent, and I have no doubt generally through the country, but I am very apprehensive it will not do for London. Our paupers are of a different class altogether. Many, not to say most (I speak, of course, of those only in the City) are broken tradesmen and others, who once knew better days, who have many of them friends who would gladly give them a little occasional assistance to ensure them additional comforts. All this cannot be, as the practice goes here—or rather *is* to go, for we are fighting hard against it as yet, though I fear with small hope of ultimate success. They must be strictly confined to the workhouse allowance, and no distinction made. The very bread heretofore given away every Sunday at church is, we are told, to be stopped, and the moneys and bequests left to purchase it carried into the common workhouse fund. Under proper modifications I have no doubt it would be most desirable to adopt the new plan, but some discretionary power must be given in some quarter or another. By the way, there is a sort of Radicalish tone about *Oliver Twist* which I don't altogether like. I think it will not be long before it is remedied, for Bentley is loyal to the backbone himself.

‘Mr. Cooke will, I dare say, have told you before this that I had the pleasure of seeing him at Vaughan's concert, which, by the way, was a very good one. Pray get him to tell you, if he has not done so already, Mr. Sydney

Smith's account of the *real* circumstances which lost Colonel—I beg his pardon—General Evans the battle of Hernani: it is very funny, and I should think very likely to be the true “history of that wonderful mystery.” Mrs. Wood made her first appearance as a concert-singer, since her return from America, that evening. She looked what might be called well, but is grown fatter; her voice is as powerful as ever, but her style of singing I think much deteriorated—vulgarized; and her manner, too, was anything but improved. I could not look at her without pain, and shall not, I think, be tempted by any consideration to see her again. Hawes has given up all thoughts of the Essex living, and has withdrawn his *caveat*, so that Mr. Tate now takes it as a matter of course. I was satisfied from the beginning that Miss H—— would only lead him into a scrape by putting him on such a forlorn hope. Indeed I believe he saw it at first, and only yielded to her reiterated persuasion. “Thrice the brindled cat had mewed” before he moved in the matter. You are good enough to inquire after us all. I have the best account, I am happy to say, from Oxford. Little Ned, my youngest cocksparrow, is just entered at St. Paul's School, where he seems going on very comfortably. My wife is in good health and spirits, and begs to send her best thanks for your kind remembrance of her. I would give much to be able to avail myself of your kindness, and to run down if only for a day, but I fear it will be impossible. “Woe is me that I am compelled to dwell with Mesech!” (now don't suppose I meant to say ——), and to have my habitation among such cross-grained

bodies as I sometimes have to deal with here. Honest Pistol, however, was no bad philosopher, and among all the petty feuds which are constantly distracting our commonwealth I am every day leaning more to his maxim, "Basta! let the world slide!" Live, however, where I may, I shall never cease to remember your kindness, or to subscribe myself very truly

‘Yours most faithfully,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

The story of the *geame* feathers may perhaps be allowed to pass as a tolerable joke, but there are probably few readers who will be disposed to accept it as anything of greater weight; and yet, incredible as it may appear to those who are accustomed to treat the slightest ailment with tenderness, to watch with unwearied patience over the sick-bed of the sufferer, ministering without a murmur to his slightest wish, and employing all the resources of science and care to prolong the final, hopeless struggle, and keep alive the flickering flame to the last moment allowed by nature, it is nevertheless perfectly true that among the lower classes, in many of our neglected districts, a helping hand was, and doubtless is, not infrequently lent by the attendants of those who seem disposed to ‘die hard;’ and this not more from the desire to relieve themselves of a heavy and, as they think, unnecessary burden, than from a sincere conviction that the act is one of kindness and charity to the dying person. For the truth of the following illustration the writer can vouch: it occurred between thirty and forty years ago, in the neighbourhood of a considerable town in East Kent. A

woman who had tended with exemplary devotion a sick child, who lingered on long after the case had been pronounced hopeless by the medical man, being questioned as to the particulars of its decease, replied to the lady who was interrogating,—

‘Ah, poor little dear! he lived on, and on, and on; at last he got so terrible bad surely nothing would ease him, so that we was forced to *squdge* him under the blankets.’

On the death of the King in the month of June, 1837, all the churches in the country were, according to custom, dressed with black drapery and mourning devices, more or less expensive according to the wealth and loyalty of the parishioners, which fittings, after having hung the proper time, became the property of the incumbent. In the case of the rich City districts the cloth employed was of considerable value, and on a previous occasion had proved the source of a little disagreement between one of Mr. Barham’s predecessors at St. Faith’s and his curate.

‘After the death of George III. the Church of St. Faith was hung with black cloth. The rector, Dr. Fly, not having made any arrangement with the parish, previously to the “mourning” being put up, as to its final appropriation, the churchwardens, after it had hung the usual period, took it down, and directed that two-thirds of it should be the property of the rector, and that one-third should be the perquisite of the curate. The Doctor disputed their right to make any such arrangement, claiming, and eventually appropriating, the whole to his own use. Mr. Hayes, the curate, meeting him shortly after with a friend, inquired after his health and how

things were going on in the country, from which the Doctor had just returned.

““Why, sir,” says he, “pretty well, considering the season, but the weather has been so mild and so wet that the vermin have played the deuce in my garden.”

““Not unlikely,” returned Hayes; “indeed I have understood that the *Fly* has lately been very active among the *Cabbage!*””

No such delicate question could arise at St. Gregory's on the death of King William, and the whole paraphernalia were, as a matter of course, handed over to Mr. Barham. A portion of the cloth was afterwards despatched by him as a present to a literary friend named Ryde, with the following note:—

‘My dear Mr. Ryde,
The cloth I confide
To your messenger tried,
Safe sealed up and tied.
It can't be denied
That though rough it's well dyed,
And sufficiently wide
(Or my tailor has lied)
To cover your hide
From ancle to side.

‘If you're going to ride,
Or this winter decide
Upon learning to slide
On the Thames or the Clyde—
A thing I always shied,

And could never “abide,”
From motives allied
To a feeling of pride,
As too undignified—
On the ice ere you glide
Such smallclothes provide
As fit well in the stride.

‘The cloth, says my bride,
Ere the needle is plied,
Should be damped and then dried ;
And when thus purified
They’ll be jet black, not pried :
In this I coincide.

‘Adieu, my dear Ryde.
All good fortune betide
Yourself, my good friend, and your breeches beside.’

Mr. Barham’s connection with the *Globe and Traveller* has been already alluded to. Slight as it was, it endured from the time of his settling in London till his decease. It took rise in an intimacy with Mr. Walter Coulson, of the Chancery Bar, who was the original editor ; which office ^{*}he continued to hold till a change of opinions leading the proprietors to take a more Radical turn than suited his principles, and to abuse his friend Lord Brougham, he resigned. My father, however, who had never meddled with the politics of the paper, so completely at variance with his own, but had been in the habit of supplying occasional articles on theatrical and literary subjects, remained a contributor to the last. Many, indeed,

of the most amusing of his skits appeared in its columns, in acknowledgment of which, by the way, he received a handsome present of plate. The letter which follows, referring to some advocacy of the Temperance movement then in progress, was not, of course, intended for publication. The names introduced are those of the proprietors themselves and the various members of their staff.

A FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE.

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS, ETC., OF 'THE GLOBE.'

June 24, 1837.

My dear Mr. Moran,
Although in the Koran
Mohammed, prohibiting wine,
Says people should get
Lemonade and sherbet,
Such talking is all very fine ;

And the system may work
Very well with a Turk,
A Moor, a Mogul, or a Persian ;
But John Bull, you must own,
For spring water alone
Entertains an especial aversion.

What the deuce are you at ?
Does the *Globe* mean to rat
From its principles—Port and October ?
It had better turn Tory
At once, like 'old Glory,'
Than grow so confoundedly sober.

Who cares for the potter
Of Lettsom and Trotter ?
Astley Cooper's grown blinder than Cupid.
As to Bacher, I guess
He's an ass, and U. S.
I suppose means 'uncommonly stupid!'

I've heard Colonel Torrens
Express his abhorrence
Of milksops, and often upon 'em he
Things severer has said
Than ever I read
In political tracts of economy.

And surely the Captain
Won't think of adapting
His taste to these teetotal fancies,
Or say the pure element
Is for the belly meant,
Unless when it mixed with right Nantz is.

If once your good Editor
Turns to a bread-eater,
Moistening his crust with cool waters,
All the fire in his leaders
Is quench'd, and his readers
Will swear they're a Dairyman's Daughter's.

If you make Mr. Chapman
A gruel and pap-man,
At once you destroy all the pleasure he

Now takes in beholding
The silver and gold in
The iron safe forming your treasury.

Methinks Mr. Eaves,
As he locks up and leaves,
For his skinful of grog stoutly stickles ;
And I hear honest Joe
Exclaim, ' This is no go !'
As he bolts to his friend Colonel Nichols.

Mr. Barnard won't stay,
Without wetting his clay
Now and then with a taste of cool ' swipes,'
And I am sure Mr. Harvey
Will send for a jarvey
And ' brush ' with his galleys and types.

I admit drinking gin
Is a shame and a sin ;
It bemuddles and don't make one frisky ;
But think of the scorn
Which an Irishman born
Deserves who talks scandal of whisky !

Then pray, Mr. Moran,
Don't think of encoring
Such paragraphs: prithee stand neuter!
Or if drams you cut short,
Speak civil of port,
And allow us a pull at the pewter.

To Miss Barham.

‘July 31, 1837.

‘My dearest Fan,—Till this moment I have not had five minutes’ leisure to answer your letter, the receipt of which, however, delighted me not a little, as its style convinced me that the “green and yellow melancholy” which for the last fortnight I had seen creeping over your elongated visage must already have in a great measure disappeared, and that the kindness of your friends will ere long send you back a mightily improved specimen of Tonbridge ware. Your account of Mrs. Scoones is not less gratifying; pray tell her how much we both rejoice in her amended health, and hope for still better news in your next of the same description.

And so, Fanny, you are running about all over the county. Well, I hope all this will not turn your head, nor induce you to make half as much noise in your progress as Ned and Mary Anne make in running about the house. It is what they are doing all day, with the exception of an occasional pause to mourn over a defunct silkworm, and a somewhat graver step in attending its obsequies in the dust hole. But then many of their progeny are already spinning; indeed, the greater part, I believe, of their menagerie are at this moment thus industriously occupied, if I except certain “grubs” who, having done their duty already, are, by way of reward, I suppose, pensioned off into a sort of Chelsea Hospital for decayed veterans, revelling in sawdust or bran, or whatever it is, within the safe asylum of an old pill-box. Ned

has distinguished himself immortally as a carder and winder, and I can't tell you how many skeins he has already "got off," or how completely his mind is occupied by fairy visions of certain silk waistcoats and hose of his own and his sister's manufacture. Your bird enjoys her health exceedingly well, but I cannot say she is in high feather just at present, being, according to her own account and that of your mother, in that interesting state of a transition of plumage which "fanciers" call "*moulting*." The fact is, she is something in Willy's predicament—shedding her old coat, and I have no doubt will be out in all the glories of her new "long-tailed" one by the time you get back. In the meantime Ellen looks after her very tenderly, as I hope you do after her prototype at Tonbridge, for the moulting season is a very delicate and interesting period both for birds and bipeds. Pray give our loves to Mrs. Scoones, and thank her for her kind suggestion, which, however, I fear, as matters are cut out for us, we shall not be able to adopt this year.

‘On Thursday I go down to the East Kent Election, and your mother will probably accompany me. On the Monday following, we go to spend a few days at Hanwell; after which, I have a swan-hopping expedition with the Vintner's Company, and then I fear I have more work cut out for me in East Kent about the Tythe Commutation Bill, of the nature of which, as well as of all other Acts of Parliament, you are in a state of blessed ignorance; and as Gray (not the Lord but the Poet) says, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." If this be so I shall pack your mother up in my carpet bag and take her with me, putting Edward and Mary Anne one into each pocket,

with a good supply of gingerbread, barley-sugar, and perhaps a brandy-ball or two, as we may not meet with so civil a coachman as Mr. Mole. God bless you, my dear girl, your mother will write to you in a day or two, but I shall be glad to hear from you whenever you can spare time. What on earth is your "*Indiana dress*"? Have you cowrie-bangles, a nose-ring, and peacock's feathers, or what? Surely William's coat must hide its diminished tail before such finery. God bless you once more, and believe me your fond father,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To the Mrs. Scoones alluded to, who was a connection of our family, my father, about this time, addressed a certain Birthday Ode. As it bears no date, it may as well be inserted here :—

To Mrs. Scoones.

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

‘When I was young,
Full oft I’ve sung
Gay birthday odes to birthday tunes,
Nor shall my muse
E’en now refuse
One little stave to Mrs. Scoones.

‘No! though Time runs,
And fifty suns
(Of course thirteen times fifty moons)

Have made me grey,
This latest lay
I'll venture yet for Mrs. Scoones.

'In days of yore
Folks rose by Four,
Our mornings were *their* afternoons;
'Tis Twelve at best
Ere I am drest,
For which I am blamed by Mrs. Scoones.

'Up with the sun
They dined at One,
While we, alas! far lazier loons,
Can hardly fix
To dine at six;—
(The hour, I think, of Mrs. Scoones.)

'Thus Seven was past
Ere our repast,
With cloth and knives and forks and spoons,
Was cleared away
And I could say—
"One bumper now to Mrs. Scoones!"

'The toast went round—
"May joys abound,
Long life and health—that best of boons!"
Ned, Mary Anne,
And chattering Fan
All joined in—"God bless Mrs. Scoones!"

‘The postman’s bell,
That horrid knell
That frights one into fits and swoons,
Had passed our door
An hour before,—
Too late to write to Mrs. Scoones!

‘And Time’s rude knife
In middle life
Fair Fancy’s wings so closely prunes,
One can’t essay
To write a lay
In half an hour to Mrs. Scoones.

‘Would wishes bear
Us through the air—
Ah! wishes are not air balloons—
Beyond all doubt,
We had set out
To whisper thus to Mrs. Scoones:

‘“May years of joy
Without alloy
Roll on,—the months all Mays and Junes;
While Halbar, Phil,
Jane, Frank, and Will
Spring up like flowers round Mrs. Scoones!”’

On the 9th November of this year, the Queen came in state to dine with the Lord Mayor at the annual banquet at Guildhall. Preparations on the most magnificent scale

were made to receive her; throughout the whole line of march scaffoldings were erected, windows fitted up, balconies thrown out, the most conspicuous positions being occupied by ladies in rich and varied raiment, all glorious to behold. Seats commanding a view of the procession were sold at extravagant prices, and were with difficulty to be procured on any terms. Mr. Barham's house in St. Paul's Church Yard was of course thronged with visitors,¹ and an invitation was conveyed in the following terms to his old friend Dr. Hume:—

To Doctor Hume.

‘St. P. C. Y., November 4, 1837.

‘Doctor dear! the Queen's a coming!

All this antient city round;

Scarce a place to squeeze one's thumb in,

High or low, can now be found;

‘So my spouse—you'll hardly thank her—

Thus in substance bids me say—

“Bring your sweet self to an anchor,

Doctor dear, with us that day!”

‘If no haunch your palate tickles,

If no turtle greet your eye,

There'll be cold roast beef and pickles,

Ox-tail soup, and pigeon pie.

¹ Among those present was Mr. Poole. At the dinner which followed the spectacle one of the guests, moved by enthusiasm and loyalty, to say nothing of champagne, rose to propose the health of the Queen. ‘We have heard to day,’ he commenced, ‘many hurrahs—’ ‘Yes,’ interrupted Poole, ‘and we have seen to day many *hussars*!’

‘ Fear not then the knaves who fleece men—
Johnny Raws, and country muffs !
There’ll be lots of new policemen
To control the rogues and roughs.

‘ Doctor, darling ! think how grand is
Such a sight ! the great Lord May’r
Heading all the city dandies
There on horseback takes the air !

‘ Chains and maces all attend, he
Rides all glorious to be seen ;
“Lad o’ wax !” great heaven forfend he
Don’t get spilt before the Queen !

‘ Blue-coat boys with classic speeches,—
From our windows you shall view
Their yellow stockings, yellow breeches.
And “long togs” of deepest blue.

‘ Here the cutlers,—there the nailers,—
Here the barber-surgeons stand,—
Goldsmiths here—there merchant tailors,
And in front the Coldstream Band !

‘ Gas-lights, links, and flambeaux blazing,
These will shame the noon-tide ray ;
“Night !—pooh !—stuff ! ’tis quite amazing !
Why ’tis brighter far than day !”

‘ But a scene so brilliant mocks all
 Power its beauties to declare ;
 Once beheld, poor Gye of Vauxhall
 Hangs himself in deep despair !

‘ Come then, Doctor, quit your shrubbery,
 Cock your castor o’er your ear ;
 Come and gaze, and taste the grubbery,
 Ah, now join us, Doctor dear !

‘ R. H. B.’

The following is a tolerable specimen of the ability with which the London begging-letter writer labours in his vocation. The man had fairly succeeded in imposing upon my father, who owed his escape from the fraud to the mere chance of an appointment made at the British Museum not being kept. Having, in consequence, half an hour upon his hands, he turned into Red Lion Square, and at the office of the Mendicity Society obtained a biographical sketch of his plausible correspondent, which at once relieved him from all embarrassment he might have felt in dealing with the case. The draught of the answer so characteristically withheld, is scribbled across the back of the application :—

To the Rev. R. H. Barham.

November 17, 1837.

Reverend Sir,—There is a resistless stimulus when actual and increasing exigence can neither be controlled nor supported, which absorbs every better feeling in its vortex. You know my want of success in the election for the Lockington’s school,—you know also the very precarious nature of the scholastic profession, in

which no man, however talented, can calculate upon an uninterrupted succession of engagements. I have not had one of any kind for the last ten months, reverend sir, four of which were spent upon the bed of sickness and pain; but God's holy will be done! I know that He never suffers the creature He has made to be afflicted, except for some allwise end. The slight knowledge you have of my character from the testimony of the Rev. — and others, does not justify me in seeking a gratuity where I cannot establish an eligible claim, and I hope, therefore, that neither my purpose nor character will be mistaken, but I do implore you to recognize the plea of helpless destitution. The aid of a very few shillings for one week only will soften the scourge of present want; and if your feelings can grant this without trenching upon the limits of personal convenience, the moral sense of obligation would be, by me and my wife, cherished in most grateful remembrance, when I had discharged the small part of it which consists in honourable reimbursement, to which I pledge myself. I could hope to be spared the pain of an interview under such humiliating circumstances, and respectfully wait your answer. I beg here to acknowledge the considerate kindness of your paying the postage of the letter respecting the day of election, and am, reverend sir, your obliged, humble servant.

Answer.

‘Friday Evening, November 17, 1837.

‘Sir,—When I tell you that I have this morning been in communication with the Mendicity Society, you will be aware that “neither your purpose nor character *are* mistaken.” I am quite ready to “spare you the pain of an interview under such humiliating circumstances,” and remain yours, etc.,

‘R. H. B.’

‘Not sent—ill-natured—the fellow’s a bad one, but’—

By the detection of a yet more accomplished swindler, Mr. Barham was the means, on another occasion, of relieving a friend from a burden borne cheerfully for some years. He (my father) received a note one morning from the Bishop of —— begging him to call as soon as possible, the writer being about to leave town in a few hours. The Bishop was found immersed in business, and he hastily explained the cause of the summons he had sent.

‘I have been in the habit,’ he said, ‘of paying quarterly a small sum to the relict of a deceased clergyman. He was a worthless fellow enough, and on his death his widow and daughter were left without a farthing and without a friend. They called upon me, and I was much struck by their ladylike and refined manners, by their grief, and by their poverty, evidences of which were painfully conspicuous. I promised some periodical assistance, and I have never failed to send it punctually till now, when I find to my horror that I have permitted the lapse of nearly a week. Now I want you to call and explain to these poor people the cause of my neglect, which is illness, and express my sorrow at any inconvenience it may have caused them. At the same time you can hand them my usual contribution, and should their circumstances seem to require it, you may increase it according to your discretion.’

In the course of that afternoon, Mr. Barham called at a house in Salisbury Street, Strand. Was Mrs.—— at home? It appeared, after a prolonged and audible discussion carried on above that Mrs.—— was at home; would the gentleman ‘leave his business?’ The gentle-

man would with pleasure leave his business with the person whom it concerned. Well, he could walk up stairs—‘first floor, front.’ And up stairs accordingly he walked. On entering the drawing-room, he found it very showily, if not handsomely, furnished ; as much or more might be said of the two ladies who occupied it. One, the elder, was reclining in an arm chair, and comforting herself in her bereavement with a tumbler of what smelt suspiciously like grog—hot ! The younger, somewhat more *décolletée* than was quite suitable to the time of day, or indeed to any time of day, was dressed in great splendour, and was warbling her woes to a pianoforte accompaniment. The entrance of the intruder, for such he at once perceived himself to be, produced a decided effect upon both. The younger swung gracefully round upon her music stool and faced him ; the elder rose, and in an angry tone demanded whom he was and what he wanted. He was a friend of the Bishop of —, and what he wanted, was to apologise for mistaking the ladies before him for Mrs. and Miss —.

‘That’s my name, and that’s my daughter,’ was the reply.

‘Indeed !’ observed Mr. Barham, ‘then, Madam, the mistake is the Bishop’s and not mine.’ Upon this the lady, who was a trifle thick of speech, and had seemingly required a good deal of stimulating to raise her spirits, began to use language which would rather have astonished his lordship if he could have heard and comprehended it. But the daughter interposed and begged politely to know the object of the visit.

‘My object, Madam, was to convey to your mother a communication from the Bishop of —, but it is one which I now feel to be so completely out of place that I must ask you to apply for it to his lordship in person, on his return from the country—if you think fit.’

So saying, Mr. Barham retreated as speedily as possible from the house, and no more was ever heard, so far as I am aware, of the distressing case he had left there unrelieved.

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘Given at your own Court in Burlington Street this 23rd day of February, 1838, and 4th of our rain. God save the Cryer!’

‘My dear Bentley,—I have brought you home the sketch of Hook, also the first seventy-five pages of “*Mat’s*” *Memoirs*, being all up to the break at which Mrs. Mathew’s episode respecting his interview with Macklin commences. I have made only a few verbal alterations, which I think advisable for reasons I will give you when we meet. Mrs. M. writes a desperately cramped hand, but I will do *mon possible* with her MS. to-night. I am afraid you have made a plunge in *Joe Grimaldi’s Life* at the outset. I have just read Jerdan’s review, and he says, I presume on your authority, that old Grimaldi came to England with Queen Charlotte, as her dentist, in 1760!—Why the play-bills at the Garrick will tell you that he played in the farce of *The Miller* in 1753. Joe the Second’s mother, too, was not Mrs. Grimaldi, but Miss Brooker, the dancer,—*Tant pis*! The MS. I have brought you back is fit for the press; some of the matter has

been forestalled, but being told by "Mat" himself in the first person it will bear repeating, and carries with it an air of authenticity which they upon the adverse faction want, of course Mrs. Mathews will write an introduction to it.—Yours,

‘R. H. B.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘St. Paul’s Church Yard, March 7, 1838.

‘My dear Madam,—A thousand thanks for your kind letter and its most welcome contents, which I should have acknowledged before, but thought I would have the verses fairly in type first, and send down a proof. They were set up immediately, when on that very morning I received a letter from Mr. Hughes himself with a new and amplified version, a proof of which I transmit him by this post. They are capital fun, and Bentley is as pleased with them as I am, but I leave him to make his own acknowledgments, which he will of course do when he has the pleasure of sending down the April number. In that for the present month, which is just out, you have, I hope, recognised your own narrative; for though I have somewhat added to, I have not ventured to alter the leading points of the tradition, and *The Hand of Glory*, with poor little Hughie’s “open eyes,” remains in the same state, as nearly as I can charge my memory, as when you were kind enough to furnish me with the story. And now, my dear Madam, will you think me “too bad,” as poor dear Lord Liverpool used to call it, if I venture to petition, with both hands held up, for another legend from your

inexhaustible storehouse of traditionary lore? Everybody is delighted with your histories, and I am told I do not succeed half so well in anything else—that, in fact, when I have to *invent* I am, to use a favourite phrase of my son's, “completely stumped.” Apropos to that worthy, he made his maiden address to the Muse in a *Tale of Granmarge* in last month's *Bentley*, under one of his Christian names, viz. “Dalton,”—that of “Dick” being on the whole considered too unpoetical; but I have strongly deprecated any further attempt, at least till after he has taken his degree. In the meanwhile it is quite enough for one in the family to perpetrate nonsense. The joke about Rogers is a genuine one; he certainly made the speech alluded to which has been thus versified:—

‘“ You’ve heard what a lady in Italy did—

How to vex a cross husband she buried a kid!

Sam swears she’d have managed things better by half

If instead of the kid she had buried the calf!”¹

‘As to Lady Charlotte, her denial always went for nothing; Jove is supposed to laugh at authors’ perjuries as well, and as heartily, as at those of lovers; and besides, every body at all in the secret knew that it could be written by no one else. There is, however, bad as this book is, another of even worse description afloat, which

¹ The circumstance alluded to was an imposition practised by a lady in consequence of a quarrel with her husband. Sending her only child away, she pretended that the boy had died, gave orders for his funeral, and contrived to place the body of a kid in the coffin, which was buried in due form.

has been for some time in print, but is now privately circulating with a new title-page, and which is said to be from the pen of Lady Ann Hamilton.¹ Lord Essex, I know, has been for some time in possession of a copy, and John Murray had one brought into his shop about a fortnight since, which he bought for a guinea. I have not yet seen it, but understand that one of the little stories it contains gives an account of the poisoning of the late Princess of Wales by——, for a certain sum of money in hand, well and truly paid, and the subsequent suicide of that gentleman from remorse for the deed. This was mentioned to me as a sample of its precious contents. I cannot think, however, that such a production can be that of the old Scotch lady above mentioned. If I can get a sight of it, I will give you my opinion thereanent; it may, I think, be easily decided even from internal evidence.

‘Poor B—’s fate is as yet, to me at least, a melancholy mystery. His previous despondency I do not believe one word of; at least, when I saw him about ten days before, I could perceive no diminution of that cheerfulness which was his general characteristic. He always seemed to live in great harmony with his wife (a woman of much personal attraction, and some years younger than himself), and to be very fond of his children, of whom he has left four. Pecuniary embarrassment it could not be; his living was a fine one—more than twelve hundred a year—and the advowson, which was his own, and which he could at any time have turned into money if he had wanted it,

¹ See letter to Mr. Bentley, p. 49.

had cost his father sixteen thousand pounds, and was considered a bargain at that price. Besides, had he wanted money, I think I know two or three of his old friends to whom he would have had no scruple of applying, and who, he was well aware, did not want the inclination to assist him. Learning this event, as I did, first through the medium of a newspaper I was some time before I could get over the shock, and even now I am not more grieved than bewildered when I think of it. The mystery seems to extend even to my poor friend's remains. They have not yet been found, though neither exertions nor offers of reward have been wanting to their recovery. Enemies he had none, for a kinder hearted man never lived; and to play, I am sure, he was not addicted. But it is a subject I cannot bear to think on.

‘I dined the other day in company with your old friend, Lord Oxford, who enquired with much interest after you, and seemed gratified to know that you had set the late inclement weather at defiance. “Weather” brings one naturally to “Murphy.” Poor man, he has gone up like a rocket and is coming down like the stick. Do not, however, believe all that you may have heard of the “millions” of copies sold. The truth is, that up to last Wednesday fortnight he had disposed of fifty-three thousand, for which I have Whitaker’s authority, who said that his profit was tenpence on each copy; so that fifty-three thousand francs is the amount of his winnings in French money. The worthy publisher added that the copyright had been offered to himself, and rejected, at the price of a hundred and fifty pounds, on which declaration a graceless

individual observed, “Then never call yourself Witty *cur* any more; your folly is full grown, and you are henceforth Silly *dog!*” And with this vilest of all possible puns, as I know it will make you too sick to read any further, I conclude, merely adding that I am, as ever,

‘Yours much obliged,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘Tuesday Afternoon.

‘My dear Bentley,—I return you the most impudent forgery that I ever saw.¹ It is impossible to read any ten pages of this infamous book without seeing that Lady Ann Hamilton had no more to do with it than Lady Godiva. There is very little in it that has not been printed in the cheap Radical filth years ago. The only exception perhaps is the direct charge about the Princess Charlotte’s death. It is avowedly (see vol. i. p. 156) the composition of [the author of] *Authentic Records*, a tissue of lies for which a fellow of the name of Phillips was prosecuted in 1832, but which was pretty well known to have been written by the notorious Jack Mitford. The portion

¹ The work in question is entitled, *Secret History of the Court of England, 1760 to the death of George IV., including full particulars of the mysterious death of the Princess Charlotte*. By Lady Ann Hamilton. London, 1832, 8vo. 2 vols. It was suppressed. Some years afterwards certain MSS. belonging to the author were advertised for sale by auction, but were hastily bought up on behalf of a royal personage, and, it is believed, destroyed. The other work alluded to in the preceding letter to Mrs. Hughes is, *Diary of the times of George IV. interspersed with original letters of Queen Caroline and other distinguished persons*. By Lady Charlotte Bury. London, 1838. 8vo. 4 vols.

not to be found in that farrago is made up from Princess Olive of Cumberland and Barry O'Meara; but I do not hesitate to say that, though it is generally understood that Lady Ann did write something in the shape of a diary which was suppressed some years ago, yet it is quite clear that the vulgar ruffian who penned these pages can never have seen that book, and that of a great part of it even Princess Olive—offensive as she was both in ideas and expression—was utterly incapable. It is evidently the work of a man. That the letters are forgeries is also perfectly clear. Is it possible that Queen Caroline could address the prince as “My Lord,” and that three times in one letter (vol. i. p. 114); or that an address of the House should style him “George *called* Prince of Wales,” an error into which the ignoramus who wrote it has been betrayed by the official language used towards peers by courtesy, but never towards peers *de facto*, which the Prince of Wales always is? In page 183, same volume, the writer talks of a conversation “we” had with Place the tailor. Lady Ann Hamilton would have as soon worn a pair of breeches of his making as have admitted any such person into her confidence. See also page 195 for the date of another interview with the same worthy Abrahamides. For coarseness of allusion and expression which no woman could write, see pages 199–242, and the ruffianism about the Cato Street “martyrs,” 338, all in vol. i. I could furnish you with an endless list of gross and palpable lies, such as Sir H. Bate Dudley, whom he calls “Rev. Mr. Bates,” being created a baronet for his abuse of Queen Caroline during her trial, as editor of the

Herald, when it is notorious that his baronetcy was given him in 1813, and that he had long ceased to have any connection with that paper before the time alluded to. But it is useless to go on; the title-page is a gross lie, and appears to me to have been purposely printed and foisted in upon a book which had originally some other. As Mrs. —, a name which I will lay my life is a false one, seems to offer this to you for publication, I have gone more into the thing than it would otherwise deserve. Any man who could dream of such a thing would at once put himself out of all decent society; nor, were a man unprincipled enough to do it for the chance of profit, could the speculation succeed, for the humbug is too gross to impose even upon the *savans* of Gower Street.

‘Yours truly,

‘R. H. B.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘Sunday Night or Monday Morning.

‘My dear Madam,—*Misericorde!* I throw myself without reserve upon your mercy. At the moment I am writing, a bird of ill omen is shrieking something that sounds like “Past three” under my windows. And now, before I even reply to your questions, pray let me thank you most gratefully for your ‘Grandmother’s Story.’ It is one of the most affecting narratives I ever read, and has laid so strong a hold upon me that I cannot shake it off.

‘A thousand ways might be found of accounting for the leading incident, were one inclined to reduce all to a natural standard. A door left open—the intrusion of a

child or servant—fifty ways occur on the instant of what is called “accounting for” the supposed warning; but I own I love to revel in the straightforward mysticism of the story, and to solve all with Hamlet’s maxim :

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

‘I dare not venture to tamper with a narrative so affectingly told, and yet I am strangely urged by something within to put it at least upon record, even though only in so perishable an embalmment as that afforded by the *Miscellany*. Any attempt at an introduction of the ludicrous would, as you justly say, be fatal, even though only brought in by way of relief, and attached to subordinate characters. The simplicity of the story is one of its greatest charms, and must not be violated with any extraneous matter.

‘With the legend of Littlecote House I have long been familiar; but my knowledge ceases with the fact that “Wild Darrell” was tried and acquitted through the supposed influence of the judge who tried him, Sir John Popham, who, by some means or other, became afterwards possessed of the property; but there all my information ends. Of Darrell’s death or any further legend I know nothing, and I beseech you, of all love, to send it me; for indeed the story as it stood so interested me that I took a good deal of pains, some years since, to ascertain how far it might be founded on fact. From the pedigrees of the two families, still preserved in the Herald’s College, I established thus much—that of a long line of Darrells of Little-

cote (so called in the parchment), William Darrell, the last so styled, died without issue about the end of Elizabeth's reign, leaving, however, a younger brother who had children, but who is called Thomas Darrell of *some other* "*ilk*," and from whom the Darrells of to-day descend; but the description "of Littlecote" occurs no more in the family tree. On referring to the Popham pedigree, I find Sir John, who was Lord Chief Justice at the very period when William Darrell disappears, is styled "of Littlecote" in the very commencement of James's reign. That the estate did therefore pass from the prisoner to the judge in some way is unquestionable. I am the more anxious for the finale because neither in an old novel called *Schedoni in England* (published about the close of the last century), in which I first read the story while a boy at school, in the note you allude to, nor the subsequent ballad of "Wild Darrell," is there any allusion to what it seems was after all the catastrophe. I have searched the prerogative office here for Darrell's will, but in vain; it was probably proved at Salisbury, and if ever I chance to visit New Sarum, I will rummage it out.

'I need not tell you how delighted I was with *Walter Childe*, who will, I presume, make his appearance at Kingston in company with this; nor is the second canto, which is now lying on my table ready for the press, at all inferior in spirit to the first. Bentley himself appreciates it as it deserves, and considers it, as indeed it is, calculated to raise the character of his magazine. I am quite happy in having almost entirely forgotten the story of the Berkshire Lady, as *Walter* now comes to me with the additional recommendation of novelty.

‘With respect to your queries, there is no doubt that Hook will print eventually his continuation of *Gilbert Gurney* in a separate work ; but not yet, as I apprehend, for it is the great plum in Colburn’s pudding. He has, however, a novel now in the press entitled *Births, Marriages, and Deaths*. I have read all he has done of it, viz. to about the middle of the second volume, and think it not only a better novel, but one of a better class, than his last ; his actors are of a higher grade, and the story is one of greater interest. How *Oliver Twist* is to end I know not, nor does the author ; at least he tells me so. I presume he will not be long in making up his mind, as I fancy the book will be published early in the summer. Should it be so, Bentley means to keep his faith with the public by continuing it also in the *Miscellany*, which I find rose a hundred last month, and pays him well. Young B—— has spelt B U T—*tub* so often that the Chapter have at last taken the direction of the choir entirely out of his hands, without, however, depriving him of his emoluments, and the office is now put into commission. He is furious, and threatens no less than three actions in the Queen’s Bench ; one against the Dean and Chapter, a second against Haden for trespass, and a third against the organist for disobeying his orders in favour of those of the new commissioners. I am really very much afraid that some pettifogger who has got hold of him will ease him of the few pounds he has to spend, in a contest which it is perfect madness in him to engage in. But he must, for he *will*, take his own headstrong course.

‘My poor little “Oliver” returned home from Hanwell,

where we had sent him for the Easter holidays, to-day ; he goes to school again to-morrow. He is certainly much better for his trip, but he is still very delicate. There is too much action of the heart not to make me uneasy, but both Dr. Roberts and Sir Charles Clarke, who are good enough to look very closely to him, assure me it is no organic derangement, but proceeds from debility. I look forward with great anxiety to the midsummer holidays, when we think of sending him to the sea-side.

‘I had turned my thoughts to “Black Ormond,” but I fear his story approximates so closely to the popular song of *The Cork Leg*, that it will be difficult to steer clear of that facetious ditty ; I have not however given him up quite. The coronation is, they say, to be put off, several difficulties having arisen respecting the ceremonial. The peers kissing the Queen is a sad stumbling-block. It is supposed that it will be got over by their merely saluting her hand. But she is herself decidedly to kiss the bishops, which they tell you good Queen Anne did with great unction. Charles Mathews has actually married Vestris, though it is denied by his friends ; and Kitty Stephens now, by an arrangement with the post-office, franks her lord’s letters as Countess of Essex. The croaking policeman has just come round again, and unites with my failing paper in reminding me that it is high time to bring my letter to a close ; so for the present, my dear madam, adieu, and believe me to remain as ever,

‘Your much obliged,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

The publication in a periodical of the day of *My Grandmother's Tale*, to which reference is here made by Mr. Barham, prevented him from giving any version of his own to the public. The particulars of the story are briefly as follows :—

A surgeon residing at Newbury, of great local reputation, and possessing a young wife of remarkable beauty to whom he was devotedly attached, received into his house a gentleman suffering from incipient consumption, who had been recommended to his care by a London physician. The patient, who was a man of polished manners and of great abilities, but thoroughly tainted with infidel opinions, was caught by the attractions of his hostess, and being thrown necessarily much into her society, employed his time and opportunity, first, in undermining her religious faith, next in corrupting her virtue. But meanwhile his disease was making rapid progress, and he became at length so weak as to be unable to leave his room. The lady, whose guilty passion continued wholly unsuspected by her husband, nursed the dying man tenderly to the last; and it was his custom, when he needed her assistance, to summon her by giving three distinct knocks on the floor with a cane placed for the purpose by his bed-side. Finding his end to be speedily approaching, he appears to have been seized with misgivings as to the truth of the philosophy he had held himself and had instilled into the mind of his victim, and on the evening before his death he said to her,—

‘If I have been mistaken, and if I have misled you—after all there *is* a God and there *is* a future state, so

surely shall my spirit communicate with yours when all is over in this world.'

After the funeral, on the return of the mourners to the house, the surgeon found his wife lying senseless on the ground. As soon as she was recovered she demanded to speak with her husband alone, and at once made full confession of her sin. She then related in what a terrible way the existence of a future state, and of the judgment involved in it, had been made known to her. She was sitting, she said, in the room commonly occupied by the family, no one being in the house besides herself, when she was startled by a distinct knock on the floor above! It was repeated twice. Mastering her terror, she rushed immediately to the chamber; it was empty, and remained just as it had been left on the removal of the body, with one exception—the stick habitually used by the invalid to summon her to his aid was no longer in the corner to which it had been removed, but was resting as usual by the side of the bed, as though ready to the hand of its former occupant! The conscience-stricken and penitent woman met with Christian forgiveness at the hands of her husband, but despite his care and affection she died soon afterwards of the disorder which had proved fatal to her lover.

With Mr. Barney Maguire's account of the coronation of Queen Victoria, on the 28th of June, 1838, the public is sufficiently familiar. The author was always exceedingly proud of the subjoined testimony to the purity of his Hibernicisms, accorded by no less an authority than the bard of 'the Emerald Isle of the Ocean' himself.

To Dr. Hume.

‘September 30, 1838.

‘My dear Hume,—Your friend Barham’s skit is, some of it, very comical. How does he come to be so Irish? Was he ever on the sod? He smacks of it sometimes most richly.

‘The Lady Bess returns your love with interest.

‘Yours ever,

‘T. MOORE.’

Another version of the same ceremony was forwarded to Mr. Joseph Gwilt, the architect, who was employed in conducting some of the musical arrangements in the Abbey:—

(*Private and Confidential.*)

June 28, 1838.

I sat within the Abbey walls—I went to wake and weep!
But O, I can’t tell how it was, I somehow fell asleep;
A sort of *day-mare* seized me then, if so aright I deem,
And a vision wild came o’er my mind ‘which was not all
a dream.’

I looked and lo! it seemed as though the scene I might
espy

Through a Dollond’s patent telescope with the wrong end
at my eye,

And thus, as though a fairy hand there all things did
compress,

‘Fine by degrees’ each object seemed and ‘beautifully
less.’

In front I saw a little Queen was sitting all alone,
And little Dukes and Duchesses knelt round her little
throne,
And a little Lord Archbishop came, and a little prayer he
said,
And then he popped a little crown upon her little head.

And near her stood a little man I had somewhere seen
before,
In a little mulberry-coloured coat, or rather pompadour ;
A little sword was by his side, all glorious to be seen,
And little inexpressibles all of the apple-green.

And a pretty little snow-white flag he held all in his hand,
Which he waved a little to and fro as ensign of command ;
And there was a little robing-room and he stood just by
the door,
And he watched all going on within in his coat of
pompadour.

Within this little robing-room this little Queen had got
A little cup and saucer and a little coffee-pot,
And when the little Queen was heard her little nose to
blow,
He waved and all the little fiddlers played all on a row.

The little fiddlers played so loud at last that I awoke,
And all the vision wild at once it vanished into smoke,
So let us sing long live the Queen, and the flagman long
live he,
And when he next doth wave his flag, may I be there to
see !

To Miss Barham.

‘St. Paul’s Churchyard, July 7, 1838.

‘My dear Fan,—Thank you for your letter, which pleased me very much, nor can I omit the present opportunity of replying to it, although I have literally nothing to say. As your correspondence increases, my dear girl, you will find that this having nothing to say, and being at the same time obliged to say it, will be one of the great and incipient stumbling-blocks of your literary life. Nothing in fact is so difficult to express—that is with any tolerable degree of propriety—as nothing; and when once you have attained a proficiency in this, your education may be considered to be to a certain extent completed. Till then many people may think, and may assure you, that you “know *nothing*,” but do not believe them. You may know, and I daresay do, very little; but to be thoroughly acquainted with nothing requires not only a great deficiency of talent, far below the common run of intellect, but also a want of application which, though it is possible you may possess it in a very considerable degree, I have never yet seen in you to the extent absolutely requisite. To a young lady of your reading and research I need not say that the world was originally created out of nothing; in constructing a letter therefore from the same material it takes no great acquaintance with philosophy to perceive that I am only recurring to first principles—principles which prevailed before the social compact had amalgamated opposing passions and neutralised deleterious affections.

‘At first perhaps you may not be inclined to admit this; but with very slight consideration you will infallibly come to the conclusion that nothing can be clearer, for nothing, as you will know, is permanent, nothing is perfect, and though not altogether an object in great request—for I do not recollect ever to have seen the individual who wanted nothing—nothing is nevertheless sought after by the whole human race. This you will say is a paradox. Be it so! I can only reply that nothing is more common in the world, and that, with respect to nine paradoxes out of ten, when all is said and done, you can make nothing out of them. If you have any further doubts upon the subject, apply to your brother Edward, read him this epistle, and ask his opinion upon the soundness of the argument it contains. What would be his answer? If I can at all anticipate the thought which occurs to him on the occasion, it will be nothing, especially if the interrogatory be made at a moment when he is about to mount the pony. At such a period I can well divine that nothing will be absolutely necessary to his complete felicity—a felicity which he cannot well be deprived of; for a very superficial acquaintance with the rudiments of arithmetic will be sufficient to establish the fact that if from nothing you take nothing, nothing will still remain. This is an abstruse proposition, I confess, and somewhat at variance with our ordinary experience in cases which may be supposed to resemble it; it cannot, however, escape your observation that after all it absolutely proves nothing. And now, my dear Fanny, as I take it for granted that you have nothing to

do, this little dissertation will, I trust, be not altogether foreign to the purpose, nor ill calculated to assist you in the prosecution of your employment. That you find Ned a very able auxiliary I do not doubt. Indeed it is a case in which emulation is not unlikely to degenerate into absolute rivalry, unless early checked and put under the restraint of reason and reflection. As you are both, however, distinguished for the possession of these admirable qualities in no common degree, I am less called upon to go into detail upon the subject; your common good sense, aided by that interchange of ideas which the ten thousand mighty nothings you communicate must necessarily engender, will do all and more than I could wish. My paper too reminds me that there is room for nothing more, and so I shall take my leave for the present, with a request that I may hear from you at as early a period as your numerous avocations will admit. I have endeavoured to give you a clear idea of nothing, and in nothing am I more sincere than in subscribing myself

‘Your affectionate father,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

‘*Diary.*—October, 1838.—The following is a doggerel versification of a correspondence between M—— B——, the celebrated singer and surgeon, and the committee of the Garrick Club. The question arose about the charge of “sixpence for the table” always added to the bill when refreshments are ordered between the hours of four and nine. Mr. B—— angrily insisted on this sum being deducted, as at a quarter before eight he had

ordered *supper* and not dinner. The stanzas are almost literal versions of the original letters put into rhyme.’

A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

No. I.

‘Mr. B—— sends his bill back—won’t pay it—and begs
To inform the Committee they’re regular “legs,”
And have charged him too much for his ham and his
eggs!’

No. II.

‘Dear Sir,—The Committee direct me to say
That the bill’s quite correct which was sent you to-day ;
It was not eight o’clock when you sat down to dine,
And we charge for the table from four until nine.
They have not the least wish your remonstrance to stifle,
But you’re wrong—and they’ll thank you to pay that ’ere
trifle !

I am further desired to inform Mr. B.

That, in calling them “legs,” he makes rather too free.

‘J. W.’

No. III.

‘You may tell that banditti, the —— Committee,
Not a chop-house would charge me so much in the City.
’Twas no dinner at all ; I meant only to sup ;
If you say that I *dined* you’re a lying old pup !
You may tell the Committee again—and I say it,
They *are* “legs”—and sixpence!—I’m hanged if I pay it.

‘W. B.’

No. IV.

‘Sir,—Once more the Committee direct me to state,
When you sat down to dinner it had not struck eight;
When you come to consider what “table” means here—
Cloth, napkin, wax, vinegar, mustard, oil, beer,
Pepper, pickles, and bread at discretion—it’s clear
The additional sixpence can never be dear!
So you’d better fork out, sir, at once; if you won’t
They must really enforce it—and blessed if they don’t!
‘J. W.

No. V.

‘Take the sixpence, you thieves! I say still it’s a chouse;
Your threat to “enforce” I don’t value one ——
And hang me if I ever set foot in your house!
‘W. B.

No. VI.

‘Sir,—Since writing my last I have asked the advice
Of my friends Mr. Bacon and Governor Price,
And the governor says “he’ll be —— sir” if I’m
Not a jackass for writing what I thought sublime;
“It’s just what the —— fellows wanted; you’d better
Get somebody else, sir, to write you a letter
Withdrawing your own.” So I have, and I’ll thank
The Committee to mark that this comes by a frank.’

No. VII.

‘Mr. Winston presents his best compliments—begs
To inform Mr. B—— he is somewhat mistaken
If, having got into his scrape by his eggs,
He thinks to get out of it now by his *Bacon*!’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘November 20, 1838.

‘My dear Bentley,—My mind is relieved of its anxiety—

I was wakened this morning at half after six,

By a step on the stairs which I knew to be Dick’s—

All’s right ! and so now I can scribble “like bricks.”

‘I shall be happy to join your party on Thursday, on which day Dick will be again in Oxford taking his degree of B.A. I have written to John Hughes about “The Rake,” and have talked the matter over with my son. I think I see my way very clear for four, or perhaps half-a-dozen, opening chapters ; but this we will talk about when we meet. Moore, whom I met this morning at Longman’s, told me Lord Essex was reading *Barney Maguire*, and knew my name as the author. Sydney Smith, whom I dined with yesterday, told me the same before, adding that his lordship (whose name, by the way, as the “crass Lord E.” occurs in it) was tickled by the thing. I am getting on with the *Bagman* and *Loubet*, but don’t depend on me for next month ; I will finish if I can, but you know I can only write by fits and starts.

‘Yours most truly,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

In speaking of ‘The Rake,’ Mr. Barham here alludes to a whimsical plan he had conceived, and even persuaded Mr. Bentley to adopt, of producing a sort of joint-stock novel for the new magazine. It was to be called the *Modern Rake’s Progress*, and the story, like that of its

prototype, was to enforce a moral by showing the phases through which a young man who enters upon a career of profligacy rapidly descends from affluence and position to utter ruin and degradation. The story was to be rigorously tragic: vice was to be exhibited of hideous mien; and the hero, having finally passed through the stage of cab-driving, or, lower still, the having come to sell, as Sydney Smith put it, cards upon a race-course—and *those not the correct ones*—was to die miserably in a hospital. Such was the outline which was to be filled up by various hands. Mr. Barham was to furnish the opening chapters, in which the birth and earliest days of the young heir were to be described. Mr. Hughes was to describe his life at a public school. It was to be my task to carry him through a few terms at Oxford; and to Lord William Lennox was to be entrusted his introduction to the Guards and Crockford's. The writers would certainly have possessed the advantage of having seen what they described, and the 'evolution from internal consciousness,' so much practised by fashionable novelists, would have been pretty well dispensed with. But how such an utterly unmanageable design could have found favour with a really practical man like my father, I am at a loss to imagine. It was just one of his oddities; he accordingly took it up very warmly at first, and wrote a lively chapter or two by way of introduction. Mr. Hughes went more steadily to work, and the portion of MS. forwarded by him, and supplied, I believe, by one of his sons, then at Rugby, was of remarkable quality, and produced a most favourable impression upon those to whom

it was submitted. How far these school sketches may have contained the germ of one of the manliest, best books produced by the present generation of authors, namely, the history of *Tom Brown*, I cannot take upon me to say; but unless my memory plays me false, the material then prepared was happily not altogether wasted. So with the illustrations, many of which were actually drawn by Leech, at that time no more than a boy. When the scheme was finally abandoned, as it was of course certain sooner or later to be, Leech finished the series and published it on his own account in *Bell's Life*. The prints are the rudest woodcuts, but disclose indications of that talent in depicting ladies and gentlemen for which the artist became afterwards famous. The story itself was eventually handed over, to be dealt with as might seem best to him, to Mr. Cockton, and is preserved—so far as it is preserved at all—in a novel called *Stanley Thorn*, originally published in *Bentley's Miscellany*.

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘St. P. C. Y., December 29, 1838.

‘My dear Madam,—I respond at once most cordially and gratefully to your provocation as delivered, together with the fish-sauce, by our excellent friend Richard. I thank you equally for both the articles: the first I *have* tasted; and though, from circumstances hereafter to be explained, I did not get more than a very slight relish of the latter, yet my wife, who carved and tasted him from buttock to chine, pronounces him the more delicious viand

of the two. The fact is, I met him, with a good-looking female body, whom I take to be the sister you allude to, at the door, when on my way to that den of abomination, a minor-canon's college meeting, summoned by two or three of our most respectable but turbulent brethren to "take into consideration," forsooth, "the proper course to be pursued on the occasion of the living of Edmonton (a good seventeen hundred pounds a year, and about the best plum in the Chapter pudding) falling vacant," which it has done by the death of Dr. Warren.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of our prison-house,
I could a tale unfold

which would make you laugh heartily, and, I almost fear, *swear* a little, meek and ladylike as is your usual deportment, accordingly as indignation and that strong sense of the ridiculous with which, for our sins, we are both of us cursed, might predominate—

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

"I can only say that, as for my unworthy self ("Alas, poor Ghost!"), I have incurred the most heavy wrath and fiery indignation of my dearly beloved brethren, Messrs. — and —, *cum suis*, the Gracchi of the day, for a tolerably fair exhibition of that quality which is called perseverance in a good cause, and obstinacy in a bad one; while occasionally, I fear, I laid myself but too much open to the rebuke of the poet—

What should be grave you turn to farce.

Certes, had there been a "ladle" in the room, the application of it in its most inconvenient form would not, I fear, have been limited to the simple expression of a "wish" upon the subject. After performing a scene in the *Tempest* for more than two hours, our *Trinculos* and *Stephanos*, with poor *Caliban* in their train, got the better of us, "bound the true men," and carried a set of resolutions most gloriously free from the trammels of common sense and grammar. The only really provoking part of the business is, that as the memorial founded on them—a gem too in its way—will go into the Chapter under the college seal, that body will have no means of knowing whether it has, or has not, the unanimous concurrence of ours. My only hope is that the same course will be adopted by the Dean and Chapter now which was taken on a similar (I think more than one) occasion in Dr. Hughes's time, viz. refusing to accept a memorial under seal at all, and sending it back for the signatures of the persons memorialising. A bomb-shell in a barrack would not carry with it more consternation. In the meantime we of the opposition must make up our minds to lie, for a while at least, under the ban of both parties, and console ourselves with Corporal Nym's philosophy—"Things must be as they may! That's the humour of it!"

'With respect to the present for the most illustrious "John Bull," I will take care of it, and on the first opportunity of transmitting it to Fulham, where he resides. I have seen nothing and heard nothing of him for these two months; nor am I certain when I shall fall in with him, as in all probability he is now keeping Christmas in some country-house or other.

‘And now for your questions, which I will endeavour to answer by the card. In the course of my life I have known several Mr. Stewarts: first, a surgeon who wanted to cut my arm off when a boy, but they would not let him; second, a gentleman who taught me to chop logic at college, and to prove that, though John was a man and Peter was a man, it by no means followed that John was Peter; third, Mr. William Stewart, principal proprietor of the *Courier*, who was so angry at being called the Caligula (“Cooly-gooly” he pronounced it) of the press. He had—fourth and fifth—two sons, both of whom I knew—gentlemanly young men, now living, I believe, in Canada, and married; sixth, Mr. Stewart, who shot Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel; and, seventh, Mr. Dan Stewart, the Oxford poacher, who had honesty enough to refuse to shoot an undergraduate’s rich uncle for him, but brought his brother William, who, he said, “would oblige the gentleman.” I have now run through all the catalogue of my friends belonging to that clan, so far as my recollection serves me; but I cannot fairly locate any one of them in Queen Square, Westminster—a place I was never in but once in my life myself, when a drunken coachman drove me there at three o’clock in the morning in mistake for St. Paul’s Churchyard. I had fallen fast asleep on getting into his coach, and it was pitch dark when I awoke there, so that I have no very definite idea of the locality. I can call to mind at present no other of the name, but “my wits are not so blunt as you would desire them,” and I feel myself, Heaven help me! fast falling into a state of intermediate (as the potboys have it)

between Dogberry and Verges. Of the K——s we know but little; I have met him *once* in society, and we have for some time been assisting to pave his Satanic Majesty's dominions by deferring a call that ought long since to have been made. I believe they now take no boarders; and the reason I have heard assigned is that, as the lady knows little or nothing of housekeeping, they have been so abominably cheated by their servants, that cramming the weams of Heaven knows how many little rascals at a moderate stipend has been found a losing concern. They had nothing for it but either to go down to Greta and study during the holidays under *Squeers*, or give it up at once. They have preferred the latter, especially as "Boz" has put *Dotheboys Hall* out of fashion. "That well-known name awakens all my woes," and carries me at once to my friend Willy's letters. I need not tell you how much I sympathise with his honest boy-like manifestations of the spirit; still, as in most other cases, there is "something (see Sir Roger de Coverley) to be said on both sides." Fair play is a jewel, and I have not forgotten the time when—sinner that I was—I could have eaten my own weight in new bread (with treacle to match) and then "asked for more!" "Those days are gone, Floranthe," and my appetite is now of the weakest; but I still see occasionally around my table sundry unfledged cormorants who might, I think, be a little more moderate in their repasts, with advantage to all parties; and as, in the words of an ingenious but neglected bard—

Mine eye with wonder has beheld
Their plates oft emptied, often filled—

I have sympathised in secret with the schoolmaster, and thanked my stars that this worse than Egyptian plague of juvenile vermin has hitherto been spared me, and that boarders have never boarded me. You ask me if I think locomotion favourable to composition. I answer, decidedly "yes," the best thing in the world for it. Others prefer gin-and-water; the latter, taken hot on the box of the Worcester Mail, I certainly have found efficacious, perhaps as containing both the grand requisites.

The force of genius will no farther go;
To make the third, she joins the other two.

'Byron loved gin-and-water and galloping. Your friend Tom C—— drinks gin-and-water, and rolls in the gutter. Hook likes brandy better, but despiseth not "toddy" with the easy motion of a cabriolet. Moore runs up and down stairs at Bowood and Holland House, and though restricted to coffee, sighs in his heart and soul for *poteen*. That his mind has been less prolific of late I attribute solely to the deprivation. In short, to paraphrase a classical axiom, "locomotion is the author's shirt, but 'gin-twist' is his skin." "The iron tongue of midnight has toll'd twelve;" and a beautiful impersonation of my theme has been for some time growing "small by degrees and beautifully less;" I hear too the summoning slap of the conjugal slipper from the room above. Adieu, therefore, my dear Madam, for the present, and in the earnest hope of a merry meeting in January, believe me to remain, as ever,

'Most faithfully and truly yours,
'R. H. BARHAM.'

‘P. S.—I mentioned to Mr. Hughes that Dick is looking out for a title—not “your Grace” or “my Lord,” but one for deacon’s orders. Should a chance occur in your neighbourhood, will you be kind enough to think of him? I dare venture to say he will not disgrace your recommendation.’

CHAPTER VIII.

[1839—1842.]

Letter to Mr. Bentley—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—The modern ‘Watts’—
 Letters to Miss Barham—To Mr. Bentley—A Day’s Fishing with Theodore
 Hook—Anecdotes—Sydney Smith—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Removal to
 the Residentiary House—Interview with the Queen of the Belgians—
 Dr. Reid—Mr. Moncrief—Phrenology—Death of Mr. Barham’s youngest
 Son—Letters to Mrs. Hughes—Renewal of Friendship with Lord Nugent—
 Visit to Great Burstead—Accident to Mrs. Barham—‘The Black Mous-
 quetaire’—‘Blondie Jack of Shrewsberrie’—Letter to Mr. Bentley—
 ‘The Golden Legend’—Illustrations to the Legends—Letter to Miss
 Barham—Visit to Hook—Anecdotes—Letter to Mr. Bentley—‘Peregrine
 Bunce’—Anecdotes—Visit to Margate—Poetical Epistle—Letters to
 Mr. Bentley—Death of Theodore Hook—Letters to Mrs. Hughes—Mr.
 Barham’s last Interview with Theodore Hook—Juvenile Sentiment—
 Letter from Sydney Smith—Poetical Letter to Mr. Bentley—Lines by
 Sir George Rose.

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘January 1, 1839.

‘My dear Bentley,—I have just received the enclosed,¹ by
 which you will see that the *Rake* is progressing in earnest.
 Of course I look for little more than material from these
 young gentlemen, but the eldest is a young man of talent,
 and the younger a *very* clever lad; therefore, as the grand

¹ The school adventures at Rugby spoken of before, furnished by Mr.
 Hughes and his sons.

row at Rugby, on account of which I understand one whole class is about to leave the school, has passed under their own eyes, I think it likely to turn up a trump. I shall write and tell them to let us have it as soon as convenient. By the way, Leech should see Rugby, unless there are any good prints of the school extant, because though I would be careful not to name the particular school, yet sufficient indications should be given to let everybody form a pretty particular good guess. Governor Price is rather sore about Charles Mathews's forthcoming book;¹ he says you had better get George Dance, who has been spending three days at Boulogne, to write you his impressions respecting France.

‘I have not seen or heard anything of Hook yet, but shall, I hope, be able to look him up about the portrait before the week is out, as I am mending fast, though I can’t shake the cough off altogether.

‘Yours very truly,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘March 30, 1839.

‘My dear Madam,—“Wars and rumours of wars”—nothing else seems to be thought or talked of, which to quiet steady people like you and me is a very great nuisance. But what is to be done? a rat will fight when pinned in a corner. If you have seen the *Times* at all, you have probably fallen in with some part of a correspondence in which your humble servant figures, with very

¹ A projected work on America.

good company for his allies, and against an anonymous pamphleteer, in the first instance, who, galled by some sharpish but very true remarks, falls, buzzard like, into the trap set for him, and avows himself at length as Mr. ——. The pamphlet itself is a most atrocious one, being full of all sorts of Jesuitical equivocations and misrepresentations of the Dean and Chapter, with not above three or four good, sound, redeeming lies to palliate the paltry evasions which constitute the body of the work. I am so much of a Sir Robert Walpole that a plain, downright, honest *lie* I can respect; there is a hardihood about it, especially when a thorough plumper, that raises its character highly in comparison with a paltry sneaking insinuation; but Loyola himself would have been ashamed of the twistings and turnings of this precious farrago. But a new edition is threatened *cum notis variorum*, and if I get hold of a copy I will send you one down with a few annotations of my own. I need scarcely add that your old friend, “the omnibus proprietor,” is the martyr put forth, and the leading champion of the cause. V—— and myself have contradicted the thing as strongly as terms will do it, and the question is for the present in abeyance. I am sorry to say ——— has gone over to the enemy; why I cannot imagine. He has, as I believe you know, lately published a very profitable collection of hymns, embodying our old friend Watts’s collection; I must certainly send him a few hints for his next edition. What do you think of—

“’Tis the voice of the Subdean! I hear him complain,
You’ve not given me enough! you must give me again;”

or, still impersonating the same discontented worthy:—

“Whene’er I take my walks abroad,
How many *rich* I see!
There’s A—— and B—— and C. and D.
All better off than me!”

winding up with that more admonitory canticle:—

“Let Barham delight to bark and bite,
For heaven has made him so;
Let S—— and B—— growl and fight,
For ’tis their nature too!

“But ——! you should never let
Your angry passions rise,
Your little mouth was never made
To *bless* the Subdean’s eyes!”

I think, on the whole, if well got up, with an illustration by Cruikshank of Knapp in the character of “Oliver asking for more” (*vide Bentley’s Miscellany*), some six or seven hundred copies would run off like lightning. But enough of a subject which it sickens one to think on.

‘We have nothing in *Bentley* this month, but I think you will be pleased with “Jack,” who is now making his appearance in his own character, viz. that of the most accomplished prison-breaker the world ever saw. Of the other contents of the *Miscellany* I know nothing as yet. Hook’s book is out, and has met a most favourable reception. I saw him to-day, and he was in high spirits, which were not at all lowered by his making a very good bargain with Bentley for another novel, and touching a hundred

and fifty pounds earnest money. Lady Bulwer's book, too, made its appearance this morning ; it is called *Chevely, or the Man of Fashion*, and shows up the new baronet "considerable," as well as most of his friends. I have not yet been able to get hold of it, but it has already "created a sensation." Haden has got the living of Hutton, resigned by Mr. Tate. The Dean was kind enough to ask me whether I would like to exchange mine for it, and then he would have had St. Gregory's ; but, though a better one than that I hold, it would break up all my old habits and associations ; so, with most sincere thanks, I declined moving for the nonce. And now, my dear Madam, I take my leave for the present, meaning to go to work forthwith, these annoying squabbles being so far disposed of, at the "Lady and the Ghost of the Walking Stick."¹ As for the Bagman and his cock-tailed dog, they are at present quite at a standstill ; but "patience and shuffle the cards" says the Spanish proverb. I have found a most capital pendant for "Gengulphus," but unluckily it is not, I fear, in the wit of man to make it tellable. But my paper is at an end, and so once more adieu, and believe me to be, as ever,

‘Your much obliged

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Miss Barham.

‘St. Paul's, July 17, 1839.

‘My dearest Fan,—Oh, the wonderful works of nature ! Here have you been gone from home somewhat less than

¹ *My Grandmother's Tale*, see p. 56.

a fortnight, and only see what perturbations and permutations and transmogrifications (look in your pocket Johnson for these hard words) have either taken place, or are "progressing slick," as the Americans say ! Here have your mother and I been growing for the last fifteen years—no small portion of your life, Fan—like two antiquated cabbages running to seed, in St. Paul's Churchyard, when all at once comes a good-natured gardener and offers to transplant us into a better position. Your mother, a fine full-grown Battersea, or rather Drumhead, which has the advantage over the other in point of circumference, is to be moved to-morrow, taking care to preserve as much of the earth about her roots as possible, across the Churchyard into Amen Corner, under a hot wall with a southern aspect. If she finds the soil congenial, I am to be put alongside, while Ned and Mary Anne, as an Early York and a broccoli sprout, are to be dibbled in as soon as possible. What do you think of Mr. Sydney Smith having offered me his residentiary house to live in, together with a garden at the back, which, if not altogether so large as the one you have no doubt been running about all day in, is yet magnificent for London ; containing three polyanthus roots, a real tree, a brown box border, a muff-coloured jessamine, a shrub which is either a dwarf acacia or an overgrown gooseberry bush, eight broken bottles, and a tortoiseshell tom-cat asleep in the sunniest corner ; "the whole," as George Robins would say, capable of the greatest improvement ; with a varied and extensive prospect of the back of the Oxford Arms, and a fine Hanging Wood (the New Drop at Newgate) in the distance ; all

being situate in the midst of a delightful neighbourhood, and well worth the attention of any capitalist wishing to make an investment ! Seriously, your mamma is to make her report as to the eligibility of the exchange to-morrow, and as she has already made up her mind fully on the subject, there can be little doubt but that she will eventually decide in favour of the measure. You may, therefore, expect to have your hands pretty full of employment on your return, in preparing for what the Scotch call “our flitting.” So enjoy yourself while you may, for there is work enough cut out for you, I promise you, when you get back : eighteen jars of onions to pickle, as many double-damson cheeses to press, some dozen of niggers to boil into black-currant jelly, and jams and marmalades to make without end ; for, unfortunately for you and all other females connected with the family, the new house is provided with that domestic curse, a roomy store-closet. So, my dear old Fan, make hay or dirt-pies, which is the same thing, while you can in comfort. One thing you may tell Mrs. Scoones from me, in announcing to her this metamorphosis (Johnson again, Fan), viz. that we shall now have a comfortable room to put her into without being obliged to squeeze her and the governor into a narrow cot, like a couple of ham sandwiches set up on end. Ned and Mary Anne send their loves ; they have bought bows and arrows and a target, which they have already hit three times at a yard and a half distance ; so there is every prospect of their becoming accomplished archers in time, and perhaps winning a silver bugle. I have nearly finished my paper, and crossed letters you know I neither give nor

take. So God bless you, my dear Fan, keep your feet warm and your head cool, don't twist your mouth about, and believe me to be,

‘ Your affectionate father,

‘ R. H. B.’

To Mr. Bentley.

‘ July 22, 1839.

‘ My dear Bentley,—If I have not written to thank you for your kind invitation before, it has been solely because I had hoped to be able to avail myself of it, and so have fixed a day for running down; but a circumstance has occurred which will necessarily keep me from leaving town for at least a month to come. The fact is Mr. Sydney Smith has made me an offer of his residentiary house; it is a capital one, twice as good as the one I am in, and the same occupied a few years ago first by the Bishop of Bangor, afterwards by Dr. Wellesley, and then by the present Bishop of Worcester. The situation is most convenient for me, being only one door out of my parish, and though it will cost something to get into I must manage to make you pay for that.

Hook is coming round about the portrait; I think we shall get over that difficulty. I have sent Mr. Wilson titles to the first volume of Morris, but am by no means pleased with them, or, to say the truth, with the volume itself. I never saw such an unequal writer as Morris. Some of his songs, especially his earlier ones, are beautiful; others the arrantest twaddle, and, read in succession, a series of constant repetitions of his having a bad voice,

and being eighty-six ; while from his total want of plan, it is very difficult to find separate titles, the subject being always the same. Unlike Moore, who always writes to make a point at last, Morris, I am satisfied, when he put pen to paper thought no more of the end of his song than of the end of his life.

‘ Yours,
‘ R. H. B.’

To Miss Barham.

‘ Wandsworth, August, 1839.

‘ My dearest Fanny,—Your brother has got a black coat, and your cat a black kitten, and it’s dead—not the coat, nor the cat, but the kitten ; there were seven, and one was preserved, and so were seven pots of raspberry jam ; and Ned has got a donkey, and he is quite plump and fat—not the donkey but Ned ; and I am going a fishing, and they are fiddling outside the window, and we caught eight dozen and a half of gudgeons last Wednesday, and the Chartists have been to St. Paul’s, and Dick preached yesterday at St. Gregory’s, and Mary Anne has got the oil cruet to dress her doll’s wig with ; and they are making such a noise that I can’t hear myself write, so your mamma must tell you the rest of the news, and God bless you, and Mr. Mole, that is, the coachman, and bid him take care of you, and believe me

Your most affectionate Father,

‘ R. H. B.’

‘ *Diary.*—Wednesday, August 21, 1839.—Hook drove me down to Thames Ditton, from his house at Fulham.

Fished all day, and dined tête-à-tête at the Swan. He felt but poorly, and complained much of a cough which he said they told him proceeded from the deranged state of his liver, and drank only a tumbler of sherry and water, our dinner consisting of a dish of eels and a duck. Though not in health, his spirits were as good as ever. We caught eight dozen and a half of gudgeons, and he repeated to me almost as many anecdotes. Among the rest, one of a trick he played when a boy behind the scenes of the Haymarket. He was there one evening, during the heat of the Westminster election, at the representation of "The Wood Demon," and observing the prompter with the large speaking trumpet in his hand, used to produce the supernatural voices incidental to the piece, he watched him for some time, and saw him go through the business more than once. As the effect was to be repeated, he requested of the man to be allowed to make the noise for him; the prompter incautiously trusted him with the instrument, when, just at the moment the "Fiend" rose from the trap, and the usual roar was to accompany his appearance, "SHERIDAN FOR EVER!!!" was bawled out in the deepest tones that could be produced—not more to the astonishment of the audience, than to the confusion of the involuntary partisan himself, from whom they seemed to proceed.

‘He mentioned also a reply that he made to the Duke of Rutland, who, observing him looking about the hall, as they were leaving the Marquis of Hertford’s, asked him what he had lost?

“My hat; if I had as good a beaver (Belvoir), as your Grace, I should have taken better care of it.”

Close to the Swan, the house at which we had dined, is Boyle Farm, the residence of Sir Edward Sugden, whose father was a hairdresser. The place is splendidly fitted up, and in the hall is a beautiful vase of very rich workmanship. Hook said that when he and Croker went to dine there one day by invitation from Sir Edward, their host happened to meet them in the hall, and on their stopping for a moment to admire this fine specimen of art, he told them that it was a fac-simile of the celebrated one known as the Warwick vase. “Aye,” returned Croker, “it is very handsome; but don’t you think a copy of the Barberini one would be more appropriate?”—a question the wit of which will hardly atone for its ill-nature.

The Chartists had visited St. Paul’s on the preceding Sunday in a body, to show “a strong demonstration of physical force;” I had mentioned that the Marquis of Westminster was present, on which Hook said that nobleman had recently received an invitation from a particular friend, couched in the following terms,—

“Dear Westminster,—Come and dine with me to-morrow. You will meet London, Chelsea, and the two Parks.

“Yours, &c.”

Whether Theodore Hook and his great rival, Mr. Sydney Smith, ever met in society, I do not know; if they did, it must have been towards the close of their career, when the habitual caution of acknowledged wits in the presence of one another, would probably have prevented any

unusual display on either side. An arrangement was made for the purpose of bringing them together at the table of a common friend, but, alas ! a tailor,—

‘What dire mishaps from trivial causes spring!’

one to whom Hook owed a considerable sum, having failed in the interval, the latter was unable, or indisposed, to keep the appointment. The circumstance served to elicit one of those happy strokes of sarcasm which the Canon dealt so adroitly.

Mr. H——, the host, not aware of the cause of his expected guest’s detention, delayed dinner for some time, observing that ‘he was sure Hook would come, as he had seen him in the course of the afternoon, at the Athenæum, evidently winding himself up for the encounter with tumblers of cold brandy and water.’

‘That’s hardly fair,’ said Smith, ‘I can’t be expected to be a match for him, unless wound up too, so when your servant ushers in Mr. Hook, let Mr. H——’s *Punch* be announced at the same time.’

It was, I believe, at the breaking-up of the same party, that one of the company having said he was about to ‘drop in’ at Lady Blessington’s, a young gentleman, a perfect stranger to him, said, with the most ‘gallant modesty,’

‘Oh! then you can take me with you; I want very much to know her, and you can introduce me.’

While the other was standing aghast at the impudence of the proposal, and muttering something about being ‘but a slight acquaintance himself,’ and ‘not knowing

very well how he could take such a liberty,' etc., Sydney Smith observed,

'Pray oblige our young friend; you can do it easily enough by introducing him in a capacity very desirable at this close season of the year—say you are bringing with you the *cool* of the evening.'

The following letter refers principally to the change of abode which, by the kindness of Mr. Smith, Mr. Barham was enabled to make. The residentiary house, coeval with the cathedral itself, having remained for a considerable time unoccupied, or tenanted only by rats and cats, 'and such small deer,' its condition will readily be understood by those conversant with such matters; to the uninitiated, the description here given will suffice:—

To Mrs. Hughes.

'September 17, 1839.

'My dear Madam,—Delightful as it always is to hear from you, I do not hesitate to say that your last is the most agreeable letter I have yet been favoured with from Kingston Lisle, and that from its announcing your determination to quit those delicious "green fields" which Falstaff babbled of, and like his antitype, Morris, to take up again with "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall." Not that I have any objection to the country in summer, or even in autumn—quite the reverse; but then I manage my enjoyment of it, as Lady Grace says, "*soberly*." "When through the Hawthorn blows the cold wind," I confess I like London as well as Lady Townley herself.

‘By the way, I do not know whether I ever showed you my own “Farewell to the Country,” written when, through your own and Dr. Hughes’s kindness principally, I was enabled to leave Romney Marsh for town. If I did not, I must rummage for a copy, if indeed one be in existence, and commend it to you.¹ The Hamadryads of Kingston will not be fobbed off with a second-hand effusion, or it might perhaps serve you for the nonce in lieu of a better. Seriously, however, I have not heard anything that has given me so much gratification a long while, as the prospect now held out of what I trust will prove the means of many happy meetings. I have got to a time of life when I feel every day more disinclined to form new, and more attached to old, associations ; and when with them, as in the present case, is united the sense of a series of great and long continued obligations, the pleasure I must in any case have felt in such society is proportionally enhanced.

‘As to ourselves we are literally “moving,” and moving we shall be for this month to come. Never before did I fully comprehend the bitterness of David’s curse, “Make them like unto a wheel ;” he had certainly a “flitting” in his eye at the time he uttered it. By the way, the Scotch, who are usually very happy in their terms, are singularly infelicitous in this. To flit gives one the idea of light and airy locomotion, such as befits a ghost or a gossamer, it speaks of light clouds, thistledown, and shadows by moonlight ; not chests of drawers, warming pans, and crockery, with all the ten thousand nondescripts of

¹ See vol. i. p. 42.

domestic economy. *Flit!*—a bat may flit, or perhaps a bachelor, but not a middle-aged gentleman of fourteen stone six; his “desert is too heavy to mount.” Then, as to the invasion and its consequences, I protest I can scarcely think of it at times without compunction; it almost seems like Cortez and his ruffians “wading through slaughter to a throne,” and shutting the gates of mercy on ten thousand unoffending aborigines, who have grown old in the peace and tranquillity of half a century. Do not suppose that the S——s are the only animals who will bewail our avatar. “What millions died that Cæsar may be great!” My heart sickens at the thought of this wholesale massacre—this sacrifice to Moloch, for I grieve to say, that, denied the tender mercies of the thumb and finger, wives, husbands, fathers, and “all, all their pretty ones” perished, like so many Suttees, in the flames. As I heard the one exterminating crackle I could not help feeling for the moment that a Thugg was a respectable member of society in comparison with myself. That their progeny, if not their ghosts, will “murder sleep” hereafter I cannot but fear.

‘To turn from so painful a subject—as extremes always meet, I jump at once from the lowest to the highest in the scale of created beings, from the meanest retainer of the Crown to the Crown itself. What think you of a visit from, and confabulation with, the Queen of the Belgians! On Saturday, I was in the library at St. Paul’s, my “custom always in an afternoon,” with a bookbinder’s prentice and a printer’s devil, looking out fifty dilapidated folios for rebinding; I had on a coat which, from a

foolish préjudice in the multitude against patched elbows, I wear nowhere else, my hands and face encrusted with the dust of years, and wanting only the shovel—I had the brush—to sit for the portrait of a respectable master chimney-sweeper, when the door opened, and in walked the Cap of Maintenance bearing the sword of, and followed by the Lord Mayor in full fig, with the prettiest and liveliest little Frenchwoman leaning upon his arm. Nobody could get at the “Lions” but myself; I was fairly in for it, and was thus presented in the most *recherché*, if not the most expensive, court dress that I will venture to say the eyes of royalty were ever greeted withal. *Heureusement pour moi*, she spoke excellent English, however, and rattled on with a succession of questions, which I answered as best I might. They were sensible, however, showed some acquaintance with literature, and a very good knowledge of dates.

‘My *gaucherie* afforded her one opportunity of displaying her acquaintance with chronology which she did not miss. The date of a MS. was the question; I unthinkingly referred to that of the *Battle of Agincourt*, an allusion which a courtier would have shunned as a rock ahead, considering the figure an Orleans cut in that fight. It was not quite so bad certainly as the gentleman telling Prince Eugene that “a certain event took place in the year the Countess of Soissons (his mother) poisoned her husband,” but it was enough to have made poor Colonel Dalton faint. She relieved me, however, in an instant by saying, ‘Ah! 1415,” while George C—, who was with her, coolly asked “when it was *printed*?” She turned to

him briskly, and said at once, "You see it is a manuscript," which satisfied the gentleman of the bed-chamber, and saved my reply. More of this when we meet, but my paper, like Macheath's courage, "is out," so for the present, believe me as ever,

‘Yours, most faithfully,

‘R. H. B.’

In the diary the Queen is described as ‘a very pretty, lively, affable woman, not wanting by any means in dignity, though not above the middle size: by far the most pleasing specimen of Royalty it was ever my lot to foregather with. Yet I have been presented to, and in the service of, two other Queens (Adelaide and Victoria), presented to another, Maria da Gloria of Portugal, also to George IV., William IV., the King of Prussia, Don Miguel, the Archduke Michael, the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, and the Princesses Mary (of Gloucester) and Augusta; to say nothing of Tamehama and Pomare (King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands), whom I saw at the play; and Leopold, King of the Belgians; the Grand Duke of Saxe Gotha, father to Prince Albert, who was with both his sons at the Queen's wedding; the Duke of York (who snored fearfully at chapel), and “the rest of the Royal Family.” What a crowd of Royal Reminiscences!’

‘*Diary.*—October 14th, 1839.—Called on the Bishop of London, in St. James's Square, on K—'s business. He took me with him afterwards to the House of Lords, where I was introduced to Dr. Reid, then employed in

warming the Houses of Parliament. Saw the process. The walls of the rooms were of thick gauze, painted to represent oak paneling, and were perfectly porous. Below, in Guy Fawkes's cellar, was an hydraulic apparatus, which being put in motion, all the air introduced was forced to pass through the purifying medium of a very heavy shower of artificial rain. This detached all the dusty and sooty particles. The air was subsequently warmed by furnaces above. I requested Dr. Reid to come and look at our ovens at St. Paul's. This he did on the following day, when he expressed his readiness to undertake the warming of the Cathedral on the terms of "no cure, no pay," but nothing came of it.

October 17th.—Went with W. Harrison Ainsworth to call on Mr. Moncrief, author of the forthcoming version of "Jack Sheppard" for the Victoria Theatre. Moncrief was quite blind, but remarkably cheerful. He gave us in detail the outline of the plot as he had arranged it, all except the conclusion, which had not as yet been published in the novel, but which Ainsworth promised to send him. Moncrief, in a very extraordinary manner, went through what he had done, without having occasion to refer to any book or person, singing the songs introduced, and reciting all the material points of the dialogue. He adverted to his literary controversy with Charles Dickens, respecting the dramatic version of Nicholas Nickleby, which he declared he would never have written, had Dickens sent him a note to say it would be disagreeable to him. [Moncrief is now (1843) a pensioner at the Charterhouse.]

‘*December 5th.*—Met my old friend, Charles Dix, who appears to have become quite a convert to phrenology. Went with him to Deville to have his head felt. Scribbled the following lines during the manipulation :

‘ O, my head ! my head ! my head !
 Alack ! for my poor unfortunate head !
 Mister Deville
 Has been to feel,
 And what do you think he said ?
 He felt it up, and he felt it down,
 Behind the ears and across the crown,
 Sinciput, occiput, great and small,
 Bumps and organs, he tickled ’em all ;
 And he shook his own, as he gravely said,
 “ Sir, you really have got a most singular head ! ”

 “ Why here’s a bump.
 Only feel what a lump ;
 Why the organ of ‘ Sound ’ is an absolute hump !
 And only feel here,
 Why, behind each ear,
 There’s a bump for a butcher or a bombardier ;
 Such organs of slaughter
 Would spill blood like water ;
 Such ‘ lopping and topping ’ of heads and of tails—
 Why, you’ll cut up a jackass with Alderman Scales.
 Such destructiveness, surely, never I
 Saw, save in Thurtell or little Frank Jeff-e-ry ! ”

It will do, it will do
For a slashing review—

cetera desunt.

Within the period of a year from his removal, Mr. Barham's new abode was changed into a house of mourning. This, as it was the last, so it was the heaviest affliction with which it pleased God to visit him, leaving traces upon body and mind never to be obliterated. In former cases of bereavement, the first paroxysms of grief over, the tide of cheerfulness had rapidly returned; in the present case there was an ebb to which no adequate flow succeeded. The loss which wrought this permanent depression of spirit was that of his youngest son, who had just attained his thirteenth year; a boy of a peculiarly amiable and thoughtful disposition, and possessed of an intelligence beyond his age. A practised eye might perhaps have detected in that premature development of intellect, evidence of disease; and seen in the too early flowering, no dim intimation of as rapid a decay. As was usual with him in trials of this kind, he wrote unreservedly to Mrs. Hughes, and in opening his heart to her evidently found such comfort as a sensitive nature derives from communion with an attached and thoroughly sympathetic friend. But when he spoke of 'the elasticity of spirit which, in spite of nature herself, will rebound under pressure,' he had not learned to estimate the full effects of the blow he had sustained. The spring and play of his mind were in a measure cramped. He had received an injury from which he never entirely recovered.

From this period an alternation of indifference and irritability was observable in him, and a failure of energy and interest in favourite pursuits, foreign from his disposition, and which seemed to give evidence of the extinction of some powerful motive principle.

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘Amen Corner, May 28, 1840.

‘I write to you, my dear friend, once again in deep affliction. My poor little Ned’s hours are numbered; he is lying by me past all hope of recovery. This will be the severest blow I have had yet, though my trials in this way have been neither light nor few. It falls the heavier because we had hoped the crisis of his danger was passed, and even so late as Thursday I was reading to him, and he was enjoying some nonsense I had written for Bentley. But it is all over! There is a decided effusion of water on the chest, and he cannot survive many hours. We have just succeeded, not without difficulty, in bringing him home from Hanwell to die; and when he is gone, a purer, gentler spirit will not stand before the throne of Him who has, I fear in his wrath, decreed his removal from me—But His will be done!—“And now, Lord, what is my hope?”

‘God bless you,

‘R. H. B.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘30 Bedford Square, Brighton, June 21, 1840.

‘How is it, my kind and excellent friend, that, while I have been compelled to write to more than a dozen individuals since my deprivation, I have been unable to address a single line to yourself? The inclination—nay more, a strong desire to do so has not been wanting, yet when I made, as I did more than once, the attempt, I found it impossible to go on. I fear to confess the reason even to myself; I fear to think that it may be because having ever been accustomed to send you the open and undisguised sentiments of my heart, I find it impossible now to adopt any other course, yet at the same time shrink from laying bare to you its present deficiency in all that is right and befitting a creature that is a worm and no man. Yet if I write at all, this must be done; I must tell you that I am not—that I fear—I *fear* I never shall be, prepared to receive this dispensation with due submission. Every day seems to throw me farther back from the state of mind in which I ought to be. I cannot—I can *not* reconcile myself to my loss, and to say otherwise were sheer hypocrisy. All this is very wrong, indefensible, sinful! I know it, I feel it to be so; yet I cannot help it! God soften my heart! at present I fear he is hardening it like Pharaoh’s; I *can* not let my children go; and what farther plagues and judgments are in store for me I know not, but I dread the worst. In all my former troubles I have bent to the storm, and kissed the hand that chastised me. Now a dogged sullenness as

foreign to my nature, as I know it to be to every right and proper feeling, has seized me wholly, and I cannot subdue it. With all this I have shed scarcely a tear, till now that I am writing to you, when—thank God! they are flowing pretty freely; and those about me are pleased and surprised to see me bear the blow with what they think so much fortitude! Severe and incessant occupation is my only resource, and this I have adopted during the day; but it is at night, or rather morning, for I rarely go to bed till daylight, that all the past comes upon me as if of yesterday; and if I sleep my dear boy is, in all my dreams. My poor wife too is worn out both in body and mind. Here, too, what a loss I have sustained. She has a strong and well-regulated mind, much better, I fear, than my own, and as her health improves will, I doubt not, find consolation in an even stricter attention to her duties. I shall still find in her the same affectionate wife and mother, the same disregard of self, and the same devoted attachment to the welfare of her family; but the cheerful, good-humoured creature who lightened all my annoyances, laughed me out of my irritability, and made my home lively and comfortable, whatever vexation I might encounter elsewhere,—She is gone for ever. I cannot conceal from myself that this has been to her, too, the heaviest affliction she has ever met with, and that a part of her very self is no more.

I spend almost all my time here on the sea-beach working at Bentley's proofs, which gives me occupation without any demands upon my mental energies. Our excellent Dean, too, has been here for the last week. He

wrote to me to get him lodgings, which I was lucky enough to do to his satisfaction. I walk with him, and have dined with him, and I think had sufficient control over myself to prevent his even guessing at what was going on beneath the surface. He is all kindness, but I could not unbosom myself to him as I have done to you. You will sympathise while you must condemn me; and I shall have your prayers as well as your feelings in my behalf. God bless you, my dear friend; your letters are always a great comfort to me, and are among the few things in which I now take an interest. I have not deserved that you should write, but it will be a great satisfaction to know that this confession has not entirely estranged me from your sympathies. We remain here till the first of July. Once more, God bless you!

‘Yours as ever,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘Amen Corner, July 30, 1840.

‘My dear Friend,—If I have not written to you lately, as I wished and ought to have done, it is not that time has not had its usual effect in softening down the poignancy of my grief at the irreparable loss which it has pleased the Divine will to inflict upon me, or that I am not in a better frame of mind than when I last addressed you; but you will, I am sure, be sorry to hear that severe bodily suffering has been added to the mental pain I have been enduring, and that even now I cannot hold my pen without considerable inconvenience. The fact is that the

cold winds which prevailed at Brighton during the latter part of last month completely neutralised any good effect which might otherwise have been produced by change of air, and both my wife and myself have ever since been laid up with a very sharp attack of rheumatism. The consequence has been that, though I have managed with some difficulty to get through the duties which have devolved upon me this month as Mr. Smith's representative, yet Mrs. Barham has never been able to leave her room till to-day, when I am about to accompany her in a drive to Hampstead; my daughter, who is very young for the part, having been obliged to fill her place at the dinners. Thank Heaven they are now over, and we are making arrangements to go for a few weeks to Great Burstead, a very pretty and quiet situation, where I have managed an exchange of duties with the vicar, an old acquaintance of mine. This change, I hope, may bring me about again; at present, notwithstanding the free use of colchicum, calomel, mustard plaisters, and other violent remedies, I am still in great pain, and the whole of my left arm is as powerless as an infant's.

‘With all this I have not flinched from that occupation which has been one great resource to me, and, as you will see by the next number of *Bentley*, have finished him a ‘Raw-head-and-bloody-bones’ story, in a stanza which I have never before attempted, and which I *believe* to be new. I am by no means sure of this, however, as I am haunted by the ghost of something like it which I cannot call to mind; perhaps your legendary reminiscences may be livelier on the subject. I am also far advanced in

another legend, more in the old style. It is to be a story of *La Belle France* in Louis Quatorze' time. I have nearly finished the first canto; for I find I must perforce split it into two.

'Bentley is in France, whence he has written me a very pressing invitation to join him, but I cannot get so far from home. Lord Nugent left his card here some little time since, in my absence. We have since had an accidental meeting, and when I return from the country I think there is a mutual disposition to renew old associations which will not be disagreeable to either party. I have often regretted in him the loss of one of the most agreeable companions I ever had, or am likely to have; for as to poor Hook, I much fear, from what I hear, that he is giving way more than ever to a habit which must, if persisted in, destroy his health, mental and bodily, and which I do think I had sufficient influence with him, when we were together, to check, if not arrest. I have not yet seen him, nor indeed scarcely any one else of my old friends, though their attentions to me have been most kind. Pray let me hear from you, and tell me you forgive my apparent neglect; in the meantime I conclude, and have recourse to one of those abominable little heads which the wisdom of our Post Office people has invented to annoy her Majesty's lieges by their want of tenacity. God bless you, my dear madam, and believe me as ever

'Most faithfully yours,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

'P.S.—I have got an excellent likeness of my poor dear boy, which is a great comfort to me.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘Vicarage, Great Burstead, August 24, 1840.

‘My dear Friend,—Your very kind and sympathising letter has reached me here at a place which, as its name has never, I believe, found its way into our vocabulary, will naturally surprise you as that of our domicile. Yet here we have been now nearly a fortnight in a most delightful part of the country, with every convenience about us, and as quiet and sequestered as Kingston Lisle itself. The fact is my friend Thomas, the vicar, was anxious to take his family to the sea-side, my church is shut up and under repair, and as the somewhat questionable advantage of a railroad within five miles of us affords me that ready access to town which my engagements render necessary every week, I thought I could not do better than take his parish off his hands for the few weeks during which he wishes to be absent. I have called the advantage of the railroad a questionable one, because though it carries me up to town in half an hour, if it carries me there *at all*, yet the frightful accident which occurred on it last week, and which has perhaps met your eye in the papers, has half induced me to decline availing myself of its facilities, at least till the embankment shall have become more settled. The impression made on my mind is the stronger, inasmuch as I had been in the previous train, and passed over the very spot an hour before it gave way and so many were killed and mutilated. I sincerely thank God for my escape. My poor wife too has had another and a narrow one. She is delighted with

Burstead, and the change had already begun to produce a manifest improvement in her spirits, when one of those accidents so common in a strange house has thrown her back again. Opening a wrong door, instead of stepping into a store-closet, as she intended, she fell down the cellâr stairs—a flight of ten brick steps—down to the very bottom. Providentially she struck against the side wall at the outset, so that no bones were broken, but she is terribly bruised and shaken. I had some apprehension as to her head (which was not struck, but only jarred) at first, but I am happy to say that there does not now seem to be any injury but what time and opodeldoc may set to rights. For my own part, though still suffering from rheumatism, I am better both in mind and body. The former has received much comfort from Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, the sixth volume of which (the first five I had read before, but was interrupted before I could finish the work) fell into my hands here. His feelings with regard to poor little Johnnie seem to have been so exact a transcript of my own during the close of my dear boy's existence; the characters of the two children—their intellect and amiability—seem to have been so similar, that the recorded feelings and sentiments of that great and *good* man in circumstances when, in addition to calamities such as mine, he had heavy ones of his own, from which it has pleased God to keep me free, called up a burning sensation of shame amidst the comfort which I could not help deriving from the perusal. It has done me good every way. What a perfect anatomist he was of the human heart! It is astonishing how close my feelings have come in many

respects to his own, especially where he describes the occasional, and not infrequent intrusion of light, and even ludicrous images amidst all his sorrows. This elasticity of spirit which, in spite of nature herself, as it were, will rebound under pressure is one, and not the least, of God's blessings.

‘That I do not encourage, but fight up against gloomy thoughts, you will see in the *Mousquetaire*, a legend I am finishing for Bentley. The fact is I find work my best solace, and I do work incessantly, though I fear not to the same purpose as I think I could have done had my poor boy lived for me to have worked for. But God’s will be done! You shall be troubled with no more murmurings; indeed I hope I have to a great extent subdued the wrong and indefensible feeling which prompted them, and now look forward, without reverting more than I possibly can help to the past. Still, “I cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to me.” I go to town to-morrow, and if I can get a proof of the first canto, which ought to be in type by this time, I will send it down, as I wish for your opinion much; but pray show it to nobody till the number is out, which it will be on Monday next. I believe you know the story; and, if I am not mistaken, I once repeated it to you. It is that of the double ghost, and I think I shall have less difficulty in coaxing a decent moral from it than I had from some of its predecessors. I quite agree with you about “Jack.”¹ I never liked the story, which is so very nursery a one, and was all but forced upon me. I thought

¹ ‘Bloudie Jack of Shrewsberrie.’

the only chance to make it effective was to strike out something *newish* in the stanza, to make people stare ; and to a certain extent, I am told, it has succeeded, but it is the offspring of all others for which I feel the least parental affection.

‘I am glad to find you are to be in town again this winter ; we shall be back of course to take Mr. Smith’s November residence, and shall then, I hope, remain tranquilly there for the season, in the course of which we shall, I hope, meet oftener than our misfortune allowed us to do last spring. I regret much that I missed Mr. Hughes in town when he called at Amen Corner, for I need not say there is no one whose friendship I value more. I have not seen any allusions to Hook in the papers, but I have had two letters from him, and I hope to fall in with him to-morrow. Good news from Dick ; he is well, happy, and very busy in building. I look forward with great eagerness to a few days’ pheasant-shooting with him at Tapton Wood. God bless you, my dear friend, and like a Hebrew book,¹ which ends at the beginning, I subscribe myself, as ever, most truly yours,

‘ R. H. BARHAM.’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘ Vicarage, Great Burstead, September 4, 1840.

‘ My dear Bentley,—Our uncertainty as to whether you would land and remain at Dover or Ramsgate has

¹ The concluding lines were written, for want of room, at the top of the first page of the sheet.

spoiled the snuggest little arrangement in the world. Had I known how to direct to you, I should have written to say that I should arrive at Canterbury last Monday ; and I had contemplated laying hold of you for Tuesday and Wednesday, and kidnapping you up to Barhamsted, where I spent three days knocking the birds about ; and there, if you had not chosen to shoot, you might at all events have done the looking-on part, and helped to carry the game. I returned to this place last night, and found your letter, for which, as well as for the two cheques enclosed, I thank you. I am glad, too, to find that you like the *Mousquetaire*, and the rather because he is a greater favourite of my own than poor "Jack" ever was. This morning's post has brought me a very friendly letter from Mrs. Hughes, whose critical opinion I have great reliance upon, and I am pleased to find that she expresses herself very well satisfied too. It is the more gratifying as I was particularly anxious not to make a failure this time. As to the *Golden Legend*,¹ the assumption of the name will do more good than harm. Three literary men have already spoken to me strongly on the subject. I mean to take up the gauntlet at all events, and as I shall at least have the advantage of being able to put "Golden Legend, No. VII." on the title, I think it will

¹ A particular series of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, then in the course of publication, was connected by the common heading of *The Golden Legend*, a title suggested by the *Legenda Aurea*, from which some of the stories were really taken. The opportunity for a pun offered by this name induced Mr. Thomas Hood to adopt it for his poem on the subject of the lady with the golden leg. Authors are apt to be touchy on these matters ; but evidently, no sort of plagiarism or opposition was either intended or practised by the latter gentleman.

be sufficient to show which is the real Simon Pure. Hook wrote to me about the correspondence you speak of—as I presume, for he did not state what the letters were. He made two appointments with me, one of which I broke, he the other, so that we never met; but I got a note from him afterwards to say that he had written to you. From what you tell me of the work proposed, I cannot but think that you have exercised a very sound discretion in declining it; people care now-a-days very little about my Lords North and Bute, whatever they may have done formerly. Townshend's own letters would be good, as he had certainly a great deal of wit. As to the union of Croker and Hook as joint editors of any work, that, I think, would be a safe speculation; and Croker, I think, from the long and intimate friendship between them, would be likely to allow Hook to retain the lion's share of the spoils. At all events it would be a great point for you to get hold of Croker, if you could do so without buying him too dear. He is emperor of the Carlton, and all that party must and would read everything he writes. I say nothing of his acknowledged ability.

‘I could give a capital idea, I think, to Leech or Cruikshank for an illustration to the *Mousquetaire*. A very strong effect might, in my opinion, be produced by a clever artist from the contrast afforded by the presence of the real and the sham ghost in the room together; also by the expression upon the countenances of those who are in the plot, and who only see the spectre of their own contriving, and that of the guilty and horror-struck

individual, who sees *both!* I wish to goodness I could put it upon paper myself. Believe me to be

‘Most sincerely and truly yours,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

This suggestion was carried out with great exactness by Mr. Leech, but the plate was afterwards, for some reason or another, altered, and the spectators removed. The subject, with all details, for many other illustrations of the Legends was also supplied by Mr. Barham; such, for example, as the appearance of the ghost in the *Dead Drummer*. In fact, a temporary misunderstanding existing between artist and publisher rendered this course, for a time, absolutely necessary.

‘*Scene*: Salisbury Plain, bare and without trees; a cross road with a direction-post, one index marked “To Lavington,” the other “To Devizes”; beneath it the ghost of a drummer-boy beating his drum, with pointed cap, &c., in the costume of the drummer in Hogarth’s *March to Finchley*. In the foreground two sailors, in Guernsey shirts and large pig-tails, looking at him. One tall and thin, aged about fifty, is pointing at the drummer, with terror in his countenance, his hair standing on end, his hat having fallen off. The other, short and squab-made, bull-headed, &c., is stooping in an attitude of curiosity, with one arm a-kimbo, the other raised, and his hand shading his eyes, so as to get a better view of the apparition. Horror the expression of the taller one’s countenance—curiosity that of the shorter. The drummer’s may be grotesque. A storm, lightning.

No house, shrub, tree, nor anything else in sight.
Lettered

‘THE DEAD DRUMMER.’

To Miss Barham.

‘Amen Corner, Tuesday, October 20, 1840.

‘My tender Lambkin,—You ask for a long letter, but how am I to comply with so preposterous a request, when I have not only nothing to say, but moreover have no time to say it in. Your mother, however, happily comes to my aid, and, just as I had resolved to make up for brevity by elegance, informs me that she has, in accordance with your especial request, opened a battery upon Miss Ogg, respecting the malformation of your garments. The Princess of Bashan was very penitent, and pledges the honour of a mantua-maker that she will reform matters altogether the moment you come back to town. This will, I fear, be somewhat of the latest, and something like offering a gentleman turtle after he has done dinner; still you have the old proverb in your favour, “Better late than never.” I only regret that the taste of our London belles should suffer so much in the estimation of your Kentish *élégantes*, as it must necessarily do in the interim, from the contemplation of your distorted costume. Happily, I have been spared the affliction which the sight of it might have occasioned me by the abruptness of your departure, which saved me from being horror-struck at the sight of Miss Ogg’s enormities, and has left me in a happy ignorance up to this moment

whether her crime consists in the undue curtailment of flounce or redundancy of bustle ; if the former, you must feel it the more from the contrast exhibited by the recent addition to my friend Frank's dignity, which must make your own lopping but the more conspicuous and annoying ; if the latter, he at least will, I doubt not, consider it a pardonable offence, the consequences of which may be borne by the victim with reasonable philosophy. Congratulate him, by the way, most cordially, on my part, upon this accession to his influence in society, which I look forward to witnessing personally with eager anticipation, as also to a serenade. Corelli or Viotti, I presume, I must not as yet expect, but I must certainly put in a claim for *Jolly Nose*, *Nix my dolly*, and *Jem Crow* ; if he can manage the jumping accompaniment to the latter, the more agreeable ; but Rome was not built in a day, nor did Nero fiddle while it was burning without previous and severe application.

‘ We heard from the illustrious Dick this morning ; his house is “ progressing slick,” as the Americans say, and he is tolerably well, save and except a cold, not of sufficient consequence, however, to prevent his going out shooting. He has transmitted me a new subject for a legend, which he has picked up somewhere in the fens. I shall be glad to do anything I can for your amiable friend, but that “ anything ” will, I fear, be very trifling. Bentley is a man who will see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, and thinks the former piercing enough and the latter sufficiently long to enable him to judge for himself in all matters of literary taste. All I

can do is to transmit the MS.¹ with a recommendation to him to read, mark, and inwardly digest it, as you insinuate the fair authoress does little children.

‘The Cresswells were here yesterday, and inquired after you. I left them with your mother—*Miss* engaged in writing out a receipt for the pickling of dogs’ tongues, or some similar hint in domestic economy, and Robert in the midst of an anecdote about Mrs. H. Dubois. Your mother sends her best love, in which she is joined by Mary Anne, at this moment supremely happy with both the cats in her lap; “Jerry” equipped in a doll’s long-clothes and straw-bonnet, looking like a young nigger, and purring like Patience on a monument. But the bell is tolling for St. Paul’s, and I am on duty this week; so God bless you, and believe me, as ever,

‘Your most affectionate father,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

‘*Diary.*—November 21, 1840.—The Queen was this day brought to bed of the Princess Royal, and I carried the news down to Fulham, where I dined with Hook, Francis Broderip, and Major Shadwell Clarke. The latter expressed himself much annoyed at the infant’s being a girl, as there would be no brevet.

‘Hook mentioned several anecdotes of his early life; among others, he said that the day on which he was first sent down to Harrow school, Lord Byron, who was there at

¹ This was the manuscript of Miss Acton’s *Cookery Book*, published eventually by Messrs. Longman, and which proved the most popular work of the day on culinary art.

the time, took him into the square, showed him a window at which Mrs. Drury was undressing, gave him a stone, and bid him "knock her eye out with it." Hook threw the stone, and broke the window. Next morning there was a great "row" about it, and Byron, coming up to him, said,

"Well, my fine fellow, you've done it! She had but one eye (the truth), and it's gone!" Hook's *funk* was indescribable.

'He said that my old friend Cecil Tattersall, whom I knew at Canterbury and at Christ Church, was at that time there; he was very intimate with Byron, and had the *sobriquet* of "Punch Tattersall."

'He spoke in the course of the evening of his two eldest daughters, of whom Mary, the senior, had just turned twenty-one; the name of the second was Louisa, and he designated them accordingly as "Vingt-un" and "Loo!" He read us a letter also from his eldest son in India, who had just got his commission there, at the age of seventeen. It was full of fun, and showed much of his father's talent, together with a great deal of good feeling.

'Another of his stories was of Sir George Warrender, who was once obliged to put off a dinner party in consequence of the death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself. While eating, he said to his butler—

"John, this will make a capital hash to-morrow."

"Yes, Sir George, if you leave off *now*!"

The following entry is without date. The dinner, however, which it commemorates must have been given in

the course of the year 1840. Its main object was to make known Hook and Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick*, to each other.

‘Dined at Bentley’s. There were present, Hook, Haliburton, Jerdan, Moran, and my son. Hook told us several anecdotes, among others one of Sir George Warrender, and said that on one occasion that worthy baronet, wishing to go to Plymouth, inquired of John Wilson Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty, of which Sir George was one of the lords—

“Come, Mr. Secretary, you understand these things—which is my best route?”

‘Croker described the line, mentioning the towns he recommended him to pass through; “and then,” said he, “not to return like a dog by the same round you went, you can come home through Wiltshire, and see Stonehenge on your way.”

“Oh no,” said the baronet, “I have no patience with the man. Ever since he tacked on that name to his own, for the sake of the estate, he has become so insufferably conceited that I never wish to see him again!”

‘It is supposed that Sir George here alluded to Mr. Heneage, M.P. for Devizes, whose name he was confounding with that of the ancient Druidical monument.

‘In the course of the evening, Hook, looking at my son, said to me, “How old these young fellows make us feel! It was but the other day that chap was standing at my knee, listening to my stories with ears, eyes, and mouth wide open, and now he is a man, I suppose?”

“Yes,” I said, “he is three or four and twenty.”

“Ah, I see,—*Vingt-un* overdrawn.”’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

[No date.]

‘My dear Bentley,—I saw Hook yesterday. He will send you the first volume of *Bunce* forthwith to put into type at once; also the French novels. He gave me the outline of what he has done, which I think is very happily conceived and in his best style—a Justice of the Peace and the *Rev. Slobberton Mawks*, both capital. Thackeray called here yesterday; wants to be busy, so I recommended him to treat with you for a three vol. historical novel, which he is very well inclined to do. From his reading I think he would succeed, especially if, as I suggested, it were of the Queen-Hoo Hall style,¹ illustrated by his own woodcuts of costume, caricature, &c. in the livelier parts. Turn this over in your mind.

‘Yours,

‘R. H. B.’

Peregrine Bunce, the novel here alluded to, was the last undertaken by Theodore Hook, and one which he did not live to complete. The story had been suggested by Mr. Barham, and was founded on the matrimonial speculations of a common acquaintance. Manifestly the weakest of Hook’s productions, it was written during the intervals allowed by increasing sickness, and labours under the additional disadvantages of never having undergone the author’s revision, and of having been wound up by one who could not have been in the secret of the

¹ A romance of an antiquarian character commenced by Strutt and completed and edited by Sir Walter Scott in 1803.

plot. As was not unfrequently the case with Mr. Hook's writings, the earlier portions of this novel were forwarded to his friend for inspection, prior to publication; the following note accompanied the proofs of the second volume :—

‘Monday.

‘Dear Cardinal,—When you have run through *Peregrine*, will you send him in *pacquet* to me at the Athenæum? I have no other ‘document’ wherewith to refresh my memory as to his progress. If you like it, put on it (G); if you don’t, put (B); if mediocre (T). If none of these should express your opinion, I shall expect to see (D. B.) or (V. G.) as the case may be.

‘Yours most truly,

‘T. E. H.’

The address here refers to the senior Cardinal’s stall, which Mr. Barham had for some time held in St. Paul’s Cathedral.

Diary: February 6, 1841.—Judge Littledale took leave on his retirement. Sir J. Campbell, the Attorney General, addressed him in the name of the bar, and both appeared much affected during his speech. In his account of it at the Garrick, Murphy remarked that ‘Sir John cried a little *dale* and that Littledale cried a great *dale*.”’

‘May 5.—Dinner party here: Lord Nugent, Fitzroy Stanhope, Serjeant Talfourd, John Adolphus, Theodore Hook, Dr. White, Frank Fladgate, George Raymond, and Dick. Anecdote told of the marriage of the Hon. Mr. D——, son of Lord G——: “As the happy pair were

starting on their wedding tour, the lady's maid was for putting a huge bandbox into the carriage. Mr. D—— was about to make room for it, at some little inconvenience, when an old French valet who had long lived in the family touched his young master's elbow and said softly, "No, no, sare! turn him out;—bandbox to day, bandbox all your life!"

This was the last time that Theodore Hook dined at Amen Corner; he was unusually late, and dinner was served before he made his appearance. Mr. Barham apologised for having sat down without him, observing that he had quite given him up, and had supposed 'that the weather had deterred him.'

'Oh!' replied Hook, 'I had determined to come *weather* or no.'

He ate literally nothing but one large slice of cucumber, but seemed in tolerable spirits; and towards the end of the evening, the slight indications of effort which were at first visible had completely disappeared. Lord Nugent, who had never met him before, was exceedingly desirous of hearing one of his extempore songs, but my father, certain that he was ill, interfered and saved him that exertion. From this time his disease made rapid progress, and he dined from home but twice afterwards, once at Lord Harrington's, and once, I believe, with his friend Major Clarke. Mr. Barham saw him but once again; on July 29, about a month before his decease, the former spent the morning with him at Fulham.

Like most men resident in London, however much its occupations may be in accordance with their taste, there

was nothing, as has been before observed, Mr. Barham so thoroughly enjoyed as to get away from it for a time. To snatch a hasty run into the country, more especially if, in addition to fresh breezes, green fields, and odorous flowers, there could be obtained what poor Cannon used to denominate a ‘sniff of the briny;’ to feel secure from the inroads of the most adventurous morning caller; to get beyond the reach even of the long-armed Post itself; to shut the gates of business on mankind; to ‘forget that such things were,’ and were most troublesome—this was a happiness intense in proportion to its rarity. Such excursions, alas! were few, and brief at best, deferred too often till heart and head grew sick, and generally abridged by some unexpected and peremptory recall to town.

He had started, about the middle of August, for Margate, full of spirits at the prospect of a longer holiday than usual, which was to embrace a week’s shooting among the Kentish hills, little dreaming of the evil tidings that were to follow him. Immediately on his arrival he addressed an amusing ‘log’ of his voyage, &c. to his old and valued friend, Dr. Roberts.

‘Dear Roberts,—

‘*August 16.—Nine A.M.*—Two cabs, three trunks, one band-box, a wife, three girls, two carpet bags, portfolio, and a Dick on the dickey.

‘*Half-past Nine.*—On board the Royal George; luggage safe stowed, all but the Dick, who quitted.

‘*Three-quarters past Nine.*—Rum and milk, eggs and cold beef.

‘*Ten.*—Off she goes; “Times and Morning Herald.”

‘*Eleven.*—Blackwall Railroad Company; all well.

‘*Half-past Twelve.*—Off Gravesend.

‘*Half-past One.*—Off Sheppey, bell rings, dinner; “more mutton for the lady.”

‘*Three.*—Off Herne Bay, beautiful weather, sea like a duck-pond; gin and water.

‘*Twenty minutes past Four.*—Landed on Margate jetty, went to old lodgings, landlady moved and gone to America,—N.B. Husband has another wife there. To seek for quarters, old ones being laid into the hotel.

‘*Half-past Four.*—Three bed-rooms and first-floor sitting room at a hatter’s on Marine Parade. Don’t know whether engaged or not—depends on next post, which comes in at half-past six; old woman, former lodger, to send her answer by it; have tea there upon speculation.

‘*Five.*—Very good tea, ditto bread, ditto butter, hurdygurdy under window—*Nix my Dolly.*

‘*Five minutes past Five.*—Another cup, bagpipes under window—*Jim Crow.*

‘*Ten minutes past Five.*—Conjuror under window, lots of tricks, three eggs out of a handkerchief.

‘*Six.*—Post in, old woman don’t come; take the lodgings, three guineas a week, seem very comfortable, children at window looking at conjuror; hurdygurdy — *I’d be a butterfly*; fiddler — *College Hornpipe*; bagpipes — *Within a mile of Edinburgh Town*, wish to God they were! post going off, God bless you! all well, and in screaming spirits.

‘R. H. B.’

‘*Margate, 2 High Street*, as it is called, being, of course, the lowest in the town, and directly opposite the harbour ; better always direct “post-office.”’

Prior to starting he addressed the following note to his eldest daughter, at Tonbridge :

To Miss Barham.

‘August 15, 1841.

‘My dear little Fanny,—I take up my pen
Just to say that we set off on Monday, at ten,
By the Magnet to Margate, and call on the way
At a place which I think you remember, Herne Bay ;
For there, if I recollect rightly, the guide,
Betsy Homersham, sous’d you so much that you cried.
We’ve not yet engaged any lodgings ; the Halls
Who have been there some time, and live close to St.

Paul’s,

Assure us, however, we shan’t have much trouble
In suiting a number like ours, or even double.
But then you’ll observe, since as yet we don’t know
To what part of the town we may happen to go,
And cannot decide till at least we so far get,
You had better direct to us “Post Office, Margate,”
A mode of arrangement for want of a better
Which I mean to adopt in the case of each letter.
I sent down a salmon to-day, and I hope
That it will not discredit the fishmonger, Pope,
But I deeply regret things should turn out so cross
That I could not procure one poor lobster for sauce ;

But somehow or other so few had come in,
Pope had not a single one, neither had Lynn ;
So be sure, my dear Fanny, you make my excuses,
And mind and write soon and let's know what the news
is ;

Your mammy will write to you soon, and your bird
Sings so loud and so long, it is really absurd ;
Mary Anne's grown quite fond of the creature, indeed
She does nothing but stuff it with sugar and seed.
I really don't think I have aught more to tell,
And the postman below is come ringing his bell,
So God bless you, my dear, I shall now say 'Farewell,'
Write to one of us soon, if you ask me, I'd rather
You'd address, of the two,

‘Your affectionate Father.

‘R. H. B.’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘2 High Street, Margate, 1841.

‘My dear Bentley,—With aching fingers I go on to write my twelfth letter against time to you. You ought to have had one before, but if not writing *to* I have been writing *for* you, and that must be my excuse. I have by this post sent off to Wilson the whole of a spick and span new legend entitled *The Smuggler's Leap*,¹ founded on a Kentish story, and full of the marvellous. As this is complete, I have told him to let the first part of the *Auto da Fe* stand over till next month, when I shall be able to work it out,

¹ This story was struck off, the greater part, during a drive into the country, and was completed in a couple of days.

I have no doubt, in a single canto, which I could not do this month. The "Leap" will occupy only five pages, and I have written to Dick to look after the correction of the proof, but as in my last I had only two corrections to make, and those literals, I don't think there is much danger of its being badly printed. Get a proof of it yourself; I want you to read, and think you will like it. I tell awful lies in it—*tant mieux*!

‘Most sincerely yours,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘Margate, August 26, 1841.

‘My dear Bentley,—Dick’s letter and yours had but too well prepared me for the melancholy event announced in your last. Poor fellow! I little thought when I shook his hand at parting that it was the last time I should ever grasp it. The whole thing, indeed, has quite upset me. All my oldest and best friends seem dropping off one by one. Poor Cannon was the first to go, James Smith, Bacon, Tom Hill, and now Hook, the one whom I had known the longest and spent the most pleasant hours with of them all! In our college days, ’tis true, I saw comparatively little of him (for he was only two terms at St. Mary’s Hall), and then his voyage to the Mauritius separated us; but since his return, about twenty years ago, we have ever been on the most friendly terms of intimacy and, I believe, mutual regard. The world believes him older than he was; his birth took place in September 1789, consequently he would have been fifty-three had he

lived a month longer. Independent of the loss to his private friends, I consider his death just at this juncture a public calamity. Barnes gone! and Hook gone! the two ablest, beyond all comparison, of the advocates of civil order and all that is valuable in our institutions. For myself the shadow of a shade never intervened during our long intercourse to cloud our friendship for a moment. I have seen him at times irritable, and sometimes, though rarely and only when other circumstances had combined to ruffle him, disposed to take offence with others; with myself *never*! and it is a source of sincere satisfaction to me at this moment that I cannot recall even an expression of momentary petulance that ever escaped either to the other. Among all his numerous acquaintance and friends there are none who will regret him more sincerely.

‘I cannot turn my thoughts to any other subject now. God bless you, and in the hope of hearing a better account from you soon of poor Mrs. Bentley’s health, I subscribe myself, as ever,

‘Most faithfully yours,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘August 28, 1841.

‘My dear Bentley,—I am glad you have sent me down the little tribute to poor Hook which, though crude of course from the little time you have had to get it out in, may, that considered, I think pass tolerably well. There is one thing I should press upon you—do not on any account put the woodcut at the *top* of the notice; it will be

indelicate and in very bad taste to do so. You will see what I have written at the end of the proof which, I think, will do away with any impropriety in putting it in so soon after his decease, poor fellow ! If you ever mean to print his collected works or any posthumous or other productions of his, I would reserve it altogether ; if not, at all events put it in as a tail-piece to the notice. I do not think then, and so introduced, it can shock the feelings of any of his friends, which would be the case in many instances if the notice of such a man, not yet cold in his coffin, were headed by a caricature even of his own designing. If you choose to insert "and inclosed in a letter to a friend," or "to his friend Mathews," after the words "playful mood" in my MS. at bottom of the last proof, you can do it ; but this, as I know not how you may stand with Mrs. Mathews, is for your own consideration.¹ There is one point in the earlier part of the notice : his father, I think, a short time before his death received the appointment of organist at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and held it to the day of his death. Anybody, Winston for instance, could tell you this, and if so, words to that effect might be inserted with advantage after the account of his mother's death.

‘I write this late at night, having just returned from dining with the directors of the Sea-bathing Infirmary, and have yet to prepare much for to-morrow. I am glad the Doctor² *has* failed you. Though the thing would no doubt

¹ This refers to an amusing pen and ink sketch by Hook of himself at the ages of twenty and forty. It was sent to his friend, Mathews, and is published in the life of the latter.

² Dr. Maginn.

have been done cleverly and with great talent, I fear it might have had a mixture of levity with it which would have been quite out of place. Jerdan always does these things with good taste, and, which is better, good feeling.

‘Yours ever,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘Margate, August 29, 1841.

‘My dear Bentley,—Since my return from the business which so exclusively occupied my attention this morning, I have thought much and anxiously as to the best mode of proceeding in this business of poor Hook’s, so as at once to secure your object of not being anticipated and at the same time avoid anything that may be premature or indelicate. If you were a stranger to Mr. B——, the step I should recommend would be a different one from that which, after mature consideration, I would now suggest; but you have already been in negotiation with him on Mathews’s account, which seems to me to make the interference, in the first instance, of a third party between you, strange and inexpedient. I would, first of all, write him immediately some such letter as that of which I enclose a draft. As I have before observed, B—— is not a man to do anything in a hurry, and Mr. Shackell will in all probability, or Mrs. Hook herself, have broken ground for you and led him to expect some application on your part. Your letter will, of course, produce an immediate reply, and act, I have no doubt, as a preventive against any movement of the kind you seem to anticipate

from that or any other quarter. If you think my interference would be of the slightest use afterwards, I would either write, or, what would be I think a better way of going to work, see B—— immediately on my return; but I do not think he is a man likely to yield to influence of any kind in a matter of this sort. Before you see him you should, if possible, make up your mind as to whose hands you would confide the task, so as to be able to submit the name or names, if you like to give him a choice of them, to him, for depend upon it this is a question he would be sure to ask. If you decide upon Croker there can be no question that the two names would ensure a very large sale; and Croker's regard to his friend, if, in order to keep his memory out of inefficient or injudicious hands, he would be induced to undertake the work at all, would insure its being done rather more with a view to the credit of Hook himself and benefit of his children than to personal profit. If you can't get Croker, what think you of Jerdan? He was intimate with him for a great number of years, would handle the subject with tact and good-nature, and would I think do it well. It should certainly be some one personally acquainted with Hook's humours and peculiarities, and be at the same time a practised hand. Of course all the assistance I can give you you may command, both in furnishing you with what matter recollection may supply, and in any general supervision, as in the Mathews's case, you may think worth having.

We have had a good collection to-day—8*l.* more than last year; the church much crowded. Remember me to

Roberts and let me hear from you as to B——, and the result of your communication with him; especially let me know the day of poor Hook's funeral if you can ascertain it, and believe me, as ever, most truly yours,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

‘It was on the 29th of last month that I shook poor Hook's hand for the last time.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘Margate, September 2, 1841.’

‘My dear Friend,—You do me no more than justice in supposing that the loss of my poor friend would indeed cast a gloom over me; in fact it came upon me like a thunder-clap, and I even yet can scarcely believe it real. On Monday, the 29th of July, I went down to Fulham, and spent the whole morning with him, having heard that he was out of sorts, and wishing to see him before I came down here, where I had promised to preach a sermon for the benefit of “The Sea-bathing Infirmary.” *That day month* was the day of his funeral! I dreamt of no such thing then, for though I could not persuade him to taste even the fowl which we had for luncheon, yet his spirits were so high, and his countenance wore so completely its usual expression, that I thought him merely labouring under one of those attacks of bilious indigestion, through so many of which I had seen him fight his way, and which I trusted the run to the sea-side, in which he commonly indulged at this time of the year, would entirely remove.

‘I was, I confess, a little startled when he told me that

he had not tasted solid food for three days, but had lived upon effervescent draughts, of gentian or columba, taken alternately with rum and milk, and Guinness's porter. There was something in this mixture of medicine, food, and tonic, with the stimulants which I *knew* he took besides, though he said nothing about *them*, that gave me some apprehension as to whether the regimen he was pursuing was a right one, and I pressed him strongly to have further advice than that of the apothecary (an old friend who had attended him for many years), and not to risk a life so valuable to his family, as well as to his friends, on a point of punctilious delicacy. He promised me that if he was not better in a day or two, he would certainly do so.

‘He went on to speak of some matters of business connected with the novel he was employed on, part of which he read to me ; and much, my dear friend, as you, in common with the rest of the world, have enjoyed his writings, I do assure you the effect of his humour and wit was more than doubled, when the effusions of his own genius were given from his own mouth. Never was he in better cue, and his expressive eye revelled in its own fun. I shall never forget it !

‘We got afterwards on miscellaneous subjects, and then he was still the Theodore Hook I had always known, only altered from him of our college days by the increased fund of anecdote which experience and the scenes he had since gone through had given him. There was the same good nature which was one of the most distinguishing characteristics of his mind ; indeed it has so happened

that, intimate as has been our friendship for the last twenty years, since his return from the Mauritius renewed the connection of our earlier days, I have been but rarely a witness to that bitter and cutting sarcasm of which he had perfect command, and could employ without scruple when provoked. The reason of this, perhaps, may be that, frequently as we met, it was either in a quiet stroll or dinner by ourselves, or in the society of a few intimate friends, all of whom loved and regarded each other too well to give occasion for the slightest ebullition of temper. The only instances I can call to mind in which he has given way to any severity of expression have ever been in mixed company, and generally (with one single exception, perhaps, I might say universally), when undue liberties, taken by those whose acquaintance with him was not sufficient to justify the familiarity, drew from him a rebuff which seldom make a second one necessary. His friends *could* not provoke him.

‘He read to me a letter from his son in India, a young man not yet of age, written with much of the peculiar humour of his father, combined with a degree of good feeling and affection amply justifying that extreme attachment which the latter had always felt for him. Never, I am persuaded, was a parent fonder of his children, and the way in which he now spoke to me of this one (for whom Majoribanks had about a year ago procured a commission in India), the traits he mentioned of his character, and the delight with which he dwelt upon them, were, from reasons to which I need scarcely allude, calculated to make no slight impression upon his auditor.

‘After more than three hours spent in a *tête-à-tête*, I got up to leave him, and then, for the first time, remarked that the dressing-gown he wore seemed to sit on him more loosely than usual; I said, as I shook his hand, for the last time,

“Why, my dear Hook, this business seems to have pulled you more than I had perceived.”

“Pulled me!” said he, “you may well say that; look here,” and, opening his gown, it was not without a degree of painful surprise, that I saw how much he had fallen away, and that he seemed literally almost slipping through his clothes, a circumstance the more remarkable from the usual portliness of his figure.

‘I was so struck with his change of appearance that I could not refrain from again pressing him to accompany me for a few days down here, but he declined it as being impossible, from the necessity of his immediately winding up *Peregrine Bunce* and *Fathers and Daughters* (the novel he was publishing in monthly parts in *Colburn’s Magazine*), but he added, that in a fortnight or three weeks he should so far have “broken the necks of them both” as to admit of his running down to Eastbourne, where he said “he could be quiet.” Alas! he little thought, or I, *how* quiet, or what his rest would be before the expiration of that term! I left him, but without any foreboding that it was for the last time.

‘The first intimation I had of his danger was on Tuesday the 24th ult. in a letter from my son, who went down to Fulham to call on him on the Monday; that letter stated that, to his equal surprise and grief, the

that, intimate as has been our friendship for the last twenty years, since his return from the Mauritius renewed the connection of our earlier days, I have been but rarely a witness to that bitter and cutting sarcasm of which he had perfect command, and could employ without scruple when provoked. The reason of this, perhaps, may be that, frequently as we met, it was either in a quiet stroll or dinner by ourselves, or in the society of a few intimate friends, all of whom loved and regarded each other too well to give occasion for the slightest ebullition of temper. The only instances I can call to mind in which he has given way to any severity of expression have ever been in mixed company, and generally (with one single exception, perhaps, I might say universally), when undue liberties, taken by those whose acquaintance with him was not sufficient to justify the familiarity, drew from him a rebuff which seldom make a second one necessary. His friends *could* not provoke him.

‘He read to me a letter from his son in India, a young man not yet of age, written with much of the peculiar humour of his father, combined with a degree of good feeling and affection amply justifying that extreme attachment which the latter had always felt for him. Never, I am persuaded, was a parent fonder of his children, and the way in which he now spoke to me of this one (for whom Majoribanks had about a year ago procured a commission in India), the traits he mentioned of his character, and the delight with which he dwelt upon them, were, from reasons to which I need scarcely allude, calculated to make no slight impression upon his auditor.

‘After more than three hours spent in a *tête-à-tête*, I got up to leave him, and then, for the first time, remarked that the dressing-gown he wore seemed to sit on him more loosely than usual; I said, as I shook his hand, for the last time,

“Why, my dear Hook, this business seems to have pulled you more than I had perceived.”

“Pulled me!” said he, “you may well say that; look here,” and, opening his gown, it was not without a degree of painful surprise, that I saw how much he had fallen away, and that he seemed literally almost slipping through his clothes, a circumstance the more remarkable from the usual portliness of his figure.

‘I was so struck with his change of appearance that I could not refrain from again pressing him to accompany me for a few days down here, but he declined it as being impossible, from the necessity of his immediately winding up *Peregrine Bunce* and *Fathers and Daughters* (the novel he was publishing in monthly parts in *Colburn’s Magazine*), but he added, that in a fortnight or three weeks he should so far have “broken the necks of them both” as to admit of his running down to Eastbourne, where he said “he could be quiet.” Alas! he little thought, or I, *how* quiet, or what his rest would be before the expiration of that term! I left him, but without any foreboding that it was for the last time.

‘The first intimation I had of his danger was on Tuesday the 24th ult. in a letter from my son, who went down to Fulham to call on him on the Monday; that letter stated that, to his equal surprise and grief, the

answer he received had been that Mr. Hook was given over by Dr. Ferguson who had been called in to him ; that mortification had taken place, was rapidly going on, and that a few hours at farthest must close the scene. In point of fact, he expired about half-past four that same afternoon, as I heard from Bentley by the following post.

‘ It was well for my engagement with the latter that I had a few days before sent him up the legend I had promised for the month, for, feeling apart, the confusion of intellect I was in, would have rendered it impossible for me even to have looked at a proof.

‘ Mathews, Frank Bacon, poor Power, Tom Hill, and James Smith—and now Hook !—he who flung his life and spirit into the rest ! I question if half-a dozen such associates were ever removed, or such a party broken up in so short a time. I doubt if I shall have the courage now to enter the Garrick Club again. Its glory has indeed departed !

‘ With the exact state of poor Hook’s circumstances I am not fully acquainted. I believe he has left no tradesmen’s bills unpaid, and if in debt at all, it must be to such persons as never will look to that part of their loss. But I much fear he can have left no great provision for Mrs. Hook or his children, of whom he has four besides the young man in India. I hope somebody will be found to do justice to his memory. Mr. Croker would be the man of all others, if he would undertake the task ; and though I believe it has been neglected of late, yet I know my poor friend kept a diary, which I have seen, of the freaks and adventures of his earlier years. Much of

this, I dare say, has been anticipated in *Gilbert Gurney*, and much, perhaps from respect to living persons, could not, as yet at least, be given to the public; but the history of the Berners Street hoax, and some other transactions I could name, will one day, no doubt, raise a hearty laugh among those who come after us.

‘ From such a subject it is difficult, not to say impossible, to turn without pain to any other, but I take too strong an interest in the welfare of our friend Ainsworth to pass over without notice the remarks you make concerning his separation from Bentley. I am glad, however, to find that they continue on friendly terms, even in the way of business, and that Bentley is to publish *Old St. Paul’s* on commission. I suspect, from what I hear of the state of the book-trade, that this mode of arrangement will be much more practised than heretofore. Since the examination of Mr. Knight’s affairs, it has been averaged (so say the papers) that not above one novel in three pays its expenses, taking into consideration loss by bad debts and trade failures. The present change in the political horizon may, perhaps, in time restore confidence if all goes well; but Hamilton, one of the principal booksellers in the “Row,” and himself a Whig, told me that if the corn-laws went, his best customers would go with them.

‘ I have on the anvil a *Legend of Spain*, which if, please God, I live to finish it, will, I think, with some prose material I have by me to serve as sewing silk and buckram, make up another volume; and then, I suppose, I must kill Tom Ingoldsby, bury him and all his family at Tappington, and myself in Amen Corner, where in the

meantime we look forward, with great pleasure in the anticipation, to seeing you at no distant period. God bless you, my dear friend ! and believe me as ever yours,

‘ R. H. BARHAM.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘ Amen Corner, November 6, 1841.

‘ My dear Friend,—Fortunately the weather, here at least and I hope in Berkshire, has been remarkably cloudy o’ nights, or I should fancy you looking out of your window at the Great Bear, and saying to yourself, if not to others, “ That is Mr. Barham’s dominant constellation ! ” That I am in general a bad correspondent, I am sorry to say, is but too true ; but to have remained silent so long to so kind a communication as your last is a piece of unheard-of atrocity of which I am truly ashamed, though in verity, on looking back through the vista of the last week, I really cannot call to my recollection a single half-hour that I could have sat fairly down to discharge my conscience. In addition to a more than usual press of occupation, which has kept me up to a very late hour even for me, I have had my week at St. Paul’s, the double attendance at which every day—I say nothing of the Alexandrine service on Guy Fawkes’ day—has drawn still farther upon my time. Let me, however, now that I have got pen (and a wretched one it is) in hand, no longer delay thanking you very gratefully for all your kindness, and more especially for the last mark of it, exhibited in the head, which arrived in high preservation, and is to the full as excellent as the best of its predecessors. I endeavoured

to prevail on our friends, the Lanes, who both dined with us yesterday, to put its good qualities to the test; but though the quarter it came from was admitted to be a very powerful argument, I could not get them down to the supper table, as Richard Lane had to be up very early the next morning to complete an extempore, and I am told very beautiful, drawing of Adelaide Kemble in her new character of *Norma*. The success of this young lady has been complete, and she certainly inherits all the tragic talent of the family; indeed, from what I saw, I question if the actress—in spite of a rather disadvantageous figure—is not at least as great as the singer. I told her father yesterday that I should delight in seeing her play “Lady Macbeth, with songs.” He himself has grown quite young again, and is of course in the seventh heaven at his daughter’s success. There is, I believe, no doubt now that he will reappear on the stage after Christmas; and in *Penruddock* and *Wolsey*, and such elderly characters, I have no question he will be as great as ever.

‘You will be glad to hear that Richard Lane is not only looking much better, but that his cough has entirely left him. He is in high spirits, being in constant request at the Palace, and has orders to take a portrait of the Prince Albert as soon as the Lady shall be pronounced “as well as can be expected,” an obstetrical contingency which is now, I believe, hourly expected. With respect to your friend Mr. Lockey, I hope you cannot doubt that he shall have my good word, or that I’ll gild him with the happiest terms I have. I do not, however, think that

its too partial mistress, the young lady concluded her *au revoir* with "Bless you, dear little piggy ! how pretty you are ; and how nice you will be when we come to eat you !" It was impossible to doubt the probability of the prophecy ; but however I might revere her as a sage, the young lady sank to zero as a sentimentalist. After all this *nouvelle Heloise* was right perhaps, and only working out her great namesake's problem,—

“What *pork* we doat on, when 'tis *pigs* we love !”

A brace or two of Tappington pheasants forwarded to Mr. Sydney Smith in the course of the month elicited the following highly characteristic note :—

To the Rev. R. H. Barham.

‘ 39 Green Street, November 15, 1841.

‘ Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your kind present of game. If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is the roast pheasant and bread sauce—barn door fowls for dissenters, but for the real churchman, the thirty-nine times articulated clerk—the pheasant, the pheasant !

‘ Ever yours,

‘ SYDNEY SMITH.’

A more laconic note, in acknowledgment of a similar arrival, was penned by Mr. Barham himself, but whether

it ever reached the hands of the eminent individual to whom it appears to have been addressed, is doubtful:—

‘Many thanks, my dear lord, for the birds of your giving,
Though I wish with the dead, you had sent me the *living*.’

The living, however, arrived in due time, and fortunately happened to be one contiguous to that he had previously held, and indeed in every respect adapted to the circumstances of the recipient.

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘December 21, 1841.

‘Dear Bentley,

‘*Nell Cook* is ripe,
And up in type,—
So Bangor boys repeat ;
And *Colin Clink*
Is daubed with ink,
Down to a single sheet.

‘Poor Tom Hill’s dead,
And it is said
His heir is E. Dubois :
Tom kept an infernal
Sort of a journal
Of all he heard and saw—

‘I think if you,
Mind p and q,
You may get hold of the Diary ;

Dubois could well
Make a book that would sell;
At least it's worth enquiry.

‘And if your mind
That way's inclin'd,
I could put you into a way
To get at Dubois,
Through his brother-in-law,
So respond without delay.

‘Thine,
‘R. H. B.’

Mr. Edward Dubois, Commissioner of the Court of Requests, was well known in the literary world, more particularly as the friend and occasional secretary of Sir Philip Francis, whom, by the way, he always stoutly maintained to be the author of the *Junius* letters. To his pen indeed has been attributed the work known as *Junius Identified*, which bears the name of Taylor, but which is thought by some to have been prompted by Sir Philip himself. Mr. Dubois was also a friend of my father's, although not so intimate an one as ‘the brother-in-law,’ Mr. Robert Cresswell. This gentleman was the brother of the Proctor referred to in the following lines, addressed Sir by George Rose to Dubois:—

My dear Dubois,
Tell me *ubi's*
Cresswell's office which they robe at?
Not the Doctor's,
But the Proctor's,
For I want to get a probate.

CHAPTER IX.

[1842—1844.]

Election to the Presidency of Sion College—Appointment to the Divinity Lectureship at St. Paul's—Senior Cardinal—Exchange of Livings—Testimonial—The Bishop of London's Charge—An unlucky Present—Letter to Dr. Hume—Anecdotes—Letter to Miss Barham—to Dr. Hume—Lines on a China Jug—The Carter Ghost Story—The Seaforth Prophecy—Warrender House—Anecdote—Letter to Mr. Bentley—Withdrawal from *Bentley's Miscellany*—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—*Lapsus Lingue*—Theatrical Anecdote—Dr. Paris's Ghost Story—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—St. Paul's—Saunders and Otley—Letter to Mrs. Hume—Sydney Smith's Novel—Anecdotes—Mr. Offor and the Duke of Sussex—Letter to Dr. Hume—Note from Sydney Smith—Sheridan and O'Beirne—The Archæological Association—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—'Archæological Hint'—The Mummy—Story of Lord M.—Scraps, Anecdotes, etc.

IN 1842, Mr. Barham succeeded to the presidency of Sion College, a sort of clerical Lord Mayoralty (with reverence be it spoken!) held, like that honourable office, for the space of a year, and one to which the incumbents of the City of London are, in turn, eligible. The duties are not particularly onerous; but one of them, the preaching a Latin sermon, at a time of life when a gentleman's classics may be thought to have grown a little rusty, is not to be lightly esteemed, especially when the critical character of the audience before whom it is delivered is taken into consideration. In the same year, his long services at St. Paul's were rewarded with the Divinity lectureship—

he had for some time held the senior Cardinal's stall in that cathedral—and by his being allowed to exchange his living for that of St. Faith. The parishes were contiguous, but the latter, consisting for the most part of large warehouses, occupied much less of his time than the one he had held for a period of nearly twenty years, while the emoluments, on the other hand, were far more considerable. The parting with his old parishioners, attached to him not less by the bonds of private friendship than by those peculiar ties which bind a minister to his people, was not to be effected without an effort—greater perhaps than he was altogether prepared for. In the farewell sermon which he preached on October 9, he assured them, in all sincerity, that it was his greatest gratification to reflect that the connection which had so long subsisted was only to be partially loosened, not dissolved; that he was to continue their neighbour and friend, though he ceased to be their pastor; he spoke also of the prospect, too soon to be realised, of being permitted to lay his bones among them, by the side of his children, and of that final reunion to be hoped for, by the blessing of Him whose courts below they had trodden together. The regret at separation was reciprocal, and more than one moistened eye followed him from that spot, whither, within three short years, he was destined to return, to quit no more.

A substantial 'testimonial of respect and friendship,' in the shape of a handsome silver salver, was presented to himself and Mrs. Barham, who as a clergyman's wife devoted herself to those duties which a woman alone can

comprehend and discharge, 'by the inhabitants of St. Gregory and St. Mary Magdalene, on the termination of his incumbency as rector of those united parishes.'

As his advancement required no change of residence, he still continued, under the bishop's licence, in his old abode in Amen Corner. This indeed he was enabled to do till his decease, although, about a twelvemonth after his induction, the death of Mr. Sydney Smith placed the residentiary house in other hands. The ready welcome he met with from his new congregation, and the rapid progress he made in interesting their warmer feelings, was of course, in a great measure, to be attributed to the fact of his not coming among them as a stranger; while the manner in which he acquitted himself at the delicate juncture brought about by the Bishop of London's well-known charge of 1842, which served to place the clergy in so awkward a position as regarded their Diocesan and the laity, contributed not a little to rivet their esteem. Of his own opinions he made no secret; but he had too strict a regard for constituted authority to offer any opposition to his spiritual superior. At the same time he was so deeply impressed with the objectionable nature of the proposed measures, that he applied for and obtained special permission to exercise his own judgment on the subject.

In a letter to Dr. Hume he thus expresses himself:—

'I must run up next Wednesday to dine with your friend C. J. London, at Fulham, I, as one of the anti-surplicians, not liking to show anything of the white feather, into which my absence on such an occasion might

perhaps be construed. They tell me he is much annoyed at the reaction which has taken place with respect to his ecclesiastical views in both Houses; and that the embryo Bill for bringing St. Paul's more especially under his and the Archdeacon's thumb is laid aside for the present.'

It is needless to add, that no untimely recurrence to a set of forms which, decorous or not, have unquestionably become out of date, embroiled him with those committed to his charge. In this, and in all matters connected with his duty, he met with their unqualified approval and support.

Among his former parishioners, was one, in character and costume the beau ideal of a citizen of 'famous London town;' the snuff-coloured coat, drab shorts, resplendent buckles, and ample frill, were in perfect keeping with his retired and somewhat dusky shop; the latter, innocent of plate glass and 'tremendous sacrifices,' was garnished, in lieu thereof, with a goodly sign, beyond the date of which the memory of man runneth not. Every thing, in short, proclaimed him a tradesman 'of credit,' if not 'renown.' With a trifling addition to the waistcoat, and some little remodelling of the beaver, he might have sat for the portrait of a common councilman of worship in the days of the first Georges. He was—alas! he is no more—an excellent and a worthy person; true and just in all his dealings, charitable to the poor, and ever ready 'to do suit and service' to the worshipful company of Cutlers, as he periodically assured them at their court dinners, though not perhaps having the clearest notion of the duties which he so readily undertook to discharge.

There was a twinkle, moreover, about the old man's eye, a merry turn perceptible on his lip, which bespoke one who, albeit intent on business, could relish and could well afford his jest.

Of course, he had his stories—marvellous instances of judicial acumen displayed by forgotten Lord Mayors, *bon-mots* of their chief clerks, perilous swan-hopping voyages, and extraordinary white-baitings—indeed, an endless variety of civic ‘Sayings and Doings;’ nor was he altogether wanting in tales of a moving and romantic turn; one of these last has been fortunately preserved in Mr. Barham's note book. It is given in the hope that it may prove a warning to all young ladies addicted overmuch to despotism, and to such classic youths as may be unfortunate enough to have imbibed with their syntax the fallacious principle conveyed in the ‘*Amantium iræ, &c.*’

An old gentleman, a merchant in Bush Lane, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary; she was engaged, and devotedly attached, to a young man in her own rank of life, one in every respect well worthy of her choice. All preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed, ‘positively for the last time of marrying,’ to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18—.

On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom elect (who was to have received £10,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of £30,000 on his father-in-law's dying, as there was hope he soon would), had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party; the ‘tiff’ arose in consequence of his paying more attention

than was thought justifiable to a young lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; that (reader, pardon the unavoidable expression!) she was '*putting on the breeches*' a little too soon.

After supper, both the lovers had become more cool; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work, and leave was taken by the bridegroom *in posse*, in terms kindly and affectionate, if not so enthusiastic as those which had previously terminated their meetings.

On the next morning, the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm in which he had given it vent, and, as a part of his *amende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoke for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note to the following effect:—

'DEAREST * * *,—I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking on our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your ever affectionate

* * *

Having written the note, he gave it to his shopman to deliver with the parcel; but as a pair of his nether garments happened, at the time, to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop, in his way to Bush Lane, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road.

The reader foresees the inevitable *contretemps*. Yes, the man made the fatal blunder! consigned the satin robes to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described nor appeased. So exasperated was she, at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable present, but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined not to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon her.

To Dr. Hume.

‘April 1842.

‘*Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,*
The snows are fled, the grass now scarcely damp is;
Solvitur acris Hyems gratâ vice Veris;
Stern Winter's gone, the grateful Spring-time near is;

Ubi gentium Hume?

Is he up in his room?

Vel antro sub grato

'Ating potato'?

In agris est vix

A making of bricks?

Cur non venit ad urbem,

Now there's nothing to disturb him—

Usque ad Londinum,

Churchyardque Paulinum?

Nil mihi rescribas sed venias ipse

Quadrigâ vel omnibus, sobrius vel tipse.

‘R. H. B.’

‘*Diary.*—*July 1842.*—The Bishop of London mentioned that at the recent grand meeting at Cambridge, at which the Duke of Cambridge attended, he (the Bishop) was appointed to preach, and had no sooner commenced with “Let us pray,” than his Royal Highness rose up in the pew below, and exclaimed with great fervour, “Certainly, by all means.” The Duke used invariably to read aloud all the service, including the Absolution; and when the King of Prussia visited St. Paul’s, I saw him put that potentate out sadly by his over-officiousness in finding the place for him in the prayer-book. All had been properly marked, but his Royal Highness took the volume from him, began turning it over, and finally left his Majesty in much greater mystification than he found him. He appears to be a really devout man, but is absent and flighty.

‘Tate told us a story of Mr. Ottley, a great connoisseur

in paintings and articles of virtue, whom I once met at his house—now dead. Ottley, while at Rome, when all the treasures of art were yet contained within its limits, and long before its spoliation by the French, was much bothered by foolish people, who inquired of him whether Raphael or Titian or Corregio, &c. was the best painter, to whom he used to reply by a story:—

‘There was an old woman, living at Naples, very devout, who went to her confessor on a case of conscience. Her object was to learn whether San Gennaro or the Virgin Mary was the greater Saint.

“‘Why, daughter,” said the padre, “that is a very nice question, and perhaps it might puzzle the Holy Father himself to decide upon it. However, for your comfort it may perhaps be satisfactory to know that both of them were Apostles!”

‘I mentioned that, examining one of the Sunday-school boys at Addington, I asked him what a prophet was. He did not know.

“‘If I were to tell you what would happen to you this day twelvemonth, and it should come to pass, what would you call me then, my little man?”

“‘A fortune-teller, sir,” said the boy.

‘There was an end of the examination for that day.’

To Miss Barham.

‘Amen Corner, July 2, 1842.

‘My dear Fan,—I admit that I hardly deserve your letters, but you have plenty of time to write and I have

not. I had seven letters to answer yesterday, and at this moment there are five lying on the desk before me which must be replied to to-day. The fact is, I hate the sight of a pen; still, I cannot refrain from telling you that I am delighted to hear the good account you give of yourself. Dick is in town, does duty for me to-morrow, and starts off on his Nanny-goat expedition on Monday morning. I shall advise him *not* to bother himself about keeping a journal, in the persuasion that this will be the most likely method of inducing him to write one. He takes after mamma in this respect, whom I always beg to go out and take a walk if I particularly want her to stay at home. You are yourself of Founder's kin in this respect. We have good accounts of Mary Anne, who seems to be enjoying herself much. The surpassing horrors of railroad travelling have made steamboat perils quite a bagatelle in your mother's estimation, so that she now embarks with all the heroism of a Cook—I don't mean the useful domestic so designated and sometimes styled "Chiggy," but a certain great navigator who, as you may have read in history, sailed round the world with Robinson Crusoe. The result has been that we have made two voyages to Gravesend, and one to Richmond, and threaten a fourth to Southend and Sheerness, exploring the Essex bank of the river as we go down, and the Kentish one as we return to London. I have little news to tell you, except that Queen Anne has been dead some time, and has had a statue erected to her in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, the nose of which has been knocked off by naughty boys. This dearth of intelligence, however, is so far fortunate

that, being obliged to go to Covent Garden to buy vegetables for to-morrow's banquet, I should not have time to tell it you were it more abundant. I shall therefore conclude with informing you that I kissed her Majesty's hand on Thursday as President, and now kiss yours.

‘ Your affectionate father,

‘ R. H. BARHAM.’

To Dr. Hume.

‘ Amen Corner, October 4, 1842.

‘ My dear Hume,—Yours just received, after a restless peregrination which has cut me off *pro tempore* from this world “and all that it inherit.” We have come back bag and baggage (no allusion to my wife and daughter) in Gray's britska, which has at last deposited us safely in Amen Corner. If your tour has been as agreeable as ours—and so accompanied, who can doubt it—I trust when we foregather, at no distant period, we and ours shall be able to compare notes with much mutual edification. Don't sneer at “Needles and pins;”—(by the way, my copy reads “blankets” for “needles”)—they are useful articles in domestic economy, and as Mrs. Johnson of soothing-syrup notoriety has it, “a real blessing to mothers. N.B.—No family ought to be without them!” We have been brought back to town earlier than we expected by a summons from “Chapter,” and you will be glad to hear that “the deed's a-doing now” which will to-morrow induct me into St. Faith's, and also to the Lectureship in the cathedral. This will be an additional 400*l.* per annum,

and a diminution of labour. I am to attend at the Chapter House at twelve to-morrow, to complete this consummation, so devoutly wished.

‘When shall we see you? I fear, notwithstanding we seem to agree about *Netley*, my last profanation of the delicious old ballad [*The Babes in the Wood*] will upset me in the opinion of Mrs. Hume. By the way, they have printed it vilely, and converted, or rather *perverted*, my nonsense into nonsense of their own. No matter—I have seen the printer’s devil and have *not* strangled him! By “an odd coincidence”—as poor Provost Goodall used to call every event that ever happened, even to boiled turnips being always put upon the table simultaneously with boiled beef—the day on which I am now writing to you is pregnant with Hanwell connubiality: J—— H——, Esq., Jun., leads this day to the altar the widow S——, of —— House. Happy man be his dole. I have never yet seen the lady, but am told she is “vastly agreeable.”

‘When, I ask again, are we to see you both? Caroline joins most cordially with me in this question, and is anxious to make Mrs. Hume’s—I won’t say “acquaintance,” for that is a word that can never be used between Amen Corner and Boston Road—but to receive her here as her worser half always has been and always will be encountered. Gild this sentiment with happier terms, “the happiest terms you have,” and believe *us* ever, and as ever, most sincerely yours,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Dr. Hume.

'Amen Corner, November 8, 1842.

'My dear Hume,—You are of all men the body with whom an excuse of business or bother, for not acting with common propriety and answering a gentleman when he writes, is the least likely to avail. It is, however, the only one I have to offer, and I do assure you it is a true one. You, as a quiet layman, can form no idea of the fuss Charles James's charge has put us clerics into:—"What does he mean?" "What's to be done?" "How are we to go on?" &c. All this would be little more to me than to you but for my unlucky position at "the College." Of a verity "Mount Sion is *not* a pleasant place" unto me at this precise juncture, when everybody comes running in with "What are you going to do in it at Sion College?" In the meantime I continue "mighty like a milestone, standing still at this present writing," and doing what I think I shall continue to do, *videlicet*, *nothing*! Then there is a blockhead attacking St. Paul's in the *Times*, whom, because he sign himself *Presbyter Anglicanus*, our people set down as a clergyman, though it is clear he knows nothing of the very first lines of the Rubric he talks so much about. They might just as well believe Mr. Williams of the *Dispatch*, who signs himself *Publicola*, to be an ancient Roman. But enough of this. Roberts is about to follow your example; I am to marry the doctor to his second bride on Saturday next; but, unlike yourself, he won't go roaming about till his friend's letters have to go twice across the Channel after him. I

believe the whole of his matrimonial trip won't occupy more than three days, so look out for *cake*. As I positively could not write, I sent you down a brace of birds the other day by Chad, literally to stop your mouth. Kindest regards to the lady, but tell her we won't send her any more unless she'll come and see us.

‘God bless you, and believe me ever yours,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

On the occasion of Dr. Roberts's marriage, Mr. Barham presented his old schoolfellow, who was a great collector of china, with a valuable specimen of his favourite ware. The following parody on the old song, *Toby Fillpot*, was written while the doctor was curiously examining the maker's device in order to determine the age and quality of the acquisition:—

To Dr. Roberts.

Dear Doctor,—This jug, which can't foam with mild ale,
While you turn down its top so, to look at its tail,
Was *not* Toby Fillpot's—and yet, on the whole,
It's as good as the jug of that thirsty old soul;
For boozing about it will answer as well,
And when fill'd with my mixture will bear off the bell.

When you chance in the dog-days to sit at your ease,
A pint of sweet mountain, as old as you please,
With a bottle of iced soda-water allay,
Then of honest old ‘Stingo,’ a pint pour away,

Pop in nutmeg, one slice from a cucumber cut,
And then drink till you're full as a Dorchester butt.

A body of friends should you long entertain,
And they empty it often—why, fill it again;
Don't potter about Toby Fillpot's brown jug,
Say, 'That for old Toby!—give me my white mug;
It's sacred to friendship, white wine, and mild ale,'
So up with its mouth now and turn down its tail!

This mention of the marriage of Dr. Roberts suggests a story which the Doctor used to tell with great gravity, on the authority of his first wife :

'The following curious particulars,' writes Mr. Barham, 'of a story current in the family of Carter, of which his first wife was a member, were told me by Dr. Roberts. One day, about the year 1785, two lads, one of whom was the uncle of the lady in question, were playing in the large hall of Brundon Hall, a mansion situated on the borders of Suffolk,¹ and at the time the property of the Carters, but which afterwards passed into the possession of the Hurrells. The attention of the boys was suddenly caught by the opening of a door, usually kept locked, which led to the more ancient part of the building, and they were more astonished still by the appearance of a strange lady, dressed in blue satin, who slowly walked towards the great staircase, stamped three times on a large slab of blue stone which lay at the foot, and then continuing her walk across the hall disappeared through

¹ It is actually in Essex, and now forms part of Sudbury.

a door opposite the one by which she had entered. The boys, more puzzled than frightened, left off playing and ran and told Mrs. Carter, the mistress of the house, and the mother of the narrator's, Mrs. Roberts', uncle. She immediately fainted. Subsequently she told her son that the apparition had been frequently seen by other members of the family, and that there was a very dreadful story connected with it, which, however, she declined to communicate. Some years afterwards, the house having, I believe, changed hands in the interval, certain repairs were undertaken, in the course of which the entrance to a large vault was discovered concealed by the stone upon which the lady in blue satin had stamped. On examination two skeletons were found below; a gold bracelet was on the arm of one, and gold spurs were lying near the feet of the other. In addition, a goblet having some dark-coloured sediment at the bottom, supposed to be blood, was found in a recess in the wall, and a considerable quantity of infant's skulls and bones were heaped up in one corner. Lastly, a considerable sum in gold coin was brought to light.

‘The present representative of the Hurrells informs me that he is ignorant of the tradition attaching to Brundon Hall, but he adds that a pair of antique spurs and a sword were directed by his great-grandfather in his will to be preserved as heirlooms in the family. How far this coincidence may be thought to corroborate the story of the Sudbury Ghost will doubtless depend in a great measure upon the particular “views” of the reader.’

While on the subject of family tradition, I may here

introduce a couple of stories which Mr. Barham heard during the course of a visit paid in the summer of 1843 to Mrs. Hughes. Her informant was Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott declared to Mrs. Hughes that, many years before the event took place, he had heard of a prophecy in the Seaforth family, uttered, or said to have been uttered by a second-sighted clansman more than a century before, to the effect that ‘when the Chisholm and the Fraser should be baith deaf, and the M’Pherson (? M’Kenzie) born with a buck tooth, the male line of the Fraser should become extinct, and that a white-hooded lassie should come from ayont the sea and inherit a’.’ All these contingencies happened in the late Lord Seaforth’s time, who, on reverting to the prophecy, showed two fine lads, his sons, to Sir Walter, and observed, ‘After all’s said and done, I think these boys will ding the prophet after all.’ He was wrong, however. The two boys died immediately before their father, and the present Lady Hood, a widow, came from India after his decease and inherited the property.’

The prophecy is said to have included yet another family misfortune, and to have foretold that the white-hooded lassie (the widow’s cap is clearly alluded to in the epithet) should cause the death of her own sister. This also came to pass. By the upset of a pony carriage which Mrs. Stuart M’Kenzie (as Lady Hood had become by marriage) was driving, her sister was instantaneously killed on the spot, and she herself so fearfully injured about the face as to be compelled to wear, for the remainder of her life, a head-dress of a fashion which

enabled her to conceal the greater part of her countenance under bands of black velvet.

‘Sir Walter Scott,’ Mr. Barham goes on to say, ‘gave Mrs. Hughes an account of his visit to Warrender House, the seat of Sir George Warrender, at Burntfields, near Edinburgh. He stated that on an architect being called in to make some repairs there on a large scale, he could not make the ground plan agree with the interior measurement of the edifice. After much discussion he found an old doorway, which the servants assured him was a false one and “led nowhere.” Recurring in his plan, however, he suspected that the deficient quantity must be in its vicinity, and accordingly determined to have it opened. It was strongly fastened, but was at length removed, when behind it he found three small rooms, the furthest one fitted up as a bed-room, with two silver candlesticks on the toilet table, the candles burnt down in the sockets. Half-burnt embers were on the hearth; and an old-fashioned but very handsome dressing-gown was hanging over the back of a chair, at the foot of which was a pair of slippers. The bed appeared to have been left disarranged as when quitted by its last occupant. Not any of the family then living were aware of the existence of these rooms, nor was there any tradition as to the name or character of their inmates. It was also said by Sir George, at the same time, that he had been assured by members of the family that at Glamis Castle there was a secret room, the mode of approaching which was never known to more than the possessor and the heir apparent of the property.’

‘On the same occasion Mrs. Hughes gave, from her own personal experience, an instance of rather a curious equivocate.

‘Calling on an old woman at Uffington who had lately lost her husband, she was warmly welcomed by the bereaved widow.

“Well, ma’am, it is very kind of you to call. You have heard of my sad loss?”

“Yes, and I was much grieved to hear it.”

“Ah! to think that t’old fox should run away with him after all!”

“Run away with him? Good gracious! woman, run away with whom?”

“Why our old turkey cock, to be sure—and the hens all sitting!”’

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

[No date.]

‘My dear Bentley,—A troublesome, quarrelsome block-head of an overseer has thought proper to call a vestry-meeting for to-morrow at six, to attack his colleague. As a good deal of warmth is expected, I have been especially asked to take the chair, to prevent anything like a fight. This nuisance must of course prevent my spending the pleasant afternoon I had anticipated at Strawberry Hill. I shall be in a pretty humour for a peacemaker, but

They’ve tied me to the stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight it out—

and the worst of it is I must not do it "bear-like," but carry on—

Softly sweet in Lydian measure.

'I have written to Moran to tell him not to wait for me.

'As to the *Three Brothers*,¹ you will recollect I told you at starting how much there was objectionable in it, all which must be removed; and on re-perusing it I find the whole of it nearly must be re-written, from the strange and affected idiom in which it is couched, and which seems almost that of a foreigner. The whole of the objectionable matter, however, may be taken out without injury to what is really good and very powerfully written. The only question is, whether, if there is such a prejudice against it (of which I was ignorant and believe now to be exaggerated), it might not be advisable to change the title, and perhaps add "Founded on the *Three Brothers*," or to advertise it as "a new edition carefully revised and corrected."

'Think this over.

'Yours sincerely,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

In 1843, Mr. Barham's literary connection with Mr. Bentley came to an end. The separation, however, neither originated in nor did it tend to any interruption of the long-continued friendship that had existed between them. Indeed, the interest which my father took in the fortunes of the *Miscellany* never died out, and the last lines he ever

¹ This is the novel, published originally in four volumes, from which Byron's play, *The Deformed Transformed* is taken.

wrote, *As I laye a thinkynge*, were, by his express wish, published in the pages of that periodical, so that *Thomas Ingoldsby* might close his career where he had commenced it. Meanwhile, on its becoming known that he was at liberty to enter upon an engagement, offers embracing very liberal terms were without delay made to him by various publishers and editors. He eventually closed with Mr. Colburn, and the remainder of the *Legends* were contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine*.

To Mrs. Hughes.

'Amen Grove, May 26, 1843.

* * * * *

'It was from the first understood between Bentley and myself that our arrangements were to continue only so long as they should be thought mutually advantageous, and that if ever a contrary opinion should arise in the mind of either, they should be dissolved. It is our business tie alone that is severed, and we continue just as good friends as ever. Whether I shall form any other periodical *liaison* I am as yet undetermined. I have had three separate proposals made to me from three separate publishers, none of them inferior in point of emolument or respectability to the one I have given up. I have moreover a fourth crotchet of my own, but just at this moment my attention is a good deal called to matters of more importance. They have been enclosing Swingfield Minnis, which adjoins my Tappington farm, and I have had to fight hard for my slice of the common. I have carried my point, but it would have benefited me little could I not

have succeeded in purchasing an intervening slip of land, the possession of which could alone make my new acquisition of any value. This too I have succeeded in obtaining, and now having, from my brother-in-law's representation and advice, bought "a pig in a poke," I am going down on Monday to see what I have got for my money. As my wife is looking all sorts of colours for want of fresh air, I intend taking her and Mary Anne with me. We shall certainly make out the week, at least, in Kent, after which I hope to return, bringing back with me a new legend completed, which I have now upon the anvil, and which will be quite ready to commence the summer volume of any periodical, if I should determine on that mode of publication.

'I have had a very kind letter from Mrs. Wells overrating any trifling service I may have been able to render her, and in my reply I have ventured to suggest a new field for her literary exertions in the intestine commotions of the Italian republics of the Middle Ages. There is much of the dark and terrible, much of the tender and pathetic, much of the soul-stirring and adventurous to be found in the pages of Davila, Guicciardini, &c., and certainly enough of the romantic to prove the axiom that truth is often stranger than fiction. Martin Luther, as you justly observe, "won't do at any price," though his throwing a great book at the devil's head is certainly an interesting incident. I dislike religious romances from *Cælebs* upwards. I had a visit yesterday morning from Mr. Hughes, and have given him an epigram for you; it has almost made Wilson Croker crazy. You are good

enough to ask me news of myself and the *ménage*, or perhaps I should say, menagerie. Mrs. Barham, as I have said, is far from well; Mary Anne is in most unseemly spirits, after having attended the funeral of three kittens lately deceased; of Dick I know nothing; Fanny is staying with her friend Mrs. Scott in Bedford Square; and of myself I have nothing new to tell you, unless it be that I infinitely disgusted a very sentimental lady at Talfourd's the other day, who told me she was sure I was "fond of children," by replying "Yes, ma'am, I like them very well—boiled with greens!" The clock is striking four, and my moiety is come to carry me off to a "call," so God bless you, my dear friend, prays very sincerely

‘Yours as ever,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

‘*Diary*.—May, 1843.—Dinner of the Sons of the Clergy at Merchant Tailors' Hall. The Archbishop, a nervous man [Dr. Howley], by a ludicrous *lapsus linguæ* gave as a toast, instead of "Prosperity to the Merchant Tailors' Company," "Prosperity to the Merchant Company's Tailor!"

‘Dr. Taylor read to me the following extract from a letter just addressed to him by Archbishop Whately:—
"O'Connell has spoilt the dog. The story is of a traveller who, finding himself and his dog in a wild country and destitute of provisions, cut off his dog's tail and boiled it for *his own* supper, giving the 'dog the bone.'"

‘Abingdon, a gentleman of property, first an amateur and afterwards a professional actor, and manager of the

Southampton theatre, told me that once, when he was playing Hamlet there, *Rosencrantz*, who ought to say,—

“My lord, you once did love me,”

forgot his part and failed in giving the cue, till the prompter, seeing Hamlet could not go on for the want of it, stepped forward and said—

“My lord, you once did love *this gentleman!*”

This enabled Abingdon to reply—

“And do still by these pickers and stealers.”

Like most good-natured people who do good-natured things, the prompter got hissed by the audience for having kept the stage so long waiting. I was terribly abused by the mob once for going to bury a corpse which my neighbour H—— had forgotten, after it had been detained by *his* carelessness more than an hour in the churchyard.

‘October, 1843.—Dined with T. Haffenden at Lawn House, Hanwell; Dr. and Mrs. Paris, &c. Dr. Paris told us a ghost story. He said that a Mrs. P——, living and keeping a *depôt* (in both which words she used to pronounce the last syllable as an Englishwoman would) for lace in Leicester Fields, had been a patient of his; that she had once dreamed that on going upstairs to bed she had seen a black bull come out of a clock-case which stood on the landing-place, and this dream was followed by the immediate death of her sister. It was late one night, several years after this event, that he (Dr. Paris) was summoned, just as he was going to bed, to attend

his patient, who was, he was told, in a very alarming state. On reaching Leicester Fields, he found her in a high state of excitement, and insisting on being allowed to go immediately to her brother, as she was sure he was dead, she having just had a recurrence of her former dream. The Doctor, who had long known her family, used every argument and persuasion to induce her to forego her resolution ; but finding that opposition only irritated her to a degree bordering on frenzy, he good-naturedly consented to take her with him in his own carriage, then at the door, and convince her of the absurdity of her suspicion. On arriving in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green, where the brother resided, the Doctor, finding her much calmer, renewed his entreaties to her to defer her visit till the morning ; but finding all of no avail and that her excitement returned at the bare mention of going back, he drove up to her brother's door, determined that, as the house, like every other one in the street, was shut up—for it was now two o'clock in the morning—unless he found somebody stirring, he would not alarm the inmates by a continued knocking, but take his patient back, in spite of her teeth. To his surprise, however, a female servant opened the door at his first summons, and informed him that her master, who had been to his club, had returned about half an hour before, had been suddenly seized, while in the act of putting on his slippers, with gout in the stomach or some affection of the heart, and that he had expired about a quarter of an hour before, the medical man who had been hastily summoned to his assistance having only that moment left the house.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘Amen Corner, October 30, 1843.

‘My dear Friend,—It does indeed seem an age since we foregathered, but during this last summer I have been, like Dryden’s *Zimri*, “everything by turns and nothing long.” My church duties have been so perversely involved with each other this year that I could have found it in my heart, more than once, to burn the almanac. I have not been able to absent myself from town one single Sunday; the consequence is, that we have been in a perpetual state of locomotion, oscillating like a pendulum between Monday and Saturday; in Cambridgeshire with Dick one week, and a very pleasant week it was; in Hertfordshire with my nephew, shooting, another; at Tonbridge a third; then at Tappington, where I have been worried to death by law people about the enclosing Swingfield Minnis; then at Canterbury; then in Essex—in short, this perpetual change, to one who hates change so much as I do, is a source of great annoyance, and I have been, for the last three months at least, in one uninterrupted fidget. I have done nothing for Colburn, and I have been able to write no letters but those on business, nor of them half what I ought to have done. And now, before I proceed any further, let me thank you for your kind present, which reached us safely yesterday, and on which I anticipate a rich banquet to-night; that I shall probably “dream of the d—— and wake in a fright” afterwards is a risk that I must run, and which Mrs. Barham, who joins with me in best acknowledgments, must partake.

‘As to St. Paul’s, I am much pleased at having so good a neighbour as Dale, whom I know and much like. The Dean, too, is pleased with the appointment, and Sydney Smith no less so. I was half afraid of some sour and lank-haired Puseyite, with whom I might have had to carry on a perpetual warfare, and that, shut up, as you know we are together in “The Corner” (which, by the way, when our alder bush is out in leaf, I call *Amen Grove*), would be fighting in a saw pit. Dale, however, is an excellent fellow, and I doubt not we shall be very good neighbours. By the way, we had a narrow escape from a dissolution of the neighbourhood before it has been virtually commenced; for last night, or rather between one and two this morning, just as I was going to bed, a fire broke out in one of the houses belonging to the Chapter, rented by Pritchard, the carpenter, in Oxford Arms Passage, close in our rear, and reduced the building is less than an hour to a mere shell. Happily, the night was a calm one, and no lives were lost. I had to rout my wife and children up, but, thank God! they were quit for the fear. To return to our sheep (Dale)—Sir Robert sent for him, and told him that he gave him the Residency without solicitation from any quarter, and that entirely from his character as a parish priest. It is, however, only the moiety, or rather less, of what it was. You will be glad to hear that Sydney Smith has nominated Mr. Tate’s son and curate to the living of Edmon-ton. This we are very glad of, for poor Mr. Tate, owing to the misconduct of others, left his wife and daughters almost penniless. It is the more to Mr. Smith’s credit

that the young man did not even apply for it. He is much respected there, and bears an excellent character.

‘You ask me about Borrow’s *Bible in Spain*. I know neither the man nor the book, but it is much spoken of. The fact is, I am three months behind everybody in reading, but I sent the book down to the Dean, from Saunders and Otley’s. Speaking of that firm, I don’t know whether I told you of young Sutton, Lord Canterbury’s son, calling there one day very angry because they had not sent him some books he had ordered. He was, as usual, pretty warm—so much so, that one of the partners could bear it no longer, and told him as much.

“I don’t know who you are,” was the answer, “but I don’t want to annoy you *personally*, as you may not be the one in fault; it’s your confounded house that I blame. You may be Otley, or you may be Saunders; if you are Saunders, d—— Otley; if you are Otley, d—— Saunders! I mean nothing personal *to you*.”—A mode of getting out of the scrape that would do honour to the great Dan O’Connell himself.

‘The Bishop writes in excellent health and spirits, has got his nephews and nieces about him, and has had his house full of company. I cannot tell you how much I regretted the not being able to join the party under his hospitable roof with my wife, when he was good enough to invite us down in the autumn. I am glad to hear that we may expect to see you in town as usual, and look forward with eagerness to a long “crack,” as Sir Walter used to call it. Can you not from the superabundance of your legendary lore rummage me up another Gervase

Matcham? Perhaps, if I were wise, I should rest where I am; but I am not wise, and never shall be. At present, however, I am fairly "stumped" for a subject. Has nobody that you ever heard of committed a murder, or robbed a henroost? It is two o'clock A.M. God bless you, my dear friend!

‘Yours ever,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Mrs. Hume.

‘Saturday night, October 1843.

‘My dear Mrs. Hume,—What am I to say to you? Methinks I hear you exclaiming, with Sancho, “Beast that he is, and companion for Barabbas!” The fact is, however, that I did not get your note till yesterday, and that I put off replying to it till to-day, in the hope of first seeing Jerdan, who, bringing out his *Literary Gazette* on Saturdays, usually dines at the Garrick on that day, after his labours. He has not, however, at the time I am inditing this to you—half-past eleven—made his appearance, so that I am reduced to the necessity of telling you what I will do, rather than of saying, as I had hoped, what I have done. In the first place, I will do all I can with *him*. In the next, if the Doctor will use his voice “as double to the Duke’s” with Moran at the *Globe*, to ensure the insertion, I will with pleasure review the *Smiths*. I will order a copy for Sion College, where the book will be read in good society, and I will get the Garrick folks to send for it to their table. If there is any other way in which I can be useful (none at this moment occurs to me), I will do all I can.

‘We have sent back the *empty* baskets with a few “natives” *in them*—a mode of expression which the Doctor, at least, can’t find fault with. If he does, pray be so good as to scrape him with one of the shells—if ‘scaloped to a white heat, so much the better—till he excuses me for being *Hibernicis ipsis Hibernior*. Make him construe that.

‘We had a fire here, only one door off, but effectually separated from us by a carpenter’s yard, which did *not* catch! The lady was routed out of bed, in a most picturesque costume, at two in the morning, and has not been well since. She unites, however, in kindest regards to all at Brent End with, my dear madam,

‘Yours ever,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

No one at all familiar with the writings and conversation of that extraordinary man, Mr. Sydney Smith, can have failed to remark the professional turn his wit is apt to take. His frequent and irresistibly ludicrous allusions to the technicalities with which he was particularly concerned leave characteristic traces upon well-nigh every matter which he takes in hand. The *Peter Plymley* letters, and those addressed to Archdeacon Singleton, abound in this sort of fun. In the adoption, indeed, of the phraseology commonly employed upon solemn subjects he is, perhaps, almost too dexterous, occasionally trembling on the very verge of propriety. In his *bons-mots* this peculiarity is equally noticeable, the greater number probably of those on record bearing some reference, more or less direct, to

clerical affairs. No better illustration of this uniform flow of ideas can be given than a description, furnished by himself, of an interview with a well-known fashionable publisher. My father heard it at the table of one whom he had long come to look on with admiration and respect, and whose sad death, at this moment, even as I write, has cast a gloom upon every spot where English literature has found a place.

‘Diary.—December 2, 1843.—Dined at Charles Dickens’. Present—Sydney Smith, my wife, Serjeant Talfourd, Albany Fonblanque, Miss Eley, Rev. — Taggart, Mrs. Talfourd, Maclise, Mr. Forster, Sam Rogers, &c. Sydney Smith gave an account of Colburn’s calling upon him with an introduction from Bulwer. The bibliopole, he said, opened with a condolence, delicately conveyed, on his recent losses in American securities, and then proposed, by way of repairing them, the production of a novel in three volumes, for which he should be most happy to treat on liberal terms.

“Well, Sir,” said Mr. Smith, after some seeming consideration, “if I do so, I can’t travel out of my own line—ne sutor ultra crepidam, you know—I must have an archdeacon for my hero, to fall in love with the pew-opener, with the clerk for a confidant—tyrannical interference of the churchwardens—clandestine correspondence concealed under the hassocks—appeal to the parishioners, &c. &c.”

“With that, Sir,” said Mr. Colburn, “I would not presume to interfere; I would leave it all entirely to your own inventive genius.”

“Well, Sir,” returned the canon, with urbanity, “I am

not prepared to come to terms at present; but if ever I do undertake such a work, you shall certainly have the refusal.”

To this may be added the advice he is said to have given to the Bishop of New Zealand, prior to his departure, recommending him to have regard to the minor as well as to the more important duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and, in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon rack, and a cold clergyman on the sideboard. ‘And as for myself, my lord,’ he concluded, ‘all I can say is, that when your new parishioners *do* eat you, I sincerely hope you will disagree with them.’

Of Dean C——, he said, his only adequate punishment would be, to be preached to death by wild curates.

But it must be remembered that amid the freest indulgence of his hearty and exuberant humour, Sydney Smith never forgot himself or his position—never lapsed into real irreverence, nor would consent to countenance it, even by keeping silence, in another. His pertinent question to a French *savant* at Holland House well deserves mention. The gentleman in question had been enunciating, not in the best possible taste considering the presence of a clergyman, both before and during dinner, a variety of free-thinking speculations, and ended by avowing himself a materialist.

‘Very good *soufflet* this,’ said Mr. Smith.

‘*Oui, monsieur, il est ravissant.*’

‘By the way, may I ask, Sir, whether you happen to believe in a *cook*?’

For some years during the latter portion of his life my father devoted much of his leisure, not only to the prosecution of genealogical and antiquarian enquiries, to which he had always been addicted, but also to the acquiring a knowledge of the various editions of the Bible. His means were not sufficiently ample to enable him to form a collection of the rarer copies, but he made himself well acquainted with those extant, and expended a great deal of time and industry, to the severe injury of his eyesight, in preparing facsimiles of the remarkable passages and woodcuts by which the various translations are distinguished. In this pursuit he received considerable assistance from Mr. George Offor, whose library was especially rich in specimens of early typography. Of these the choicest were very wisely kept behind a screen of brass-work, securely locked, a circumstance which Mr. Offor used to say immediately attracted the notice of the Duke of Sussex, when his Royal Highness honoured him with a visit.

‘Ah! I see,’ said the Duke, ‘you lock up your best books—very necessary, very proper—no collector is to be trusted; they are all thieves, every one of them!’

‘I presume, Sir,’ replied Mr. Offor, with a low bow, ‘I might suggest an exception?’

‘You mean me? Oh! you’re quite mistaken—I couldn’t resist the temptation, if it came in my way, better than any one else.’

Meanwhile Mr. Barham did not ride his hobby, though he certainly rode hard, merely by way of amusement. He conceived the design, in which by the liberal aid of

the Chapter he was enabled to make considerable progress, of restoring and re-arranging the valuable library of St. Paul's.

To Dr. Hume.

[No date.]

‘My dear Doctor,—I received the news of poor Major——’s death with sincere regret, though perhaps, feeling apart, to himself and even to his friends, it must have proved, under all circumstances, a happy release. It is to me at least so terrible an idea to die at top, while there yet remains just sufficient sap in the trunk to prolong a joyless vitality, that I would in my own case welcome almost any fate sooner than that. I have been so harassed and fagged during the last two days by having a long report to prepare for the Chapter at their annual audit, which took place to-day, that I am quite worn out. It comprises two grants of money during the last two years for the library; the whole details of the repairs and binding I have had to draw up, together with the arrangement of the vouchers, &c. This has kept me up till five in the morning on Tuesday, and till four to-day—or rather yesterday, for I am now writing at half-past one on Thursday. Let us see you soon. As you would not get this, if sent per post, till one o’clock, I think it as well to enclose it in a parcel, with the two pamphlets, and send it by coach. The lady’s regards—God bless you!

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

‘P.S.—Moran, at the Literary Fund on Wednesday, announced that he was deputed by Mr. Thomas Moore to

say that he would serve this year as a steward at the anniversary, a declaration which he also informed the Board had been made to him by that eminent poet "at his own house at Sloperton." The puff by implication was never better managed, and Moran rose twenty-five per cent. with the "General" on the instant.'

That my father's labour of love at St. Paul's was duly appreciated and met with some encouragement may be seen from the following note, worth preserving, as all is that fell from the writer's pen:—

'April 6, 1844.

'Dear Barham,—I send this order for 20*l.*, a sum which, with your care and discretion, will soon raise the library at St. Paul's to a level with that of Alexandria in ancient times; I don't mean its level after combustion, but before.

'Yours truly,

'SYDNEY SMITH.'

'*Diary.*—May 11, 1844.—Dined at Sir Thomas Wilde's. Among the company—Sir John Hobhouse, Mr. and Lady Anne Welby, Mr. Horsman, Tom Duncombe, &c. Hobhouse told a story of the Rev.—commonly called "Parson"—O'Beirne, which he had from old Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Sheridan had been dining with O'Beirne, and, it being Saturday, the host was anxious to bring the sitting to an earlier termination than usual, as he had no sermon ready for next day. Sheridan pleaded hard for another bottle.

'"Then you must write a sermon for me," was O'Beirne's

answer, which Sheridan at once undertook to do. There was a certain Mr. —, a neighbouring squire, who was proverbial for grinding the poor, and had recently prosecuted some of the labourers in the parish for stealing turnips. Sheridan's sermon, which, true to his word, he produced in the morning, was a regular attack upon this gentleman. It was filled with all sorts of pretended quotations from St. Paul and the Fathers, sentences denouncing illiberality, tyranny, and oppression of the poor, some of them referring particularly to the especial sinfulness of prosecutions for stealing turnips. Mr. O'Beirne, who had no time to read over the composition before morning prayers, commenced his discourse and went on with it till he fairly drove the indignant squire out of the church. The latter, indeed, was so savage at the personalities, that he made a formal complaint to the bishop of the diocese.

“And how did the matter end?” asked Hobhouse.

“Oh, just as such a thing should end,” said Sheridan — “O'Beirne got a better living!”¹

¹ The Rev. Thomas Lewis O'Beirne, afterwards Bishop of Meath, is evidently the person here referred to. A somewhat more probable version of the story is given in *Sheridaniana*. It is there stated that Mr. O'Beirne, having arrived at Sheridan's house, near Osterley, was requested to preach on the following Sunday, but, having no sermon, accepted Sheridan's offer to provide one. Next morning Mr. O'Beirne found the manuscript by his bedside, the subject of the discourse being the ‘Abuse of Riches.’ Having read it over, and corrected some theological errors (such as ‘it is easier for a camel,’ as *Moses* says, &c.), he delivered the sermon in his most impressive style, much to the delight of his own party, and to the satisfaction, as he unsuspectingly flattered himself, of all the rest of the congregation, among whom was Mr. Sheridan's wealthy neighbour, Mr. C—. Some months afterwards, however, Mr. O'Beirne perceived that the family of Mr. C—,

About 1843-4 a society was formed, under the title of 'The Archæological Association,' avowedly for the purpose of prosecuting antiquarian research, and comprehending in its plan certain annual trips—of a very agreeable, and of course highly scientific character. Of this design Mr. Barham was a zealous supporter, being moved thereto no less by his intimacy with many of the original promoters than by a thorough appreciation of its objects, primary and incidental.

The first session was held at Canterbury, in the autumn of 1844, the principal feature of the performance being the examination of certain tumuli in grounds belonging to the Marquis of Conyngham, the president. With the result of this interesting investigation the public were apprised, through the pages of the *Athenæum*, and other journals; a less technical version of the *Transactions*, 'for the benefit of the ladies and the country gentlemen' was forwarded by my father in a letter to Mrs. Hughes.

To Mrs. Hughes.

'Amen Corner, November 9, 1844.

'My dear Friend,—It seems an age since I heard from you; about three weeks since I called in Southampton Row, in the hope of hearing that you were about to pay with whom he had been previously intimate, treated him with marked coldness, and, on his expressing some innocent wonder at the circumstance, was at length informed, to his dismay, by General Burgoyne, that the sermon which Sheridan had written for him was throughout a personal attack upon Mr. C——, who had at that time rendered himself very unpopular in the neighbourhood by some harsh conduct to the poor, and to whom every one in the church, except the unconscious preacher, applied almost every sentence of the sermon.—*Sheridaniana*, p. 116.

your annual visit to town, and was much disappointed at being told by the spider-brusher that you were not expected before January. We have spent a queer kind of a rambling summer, our original plans having been all defeated by my youngest daughter being seized early in June with an attack of scarlatina, which was very prevalent at that period, and occasioned the dismissal of the Christ's Hospital boys to their homes, above a hundred cases having occurred among them, of which several terminated fatally. Mary Anne's attack was a severe one, and ended in the exhibition of such fearful glandular swellings that Roberts ordered us all off at an hour's notice to the seaside. We took her accordingly down to Brighton immediately; and fortunate it was that we did so, as, had we delayed a single day, she would have been unable to go through the journey, and probably have experienced the fate of another poor little patient of his, who, a few days afterwards, died of suffocation from the same cause. The sea breezes and bathing seemed to act like a charm upon her, and at Brighton we remained nominally domiciled for a month or more, I being obliged, however, to live almost upon the railroad from my engagements in town, which never suffered me to spend more than a couple of days in succession with them. In less than a fortnight the swellings had entirely disappeared, on which I put both the girls under the care of a riding master, and sent them scampering every day over the South Downs, which completed the cure, and did Miss Fanny almost as much good as her sister. After leaving Brighton, we paid a week's visit to Dick and his wife, and

found them, thank God! very comfortable and happy in each other.

‘ This trip was followed by another to Canterbury, where we spent a whole week, opening the Saxon barrows in the neighbourhood, exploring the Cathedral and other antiquities in and about the place, extending our researches as far as Dover and Richborough castles, and doing an infinite deal of nothing with great unction and gravity, the latter of which my unhappy and constitutional propensity to mischief sometimes a little interfered with, to the no small scandal of some of our *savants*. More of this when we meet ; in the meantime, I cannot refrain from telling you one little instance, which slightly annoyed some of our more serious “Dons.” Professor Buckland, who, as you may perhaps remember, pronounced the devil to be a “ruminating graminivorous animal,” because he had horns and hoofs, to say nothing of a tail, and contended that in our version, “seeking *whom* he may devour” ought in consequence to be altered into “seeking *what* he may devour”—this worthy and really erudite body had been very active in all our transactions, but at last made a bad shot. He had seen that some of the Cathedral windows suffered from the stones thrown by naughty boys, and in the course of our most crowded *sederunt* at the Guildhall animadverted upon the fact, stating that he had read in a treatise, by Cardinal Somebody, that some three centuries since, the Cathedral at Pisa had nearly perished by spontaneous combustion from the wind’s fanning into a flame the leavings of the pigeons, who had effected a burglarious entry into the church through the broken panes. He was

a little reassured, however, when old Austin, the Dean and Chapter's surveyor, proposed that he should walk over the Cathedral the next day, and bring his shaving-pot with him, which he would defy him to fill with all his gleanings. He suggested at the same time the great service a similar warning might be to the Lord Mayor, who, as Conservator of the Thames, might by timely information be able to prevent the guano, now landed in such quantities upon its banks, from setting fire to that noble river. My own mind, however, was far from satisfied on the point, and, unwilling that any risk should be run which might at all compromise the safety of a building I have looked at with an almost affectionate regard from boyhood, I borrowed a pencil and handed over to Dr. Russell the following "Archæological Hint," addressed to the Curators of Canterbury Cathedral:—

"AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL HINT TO THE CURATORS
OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

"From the droppings of dicky-birds, fann'd by a breeze, a
Spontaneous combustion occur'd once at Pisa ;
Beware then, grave guardians of old Durovernum,
Lest cock robins *build* ¹ in your cloisters and burn' em."

'The fact is, I had seen a couple of these little red-breasted incendiaries hopping about the church that very morning, and doing their little *possible* towards producing a conflagration. Russell jumped at the caution with what I cannot think but an ill-timed levity, but Dr. Spry looked

¹ The word is illegible in the MS.

very grave, and seemed to consider the warning, to say the least of it, superfluous. John Britton said it was "too bad," and that I "was always turning everything into foolery," which I suppose he considered an unwarrantable trespass on his own peculiar domain. Well, at night we unrolled a mummy which looked like a gigantic ginger-bread king with a gilt face and rather over-baked, and found by the gentleman's card which he carried in his bosom that he was "*Ur*, the truth-teller, son of the Lady of the House." So we sawed off the back of his head and ascertained that all his brains, if he had any, had been blown out through his nose, and their place supplied by a proportionate quantity of pitch. My wife got from Lord Albert Conyngham a little bit of the gold off Mr. *Ur*'s nose, which she justly esteems "a great curiosity." Our operations on the Saxon graves were a little impeded by a heavy shower of rain, which drove us all into a mill, where we remained for some half hour or so covered with science and flour, as the French Marshal—I forget his name—was with Glory and the same farinaceous commodity. Our time, however, was not wholly thrown away, as we had an opportunity of remarking that the miller's breeches were decidedly *sacks on*! On the whole we passed a very pleasant week, dining everyday, about eighty, at the Table d'hôte, and discussing the "uncos" we had seen in the morning; but, as I said before, much of this I must reserve till we meet, for the biggest piece of paper in the house would not hold it half.

' Another week spent at Rickmansworth Park with our friends the Ardens, who were with us at Canterbury,

completed our summer campaign, and here we are now, preparing for the winter, my present intention being to go out in ten minutes' time to see Alderman Gibbs pelted with the rotten eggs that *The Times* has been exhorting "the people" to throw at him as he comes back in procession to Guildhall on this his "Lord Mayor's day!" So God bless you, my dear friend, and keep you, and save you from an "enlightened public," and from being Lady Mayoress when French eggs are twenty a penny! and, above all, from such an awful sore-throat as I had last week from a piece of apple-paring getting under my epiglottis (whatever that is), and partially into my windpipe, to the imminent peril of anticipating the hangman, and calling for counter-irritants till I was like a second St. Bartholomew from blisters and mustard poultices, and may you never know the miseries of beef-tea!

'So prayeth sincerely your "poor Oratour," and attached friend,

'R. H. BARHAM.

'Mrs. Barham who is in good health, but rather uneasy about one of her eyes, sends greetings and all good wishes.'

It is a little remarkable that in this letter, mention is made in a casual manner of two bodily ailments, seemingly slight and insignificant, and of less account than the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but which, nevertheless, increasing day by day in malignity, in the one case shrouded my mother's remaining years in gloom, and in the other brought my father's life, after a comparatively

brief struggle, to an end. The sore-throat alluded to as having been produced by swallowing a piece of apple paring, or rather the core of a pear, was the first, unsuspected symptom of a fatal attack of bronchitis, and the uneasiness in the eye of which Mrs. Barham complained, was followed by six years of unceasing and at times almost unendurable suffering, which terminated only at her death. The particulars of this twofold calamity are given in the concluding chapter. Meanwhile, as a supplement to the foregoing account of the Archæological expedition, I extract the following passage from the *Diary* :—

‘ On Thursday, Lord Albert, Sir William Betham (Ulster), Dr. and Mrs. Pettigrew, Planché, Sir James Annesley, Mr. Crabb Robinson, Major Davis, Mr. Hartshorne, Ayrton, Caroline and myself started off to Dover, where we examined the Pharos scientifically, and declared it to be unquestionably Roman, which everybody, I believe, knew very well before. Hartshorne’s plans, however, which he had been three months preparing, made the whole affair very amusing, and the interest was much heightened by a capital luncheon at the governor’s apartments, with iced champagne, and everything to match. We got back to a late dinner at the “Fountain,” and afterwards had a *soirée* with glees, and a grand Archæological Polka, at the Assembly Rooms, to wind up with.

‘ On our way to Dover Sir W. Betham told us a story of Lord M——, a gentleman who would sell anything, even the commissions in the militia regiment he commanded, and when it was objected to him replied that he did it “to assimilate his regiment as much as possible to the line,

which was in general orders.' A pew in a parish church near his family property was supposed to belong to him, and the building having been repaired, three old ladies were anxious to possess what it is scarcely necessary to say was of little use to his lordship. One of them waited on him at the barracks, and proposed purchase.

"O, bother, Ma'am, divil a pew has my Lord M—— in any such place."

"Ah then and indeed it's your lordship's own, and sure everybody says so."

"Everybody lies, sure—but what is it, ma'am, ye'll be giving for the pew?"

'After a little hesitation and fencing, the lady offered to give twenty pounds for the pew rather than suffer Mrs. Magrath to take her place in it.

"Twenty pounds! is it twenty pounds! twenty pounds rather than be bragged by Mrs. Magrath! Sure it's forty pounds ye mane—O, it's a beautiful pew!"

'The old lady stood out for twenty, but his lordship was firm, and at last she agreed to give the sum demanded rather than be "bragged" by Molly Magrath. His lordship therefore made over his right and title to the pew in something like the following words:—"Lord M—— agrees to sell to Mrs. Bridget Maloney all his right and title, if he has any, to a pew in the parish church of ——— for value this day received."

'The lady had scarcely retired when another was announced on the same errand, who succeeded in making the same purchase on rather reduced terms, as eventually did also a third. On the following Sunday the case of

title was of course warmly gone into, all the three parties claiming possession. After some pains had been taken in the enquiry, the dispute was decided in favour of a fourth claimant, whose uncle had bought the pew years before of Lord M——'s father. This decision brought all the three purchasers back to the barracks in the hope of getting their money again, but "any restitution" formed no part of Lord M——'s politics.

"Sure he had sold them the pew if he had got one, and if he had not how could he help it!"

"But you must give us our money back, my lord, anyhow."

"Aisy, aisy! how will I do that, I'd be proud to know, when it's all spent and gone—every farthing of it?"

"But if you don't we shall tell everybody, and then what becomes of my Lord M——'s character?"

"O, tell away and welcome; the character's spent and gone too, and long before, for the matter of that." And so the matter terminated.'

I shall conclude this chapter with a few miscellaneous scraps of my father's conversation and memoranda, which are drawn from various sources:—

He says, with reference to some misunderstanding which he was requested to assist in removing:

'I hate writing on these occasions; it gives an unnecessary importance to matters which, if quietly mentioned in casual conversation, could lead to no dispute.'

'I confess I hate all these protocols, and always think that where any difference arises among friends, half an hour's conversation settles matters better than a whole

volume of correspondence, in which we are sometimes exposed to great temptation through mere pride of diplomacy.'

'I would never trust an angry man with a pen; he had far better take a stick; with the one he may perhaps cripple his adversary, with the other he is sure to injure himself.'

He proposed as a motto for a certain learned serjeant who, despite his genial humour and natural amiability, was apt to exhibit an ultra-Hibernian irascibility in his cups, so much so indeed, it was said, as to find it necessary to keep a lithographed form of apology to be sent round next morning to his friends,

'Juro, juravi, et juratus; Potoque, potavi,

Et potus; Titubo, titubavi, et titubatus;

'As in Præsenti.'

'Yes,' said he in reply to a political adversary, 'I am a priest and a bigot of course; I know it; and I firmly believe that England will never be a really free country, till we have abolished Trial by Jury and the Liberty of the Press.'

Having expressed himself in terms of abhorrence of a piece of baseness and treachery which came under his notice, he was addressed by the delinquent with—'Well, Sir, perhaps some day you may come to change your opinion of me!' 'Perhaps I may, sir,' was the reply; 'for if I should find anyone who holds a more contemptible opinion of you than I do myself, I should lay down my own and take up his.'

‘*No date.*—Dined at the Adolphus’s: met there a Mr. or Doctor Vicesimus Knox, who talked away famously and was very funny. Told us of a story of a Mr. —, and how he thought the word “clause” of an Act of Parliament was the plural number, and asked him, the said Vicesimus, which *claw* of the Act he was speaking of.

‘Chief Justice Bushe was dining with the late Duke of Richmond, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at Sir Wheeler Cuff’s. On their entertainer getting drunk and falling from his chair, the Duke good-naturedly endeavoured to lift him up, when Bushe exclaimed—“How, your Grace! you, an Orangeman and a Protestant, assist in elevating the host!” Told to me by Dr. Hume.’

‘Serjeant Murphy observing part of the Bench (including Sir C. Williams) leaving the court early, while two only remained to finish the causes, said, loud enough to be heard by all present, “As a papist, I am not of course permitted to know much of Scripture, or I should say, there is on one side Exodus and on the other Judges.’

‘When a certain Mr. —, of the Temple, was expelled from that Society by the Benchers for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, Thesiger, who is a very kind-hearted man, was much affected by the situation of his wife and children, who would necessarily be ruined by the decision, and burst into tears.

““Well,” said he afterwards to Rose, who was then Judge of the Court of Review, “I should never do for a Criminal Judge, and after the way in which I have exposed my weakness to day, you will agree with me.”

““Why yes,” said Rose, “I think you would make an

indifferent Judge, but then, you know, you would make an uncommonly good Cryer.”’

‘Sydney Smith, speaking of his being shampooed at Mahomet’s Baths at Brighton in 1840, said they “squeezed enough out of him to make a lean curate.”’

‘Hearing Shutte’s little girl give vent to a prolonged “Oh!” at the sight of a dahlia, he (Sydney Smith) said “it was worth a page of eulogy.”’

‘In Brazil, an opinion prevails that whoever has been bitten by a boa constrictor has nothing to fear from any other snake. What a happy illustration of a man who has undergone a blackguarding from O’Connell!’

The following was an early hoax upon a Canterbury paper, and was freely copied by the provincial press:—

‘*Fact for the Naturalist.*—A terrier dog in Romney Marsh, having been desperately maltreated and bitten by a savage mastiff, ran off nine miles to the house of Mr. Strickland, a justice of the peace, where he had often before been with his master, who was a parish constable; he got into the library, jumped upon Mr. Strickland’s table, seized a blank assault warrant in his jaws, and bolted with it; he then ran back to his master with the instrument in his mouth, and wagging his tail, did all in his power to induce the latter to follow him and take his assailant into custody. It cannot, however, fail to be remarked, how the omission to obtain a signature to the paper serves to confirm the fact, that the sagacity of the most intelligent brute never passes that mysterious line which invariably separates instinct from reason.’

‘Judge Maule.—A young barrister pleading before

Judge Maule, described an attorney's bill as "a diabolical one." "That may be," said the Judge, "but the devil must have his due. Gentlemen of the jury, you will find for the plaintiff."

Seeing Richard Price at the Garrick with half a pint of port he accused him of studying '*Winer's* abridgement.'

'When George IV. was at Lord Lothian's during his visit to Scotland, the youngest scion of the family was a little impudent, spoiled boy in petticoats, who had got a way of calling everybody "you old fat goose." The King enquiring as to the number of her ladyship's children, was informed of course, and also of course desired to see them all. This little urchin, therefore, whom they had intended to keep out of the way was perforce exhibited, when his father seeing the twinkle in his eye and the curl of his lip which betokened the forthcoming expression, caught him up in his arms, while the mother sat in agony, and bore him out of the room just in time to prevent the explosion.'

'Ensign White of the forty-fourth, the regiment that was so cut up in India, told me that on the march to Scinde, they used to encourage private theatricals among the soldiers to keep them out of mischief. On one occasion, when Richard III. was the play, the Catesby of the evening (a worthy and gallant corporal) thus addressed his sovereign—

"'Tis I, my lord,—the early village cock

Has been crowing away this half hour,

Your friends are up and buckle on their armour—

And why ain't you a buckling on o' yourn?"'

‘Wallack’s account of French criticism.—When in America, Mr. Wallack became associated with a French actor, a great admirer of Shakespeare, but who wished to become more familiarised with his beauties. Wallack being an indifferent French scholar, it was agreed that instruction should be mutual;—that the Frenchman should give lessons in his own language, which Wallack should return by lending his assistance towards producing a more perfect understanding, on the part of his tutor, of the bard who “was not for an age but for all time.”

“Ah! *ma foi*, dat is eet, Racine is good, Corneille is good, but Mons. Shakespeare—he is de bard of all time, of nature, of what you call common sense—so everybody say.”

‘Wallack proposed, by way of commencement, that his new friend, who knew enough of English to read, though not to relish his author, should go over attentively and make himself master of the text of a play, which his preceptor should afterwards read over again with him, explaining difficulties and expounding beauties. Macbeth was selected, but they did not get beyond the first scene.

“Mons. Vallake, you have told me dat Shakespeare is de poet of nature and common sense; good! now vat is dis? Here is his play open—Macbess—yes! good, very good—well, here is tree old—old vat you call veetch, vid de broom and no close on at all—yes! upon the blasted heath—good! von veetch say to de oder veetch, “ven shall ve tree meet agen?” “De other veetch she say—in tondare!” de other she say “in lightning!”—and she say to dem herself again “in rain!” *Eh bien!* now dis is

not nature ! dis is not common sense ! Oh no ! De tree old
veetch shall nevare go out to meet again upon de blasted
heath with no close on in tondare, lightning, and in rain.
Ah no ! It is *not* common sense ! *ma foi*, dey stay at home !
aha !”

‘Of course there was no possibility of proceeding with
such a critic, and the arrangement ceased.’

CONCLUSION.

[1844-1845.]

The Queen's Visit to the City—Too many Cooks—Commencement of Mr. Barham's Illness—Dinner with Mr. Forster—Anecdotes—Curious Advertisement—Continued Illness—Visit to Bath—Letters to Mrs. Hughes—Ascent of Beacon Hill—'Moral Reflections'—Letter to Mr. Bentley—Return to London—Archæological Feud—Relapse—Visit to Clifton—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Mr. Coulson—Country Doctors—Gervase Matchan—'The Bulletin'—Letter to the Garrick—Return to Town—'As I laye a-thinkyng'—Last Days—Burial—'On the Death of the Rev. R. H. Barham.'

ON October 28, 1844, the Queen again visited the City of London in state, for the purpose this time of presiding at the ceremony of opening the new Royal Exchange. As on the former occasion the loyal excitement of the lieges knew no bounds; the streets were again decorated with brilliant drapery and the streets thronged with spectators, while every coign of vantage whence a glimpse of the pageant might be obtained was eagerly seized upon. Upon Mr. Sydney Smith devolved the disposition of the seats to be erected in the Cathedral yard, and it was more particularly his business to arrange with the different companies as to their respective sittings on the scaffolding. An amusing incident occurred in the course of the discussion. A Mr. T——, clerk of the ——'s

company, showed himself exceedingly busy in the matter, 'pooh-pooh'd' the other officials and finally observed, with reference to the assigning the different situations,—

'Perhaps, Mr. Smith, all these details had better be left to us. We will form a little committee of our own, and spare you all further trouble in the arrangement. Too many cooks, you know, spoil the broth.'

'Very true, Sir,' was the reply; 'but let me set you right in one particular;—here there is but one cook,—myself—you are only scullions, and will be good enough to take your directions from me.'

Unhappily Mr. Barham was induced, not without misgivings, to accept the offer of seats for himself and family at the house of one of his parishioners. The weather was bleak, so much so that he remarked, as a cutting east wind whistled through the open windows, that in all probability that day's sight-seeing would cost many of the imprudent gazers their life. In his own case the prophecy proved but too true. He was attacked in the course of the night by a violent fit of coughing, the result of sudden and severe inflammation in the throat, which, however, he persistently attributed to irritation caused by having unguardedly swallowed the core of a pear. He thus notices the circumstance:—

'*Diary.*—October 28, 1844.—Queen opens the Royal Exchange. Took Caroline and the girls to Partridge and Price's in Cheapside to see the procession. Bitterly cold wind. Walked to Dr. Scott's and the Garrick. After dinner at home a piece of the core of a pear got into my windpipe.

‘—— 29. Woke in the night with violent vomiting and sore-throat, which continued all the morning. Throat much inflamed: very ill all day.’

It was, doubtless, this conviction that the attack was caused solely by the accident which had occurred, or which he fancied had occurred, that induced him in the first instance to pay little attention to it, although accompanied by illness sufficiently severe to confine him to the house and compel him to have recourse to the assistance of his old friend, Dr. Roberts. This gentleman’s professional talents were always at his command, and he had unfortunately experienced but too many occasions to avail himself of the ‘brotherly kindness,’ as he himself expresses it, which was so uniformly lavished upon him and his whole family. Despite, however, the warm gratitude my father felt for his friend’s care, and the full confidence he placed in his skill, he could not bring himself to follow with any regularity the strict regimen prescribed. Roberts from the very beginning took a serious view of the case and insisted upon quiet, and, yet more, upon comparative silence on the part of his patient. ‘If your father persists in talking as he does,’ said the doctor to me one day, ‘he will simply kill himself.’

But to one of Mr. Barham’s habits and constitution, seclusion from society and the pleasures of conversation required no ordinary amount of self-restraint, the more so, as he was unable to perceive any adequate cause for the sacrifice; and his general health being in a great degree restored, and the local affection relieved by prompt measures, he soon resumed his usual mode of life.

Fresh attacks succeeded, fresh rallyings, and alas ! fresh exposure.

From this date the entries in his diary are sparse and brief, whole pages containing no more than the simple record, 'ill all the week ;' nevertheless his spirits neither failed nor flagged, and his humour continued as irrepressible as ever, but his frame became shrunken and his voice weak and hoarse, and it was not without effort, and even difficulty, that he got through his duties on the Sunday.

'*Diary.*—December 5, 1844.—Dined with Charles Dickens, Stanfield, Maclise, and Albany Fonblanque at Forster's. Dickens read with remarkable effect his Christmas story, *The Chimes*, from the proofs. Anecdote told of Macready at New Orleans looking at a paper in the reading-room, when a stranger put his arm across his (Macready's) neck and, leaning on his shoulder, asked if he knew Colonel Johnson ?

'Macready, shrinking from the familiarity, replied coldly enough, "No, Sir, I do not."

' "Well I guess now he'd like to know you."

' "Possibly, Sir."

' "Well now, Colonel Johnson, walk this way ; I calculate this is Mr. Macready, the British actor."

' "And pray who are you, Sir ?" demanded Macready.

' "Me ? O, I guess I'm Major Hitchins, I am. What, you're ryled a leetle grain, are you ? You'll have to get over that if you mean to progress in this great country, Sir." Free and enlightened society this at any rate !

' "Observation repeated of Talleyrand, that he had met many Americans who wished to be taken for Englishmen,

but never an Englishman who wished to be taken for an American.

‘January 28, 1845.—Dinner here. Got up to dinner, but took only fish and no wine.’

Weak as he was my father showed no disposition to lay aside his pen. The composition of amusing trifles was to him a natural relief, and seemed to act as an anodyne; at all events it served to withdraw his attention from the subject most of all injurious to an invalid, his own condition. Accordingly he continued to furnish contributions to the *New Monthly Magazine* as usual, and to divert his friends with occasional *jeux d'esprit*. It is possible that some of my readers may remember an advertisement of a rather remarkable character which appeared repeatedly about this time in the newspapers. Common as the sensational paragraphs are in the second column of the *Times* at the present day, such insertions were then comparatively rare, and the curiosity of the town was not a little excited by the one in question. The supposed delinquencies of the faithless and fugitive Mr. J. J. B. having been talked over one evening by my father and Dr. Roberts, the following paraphrase of the advertisement ¹ was sent to the latter next morning:—

¹ ‘Mr. Joseph J. B., once more I beg of you to call at Islington. Mr. Lee has been paid for Jessie, and every thing that is due is also settled, of which I do not wish you to return one shilling. Do not be revengeful to me, for I have suffered bitterly. Pray see me once more. If I were to advertise your name with a description of your person, offering a handsome reward, I have no doubt I could trace you in England or abroad. God knows I do not want to injure you in any way, but see you I must. For your own sake, as well as my peace of mind, pray return immediately. Do not drive me to desperation.’ This advertisement was repeated almost daily from January 25 to February 3, 1845.

ADVERTISEMENT.

(FEBRUARY 4, 1845.)

Mr. Joseph J. B.,
I have paid Mr. Lee
For Jessie, and all that is due,
Of which I am willing
Not one single shilling
Shall e'er be repaid me by you.

We have suffered, J. J. B.,
Both I and the baby,
O, don't let revenge be your plan!
But knock at my door,
Pray see me once more—
Come to Islington, that's a dear man!

Should I advertise
Your height, person, and size,
And your name too, I have not a doubt
That wherever you roam,
Abroad or at home,
J. J. B., you'd soon be found out!

I don't in the least
Want to hurt you—you beast!
But mind, J. J. B., and beware!
For your own sake and mine
Come to-morrow and dine,
And don't drive me on to despair!

J. J.

My father's case at length began to assume an aspect more distinctly serious; the pain increased, his articulation became impeded, and a tendency to suffocation showed itself. A temporary withdrawal from London and its temptations were felt by himself to be absolutely necessary. Bath was the spot selected for his retreat, and he was again making considerable progress in convalescence, when he was unhappily induced to terminate his stay abruptly, and to hurry back to town, principally for the purpose of attending a meeting of the Archæological Association. He left London on the 24th of February.

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘Bath, St. David's day, 1845.

‘My dear Friend,—Many, many thanks for your kind note and its enclosure, which I have read over again with great unction. Of a verity my friend Tom is bitten with the true poetic gadfly, and the ring of his metal is stirring. Why, O why was not the Oxford boat-race the subject for the Oxford prize poem?

Them as adjudicates

Old Roger Newdigate's

Ne'er had a better than Tom's in their stu-dy gates.

‘You see how impossible it is to write prosaically on such a subject; the mere sound of the whip in a young hand will always make the donkey of experience kick up his heels with a bray. Seriously, the lines are capital good fun, and remind one much of my “Lord Mountcastor.” You must

have thought me a bear for not acknowledging them before, but the fact is I received them in the hurry and bustle of providing for our Somersetshire raid, the event and destination of which the date of this will acquaint you with. Since that period the variety and extent of my travels, the manners, customs, and habits of the inhabitants of these unknown regions,—for to me Bath has hitherto been as the Oregon territory, nor have I yet the slightest idea as to its boundaries, or whether Texas is annexed to it or not,—the attention due to my diary, to my archæological, botanical, geological, geographical, and other philosophical researches, above all my ascent of Mount Beacon, have so completely conglomerated my faculties that it needs a large glass of the Bath waters—the aborigenes here drink it neat, hot out of the pump, and without the slightest mixture of brandy or any saccharine infusion—to sober me down sufficiently for the task even now. Misery, they say, makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows ; now, though it has rarely that effect on me, since, for weal or woe, I generally carry my bedfellow along with me, yet it certainly makes one acquainted with strange beds, and the wretchedness I have experienced for the last two months and more drove me last Monday to exchange my honest old four-poster in Amen Corner for a liaison with something between the tent of Marshal Saxe and the divan of Mahomet Ali here. And here we have since remained, deriving beyond doubt a good deal of benefit from the change ; not from the water though,—that I especially eschew,—but from the air, and the exercise which one takes in walking through

it, both which, as the weather has been most gracious to us, have been truly delectable. Caroline herself felt this combined influence most strongly and become, as poor Bailey of Tonbridge used to say, "quite renoviated and up to any thing;" so the day before yesterday we resolved finally on an attempt to make the perilous ascent of Mount Beacon, the extreme end of the chain of Alps on which Lansdowne Tower is situated, and which divides the Bath and Bristol valley from, I suppose, the other world. After making suitable preparations for such an undertaking by breakfasting heartily on boiled eggs and fried whiting, we set out, carrying with us little beyond a gingham umbrella (in glazed oil-skin case it looks as well as silk) a pocket perspective, two pairs of spectacles, and an old and warm friend, who has lain nearest my heart in a wicker case during many a long day's march among gorse and stubble, to serve as a weather-glass. From the south parade little occurred to attract our attention till we reached the High Street, so named, as is usual in England, from its running along the river's bank and being of course the lowest in the town. As we passed the Abbey church the clock struck eleven; Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "there is snug lying in the abbey," and as there is a difference of a quarter of an hour generally between this time-piece and that at the railroad station, the venerable building seems to preserve its character. We soon emerged into a narrow lane called, for the reason above given, Broad Street, in which is situated the Post Office, remarkable for having two slits to receive the letters, side by side, but of unequal size, the large one being doubtless for letters, the smaller

one for notes,—an idea manifestly adopted from that of the barrister with his two holes in the door, one for his cat, the other for his kitten. A fine tabby cat which lay basking on the window sill, with a brass collar secured by a padlock round his neck, was perhaps the suggester! You know my affection for a cat,—Sterne's for an ass was not greater,—I never pass one without striving to create an acquaintance, and here pussy received my advances most graciously, mewling with much benignity in return. The inclination of the road, which up to this point had been scarcely observable, began now perceptibly to increase; we were ascending fast, and leaving the lower world beneath us. Winding to the right and then again to the left, we soon found ourselves on a level with many of the chimneys, and but for the recent Act of Parliament might perhaps have had an opportunity of shaking hands with some white-toothed "chummy" as he emerged from his pot. "Alas! those days are gone, Floranthe," and instead of listening to the cheerful "Sweep, Sweep!" of other times, we could only pause to sympathise with a woe-begone child whose aunt, a tailor's wife, had just boxed his ears for dirtying his pinafore. The tears of commiseration which started spontaneously to our eyelids here blinded us so that we missed our road, and turning too much to the right, we soon found ourselves on a magnificent esplanade, in front of a splendid row of houses, forming the segment of a circle and inscribed with the words Camden Terrace!

‘The view of the adjoining country from this part of the mountain was beautiful, and that of the town below

would have been doubtless equally satisfactory had the reek, mist, and smoke permitted us to see anything of it. It was here that we paused to examine the thermometer and barometer in the wicker case to which I have already alluded, but I do not find any record of the observation among my memoranda. All the doors in this range of building are remarkable for having the resemblance of an elephant's head in profile cut in stone over their portals, a circumstance which struck me as singular, inasmuch as I remember many years ago to have seen (in a book of travels) something similar among the caves of Elephanta, which would seem to intimate these edifices to be of Asiatic origin; my fellow traveller, however, pronounced the architecture to be Græco-Indian, and she was probably right, as the pillars, or rather posts, which supported them were decidedly of the Doric order. I could have gazed on this lovely prospect for a week together, and should probably have lost my dinner, had not my thoughts been recalled to what yet remained to be achieved by the voice of a large white parrot, fastened to the area railing by a long squirrel chain. "What's o'clock?" asked the bird; I started, and finding upon enquiry—not of poll but of a pot-boy—that we had deviated somewhat from the regular track, and that the path we were in "led nowhere's as he knowed of," we retraced our steps a little, and then, turning again to the right, up, up we went, fancying, like Goldsmith's Traveller, every height to be the last, and still finding "Alps on alps arise." The acclivity now grew more abrupt, and the wind colder, as we ascended to within a few yards of the highest part of the mountain

(for like some of our friends we did not reach the summit after all). Here we were fain to take counsel from a grey and grave old donkey, who in nibbling up his scanty pickings had availed himself of the shelter of a six foot wall to do it without suffering the wind of Heaven to visit his tail too roughly. Despite the marked displeasure of a faithful dog, who from an adjoining cottage "bayed deep-mouthed, unwelcome," we effected a lodgement alongside of our venerable friend and counsellor, and beneath the sheltering bricks, which, from their being thickly studded with broken bottles, might well be called a *mer* (or rather *mur*) *de* Glass. Here I again consulted my barometer and my watch; the spirit in the former had sunk considerably—six (pennyworth) of degrees at least, and the other oracle hinted that if we meant to be home in any decent time for luncheon we ought to think of returning. To this we were the farther incited by a little boy belonging to a "national school on Beacon Green up above" from what "nation" scholars could be dropped down on such a site as this we did not stop to enquire. This erudite little pupil of Andes, giant of the Western star, who was probably his master, having replied to our question as to the precise locality of the Beacon, that "there worn't no beacon at all, coss it had been took away," we thought it useless to persevere, and turning with a sigh, as Captain Ross did from the Croker mountains, commenced the retracing of our steps. Diverging a little from our former route we reached the new church now building in honour of St. Stephen, and passing by the "Nelson's Arms," a most incongruous sign,

for all the world knows Nelson had only one ; we dropped down at last into Lansdowne Place, and thence, after peeping in at the belfry window of the church opposite, and looking in vain for eggs in the nests of the rooks that occupy the adjoining elms, dropped once again into the Victoria Park, returning to our native country and our peaceful home as tired and hungry as travellers in such high latitudes, I presume, generally do. Altogether we were both much pleased with our achievement, and not the less, I hope, from the fine moral sentiments which our adventures, properly improved, would necessarily inculcate, than from the gratification afforded to our physical senses. I could not forbear committing my impressions to paper, and you may give them to my friend Tom in return, a very slight one, for his excellent lines, and that the rather as Dick's spouse has pasted the proofs he wanted in her album in Cambridgeshire.

‘MORAL REFLECTIONS

IN AN EXPEDITION UP MOUNT BEACON, NEAR BATH IN ENGLAND.

‘Glean from the brute creation,
Thou vain and haughty man !
That lore thy vaunted reason
Is all too weak to scan !

‘Of virtue and of prudence
Rich lessons they will grant,
Thou need'st not seek thine ‘Uncle,’
Would'st thou but heed the Ant !

‘Thou careless, reckless idler,
Who mak’st of Time a mock,
Observe yon thoughtful parrot
Still ask thee—“What’s o’clock!”

‘Or should unkind Apollo,
Fond bard, his aid refuse,
Go stroke yon sleek grimalkin—
’Tis thus thou’lt court the mews!

‘Would’st learn the faithful friendship
That knows not to decay,
Go ask yon simple shepherd,
He’ll smile, and point to Tray!

&c.

‘And now as doubtless you are as tired of our long journey in the recounting, as we were in the performance—if indeed you have not fallen asleep by the way—a fair good night, and many of them, wisheth you sincerely

‘R. H. BARHAM.

‘P.S. That horrid archæological feud brings us of necessity home to smoky London on Wednesday.’

R. Bentley, Esq.

‘Bath.

‘My dear Bentley,—I waited till I had read *Lord Malmesbury* through before I thanked you for him, which I now do most sincerely. It is the best book I have read a long while, and if anybody had told me that I should

ever again read through four thick octavos, like these, at all, much less with undiminished interest, from title-page to colophon, I should have thought, as Gulliver says, they were "saying the thing that is not."

'More breezes among the Archæologicals! Lord A. Conyngham has resigned the presidency. These rows I strongly suspect will end in a break up, probably with a view to re-formation. After all, these reconstructions strike me very much like the cutting up an old pair of breeches to make new trousers out of the materials. I have little faith in them; the stitches are apt to give way, to say nothing of the chance of fundamental wear and tear.

'Yours very sincerely,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

'*Diary.*—*March 5.*—Came up with Caroline from Bath by twelve o'clock train. Home to dinner. Attended Archæological general meeting at the Western Institution, Leicester Square, at eight in the evening. Moved the first of a series of resolutions for re-forming the committee.'

It would be beside the purpose to go into the details of the dissensions which at this time prevailed in the Archæological Association, and which led eventually to a secession of a great body of the members. Without venturing to offer the slightest opinion upon the merits of the case, it may be sufficient for me to state that Mr. Barham devoted himself with sincerity and warmth to that party which he believed to be in the right, and

which numbered the President and other officers among its constituents.

The zeal, indeed, which he manifested on this occasion, and under the influence of which he quitted his retirement at Bath, for the purpose of attending the meeting of the society, and take part in the debate which ensued, contributed not a little to further the progress of the malady which had already become firmly fixed upon his constitution. Excitement of every kind, and especially any which might lead to the exercise of the voice, had, as I have said, been strictly prohibited; the injunction, however, proved insufficient to restrain him from lending every assistance in his power to his friends whom he considered to be unjustly assailed. To use his own expression, he talked himself to a standstill. Moreover, a variety of business presented itself on his return to town, and feeling much improved in strength and spirits he strove to resume his accustomed occupations. The result may be foreseen.

‘*Diary.*—April 19.—Called on the Dean; To vestry meeting at St. Paul’s; caught cold; relapse.’

This attack proved more severe than any he had as yet sustained; for a time he was laid completely prostrate.

Nevertheless up to this period, I believe, no apprehensions were entertained for his life; so far as human judgment may venture to pronounce, the disease might have been effectually grappled with, even at a later stage; a permanent thickening of the membrane, and consequent loss of voice, was the worst that was anticipated by his medical advisers. He himself, however, was not entirely free from misgivings even at this point, and he was accordingly led

to attach something of significance to an event, trifling enough in itself, but which certainly proved remarkable by the subsequent coincidence.

He had been for many years on the committee of the Garrick Club, and, by the rules of the society, at an annual meeting held on St. George's day (the anniversary both of the birth and death of Shakspeare), the names of the aforesaid committee, twenty-four in number, are placed in the ballot-box from which six are taken as chance may decide. It was singular that on the present occasion, Mr. Barham's should have been the *first* name so withdrawn. On being informed of the fact, and also that he had been unanimously re-elected, he shook his head, and observed that 'it was useless; that it had been well to have accepted the omen, and filled up his place at once.' He never entered the club again.

On the 5th of May he was sufficiently recovered to undertake a journey to Clifton, in company with his wife, who had for some time been herself an invalid, in the hope that they might equally derive benefit from retirement and change of air. Unhappily the step proved most calamitous in its consequences to both. At first, indeed, my father appeared to rally, and, though suffering acutely from inflammation of the throat, and unable to talk, he could at least, as will be seen, write gaily to his friends.

To Mrs. Hughes.

'9 Dowry Square, Clifton, May 27, 1845.

'My dear Friend,—So my old friend Tom is to have my still older friend (for I knew him before Tom was born),

Coulson, for his bear-leader. Most sincerely do I congratulate both of them, and you also, upon the arrangement. My first acquaintance with Coulson began in the very year when I had the happiness of making yours, viz., 1821. We were then thrown a good deal into each other's society from a literary connection in which we were mutually, though by no means *passibus æquis*, engaged, and it was in his company, and partly at his instigation, that I then wrote the parody on Sir John Moore's death. A sincere friendship, and one which I believe to be mutual, then originated, which has continued without let or impediment to the present day. Coulson, though then, like myself, a young man, was editor of the *Globe and Traveller*, as the paper was then called, and made it, not what it is, though it is still one of the ablest papers going—I say nothing as to its politics,—but the most able paper of the day. His views, however, lucrative as his situation was—I think he had 800*l.* a-year as editor, exclusive of his share in the profits—were of a higher nature. He directed his attention to the conveyancing and chancery bar business, studying under Mr. Hughes's friend, Senior, and became, what he now is, one of the ablest and most eminent men of his class. He has gained wealth as well as reputation, and is a thorough gentleman in mind as well as manners, with talents of the first order. His being a bit of an oddity renders him to me only the more agreeable, and of his honour and integrity, as well as kindheartedness, it is impossible to speak too highly. His brother, himself a very clever man, has acquired a first-rate practice as a consulting surgeon, and is one of

the most intimate friends we have, Mrs. Barham as well as myself having received from him on all occasions the greatest kindness and attention, professional as well as private ; my wife, too, is much attached to his, and we see a good deal of each other. Once more I congratulate you on the arrangement ; Tom could not have been in better hands. And now as to our state here,—it is mended, and I would fain hope mending, but very, very slowly. I am still not allowed—nor if I were could I avail myself of the permission—to answer, except in a whisper, and that only to ask for what I want, and answer medical enquiries. Luckily I have assigned to me one of the greatest chatter-boxes of a surgeon, to take the poking and blistering department of my treatment upon him, that can well be imagined. If in the multitude of counsellors there be wisdom, in that of apothecaries there is jaw, and with such a one as my adviser possesses, Samson might have laid waste all Mesopotamia, let alone Philistia. He has the art of saying nothing in a cascade of language comparable only to that “almighty water privilege,” Niagara, and were I in better spirits would delight instead of boring me. Galt’s “wearifu’ woman” was but a type of him.

“Well, sir, how are we to day—better, eh ! well, sir, go on with the iodine ? does it act ?”

“Why that is what I wanted to ask, how do you mean it to act ? as a sudorific ?”

“Diaphoretic we say, not but sudorific will do ; it comes from *sudo*, but we seldom now say sudorific ; but, sir, the iodine, does it act ?”

“That is what I want to know; how do you mean it to act, on the throat or——”

“Act? iodine? on the throat? why the throat, sir, is very singularly constructed—very singularly; it’s beautiful the mechanism of the throat! and if it gets out of order—now yours, sir, is out of order, and we have been giving you iodine—for Mr. —— agrees with me that iodine is an excellent medicine, and what I want to know is, does it begin to produce any effect?”

“Why that is what I want to know, and therefore I ask what effect is it intended to produce, is it to act on——”

“What effect? my dear sir, there are few medicines now in better repute than iodine; we give it in many cases—dropsy, sometimes—not that yours is dropsy; you have nothing dropsical about you; your complaint is an affection of the throat, and we have been giving iodine in your case—you have had it now three days—twice a day. Do you take it regularly twice a day?”

“I take what you send me twice a day, and you tell me it is iodine, but——”

“And does it begin to produce its effect; does it act?”

“Why that’s what I’m asking you—now is it intended to act as a sedative, or——”

“A sedative? what, is your cough more troublesome? We give sedatives sometimes for troublesome coughs, and then in nervous complaints, but then congestion is a thing to be avoided, not that I see any symptoms of congestion in your case; yours is an affection of the throat, and so we give you iodine, and as we are a little particular in proportioning our doses, I want to ascertain whether what you have been taking acts?”

‘O dear, O dear! never were two philosophers more deeply engaged in pursuing the same enquiry, each endeavouring to extract information out of the other. And then such lectures on the “anatomy of the parts,” “the beautiful mechanism, etc.”! that I, who never yet could comprehend the mechanism of a mousetrap, and hardly that of a poacher’s wire, am just in the position of a blind man listening to a discourse on colours, and yet in the end completely worked up into a something derived from *sudo*. Heaven knows I am at this moment as innocent of any knowledge of the mode of operation of “iodine” as a “blessed babe,” though taking “two table-spoonfuls a day” with this tea-spoonful of learning, and only hope for your sake, as well as my own reputation for good manners, that it is in no unseemly one. Caroline, thank fate, has nothing to do with this worthy, she is entirely in the hands of Mr. S——, a very able man, who superintends and directs all in my case too, but lives too far off to be thrusting a sponge with lunar caustic down my throat twice a day, while my talking friend next door does that part of the business, at least, admirably. My daughter, Fanny, not satisfied with our accounts, started off at a tangent, and joined us, leaving the poor “Corner” to take care of itself. We could not scold her, and she has certainly been a great comfort to her mother ever since, while the infection seems so far to have spread through the family that on Friday last we were surprised at breakfast by the sight of Mr. Dick, who had arrived by the night train. He has taken me in tow till yesterday, when he was obliged to run back as hastily as he came to

take care of to-morrow's duty in Cambridgeshire. When, or if ever, I shall be able to perform mine again is as yet a problem even more difficult to solve than the nature of iodine. Caroline, I am happy to say, got into the parlour yesterday, and passed the day on the sofa, but we were obliged to darken the room as she cannot bear the light. Notwithstanding all the pain she has gone through and is still suffering, she continues cheerful when she can hold up her head at all.

‘And now for news. Poor Hood is dead ; and my neighbour H—— going to be married ; he leads Mrs. L—— to the “hymeneal altar,” as the newspapers have it, next month, and talks of looking in upon us here on his honeymoonial tour. I hope I shall be able to muster wind enough to wish him joy, for his wife that is to be is a good creature, every way suitable to him, and has the affections of his children, which she appears to return. Dick has copied for me the leading particulars of Jervis Matchan, not being able to procure me the broad sheet. He was born at Frodlingham in Yorkshire, became a stable-boy to the celebrated Captain O’Kelly (the owner of *Eclipse*), was sent by one of his Newmarket masters into Russia with some horses in his charge, enlisted into the navy and was in Byron’s engagement off the Grenades, deserted and enlisted into the 13th Foot, deserted again, and again enlisted into the 49th Foot, and remained with the recruiting party at Huntingdon about three weeks, when he was sent by Sergeant Jones with his son Benjamin, a drummer in the regiment about fifteen or sixteen years of age, to Major Reynolds of Diddington for subsistence-money.

From him the boy received about 7*l.*, with which they "straggled" to Alconbury, and thence towards Buckden, where the boy's mother lived. On the road Matchan, "without any premeditated design, being instigated by the devil," suddenly seized the boy by the throat, cut it, and robbed him of the money, near Weybridge. Thence he again entered the navy at Hull, and served under Rodney and Hood in naval engagements. Being discharged from the "Ardent" at Portsmouth, after he had served in her two years, he entered on board the "Sampson" and remained there till she was paid off at Plymouth. From this place he went to Salisbury, and it was in crossing the plain with his old shipmate that the ghost part of the story took place. He was committed by the Mayor of Salisbury, removed to Huntingdon for trial, executed there August 2, 1786, and gibbeted at Alconbury.'

* * * * *

This was followed in a couple of days by a composition which, considering the circumstances under which it was written, we may fairly regard as a sort of literary curiosity. As more copies than one were despatched by my father in reply to enquiries after his health, and as these copies were again transcribed, in some cases with errors, in some even with interpolations, and further, as a public reading of the poem, under the title of 'An unpublished Ingoldsby Legend,' was given by one of our most popular lecturers, I thought it advisable to print the correct version in *Bentley's Miscellany*, July 1862. As is there stated, 'The Bulletin was but a slight *pièce de circonstance*, struck off during one of those gleams of cheerfulness which bodily

pain could not entirely extinguish, partly for the purpose of relieving the anxiety of a very dear friend of the author, partly, I suspect, because with him, as with the satirist, the difficulty was—not to write!’ It was sent, I believe, in the first instance to Mrs. Hughes, and must have been the last communication my father addressed to her.

THE BULLETIN.

9 Dowry Square, Hot Wells, May 29, 1845.

Hark!—the doctors come again,
Knock—and enter doctors twain—
Dr. Keeler, Dr. Blane:—

‘ Well, sir, how
Go matters now ?

Please your tongue put out again !’
Meanwhile, t’other side the bed,

Doctor Keeler

Is a feeler

Of my wrist, and shakes his head :—

‘ Rather low, we’re rather low !’

(Deuce is in’t, an ’twere not so !

Arrowroot, and toast-and-water,

Being all my nursing daughter,

By their order, now allows me ;

If I hint at more she rows me,

Or at best will let me soak a

Crust of bread in tapioca.)

‘Cool and moist though, let me see—
Seventy-two, or seventy-three,
Seventy-four, perhaps, or so ;
Rather low, we’re rather low !
Now, what sort of night, sir, eh ?
Did you take the mixture, pray ?
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
And the draught and pills at nine ?’

PATIENT (*loquitur*).

‘Coughing, doctor, coughing, sneezing,
Wheezing, teasing, most unpleasing,
Till at length I, by degrees, in-
Duced ‘Tired nature’s sweet restorer,’
Sleep, to cast her mantle o’er her
Poor unfortunate adorer,
And became at last a snorer.
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
Nor the draughts did I decline ;
But those horrid pills at nine !
Those I did not try to swallow,
Doctor, they’d have beat me hollow.

I as soon
Could gulp the moon,
Or the great Nassau balloon,
Or a ball for horse or hound, or
Bullet for an eighteen-pounder.’

DOCTOR K.

‘Well, sir—well, sir—we’ll arrange it,
 If you can’t take pills, we’ll change it ;
 Take, we’ll say,
 A powder grey,
 All the same to us which way ;
 Each will do ;
 But, sir, you
 Must perspire whate’er you do,
 (Sudorific comes from *sudo* !)
 Very odd, sir, how our wills
 Interfere with taking pills !
 I’ve a patient, sir, a lady
 Whom I’ve told you of already,
 She’ll take potions,
 She’ll take lotions,
 She’ll take drugs, and draughts by oceans ;
 She’ll take rhubarb, senna, rue ;
 She’ll take powders grey and blue,
 Tinctures, mixtures, linctures, squills,
 But, sir, she will *not* take pills !
 Now the throat, sir, how’s the throat ?’

PATIENT.

‘Why, I can’t produce a note !
 I can’t sound one word, I think, whole,
 But they hobble,
 And they gobble,
 Just like soapsuds down a sink-hole,

Or I whisper like the breeze,
Softly sighing through the trees !’

DOCTOR.

‘ Well, sir—well, sir—never mind, sir,
We’ll put all to rights you’ll find, sir ;
 Make no speeches,
 Get some leeches ;
 You’ll find twenty
 Will be plenty,
Clap them on, and let them lie
On the *pomum Adami* ;
Let them well the trachea drain,
 And your larynx,
 And your pharynx—
Please put out your tongue again !
 Now the blister !
 Ay, the blister !
Let your son, or else his sister,
Warm it well, then clap it here, sir,
All across from ear to ear, sir ;
 That suffices,
 When it rises,
Snip it, sir, and then your throat on
Rub a little oil of Croton :
Never mind a little pain !
Please put out your tongue again !
‘ Now, sir, I must down your maw stick
This small sponge of lunar caustic,

Never mind, sir,
You'll not find, sir,
I, the sponge shall leave behind, sir,
Or my probang make you sick, sir,
I shall draw it back so quick, sir;—
This I call my prime elixir!
How, sir! choking?
Pooh! you're joking—
Bless me! this is quite provoking!
What can make you, sir, so wheezy?
Stay, sir!—gently!—take it easy!
There, sir, that will do to-day.
Sir, I think that we may say
We are better, doctor, eh?
Don't you think so, Doctor Blane?
Please put out your tongue again!
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
And since you the pills decline,
Draught and powder grey at nine.
There, sir! there, sir! now good day,
I've a lady 'cross the way,
I must see without delay!'

[*Exeunt Doctors.*]

Another of these pleasantries was addressed by Mr. Barham to his friends at the Garrick Club.

TO THE GARRICK CLUB.

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
Who have nothing to do about sheep,
While, as Shenstone, the poet, would say,—
I have nothing to do but to weep.

For here I sit all the day long,
And must do so, I dare say, all June,
While so far from singing a song,
I can't even whistle a tune.

For the probang, the blister, and leech,
So completely my notes have o'erthrown,
When I try the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.

It's useless attempting to speak,
For my voice is beyond my control;
If high, it's an ear-piercing squeak,
If low, it's a grunt or a growl!

Can Clifton those beauties assume,
Which patients have found in her face,
When shut up all day in a room,
One can't get a peep at the place?

Ye Garrickers, making your sport,
As ye revel in gossip and grub,
Oh! send some endearing report
Of how matters go on at the Club.

When I think on the rapid mail train,
In a moment I seem to be there,
But the sight of N.E. on the vane
Soon hurries me back to despair.

The Committee, O, say do they send
A blessing—or ban—after me?
Mr. Gwilt, does he duly attend
To his salad and little *roti*?

Davy Roberts, that glorious R.A.,
Does he still smoke his hookha in peace?
Is Millingen there every day?
Is Mills a trustee to the lease?

Does the claret suit Thornton? and how
Does Lord Tenterden like the cigars?
Has anyone yet in a row
Kicked impudent —— down stairs?

For methought that a sweet little bird
In my ear of its likelihood sung,
And I loved it the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from its tongue.

O, say is the story a hoax,
Or one to be class'd among fibs,
That Murphy's upset with his jokes
Colonel Sibthorpe, and broken his ribs?

Has Durant got rid of his cough?
Are Sav'ry's rheumatics quite gone?
And how do the dinners go off,
And how does the ballot go on?

Does Stanhope's good humour endure?
What are White and Sir Henry about?
Is Talfourd gone up to his tour,
Or Arden gone down to his trout?

Does the Cook keep his character still?
Has the Fishmonger been in disgrace
For, in lieu of a turbot or brill,
Substituting a horrible plaice?

Does Calcraft, who saved us from blazing,
Still watch o'er our int'rests at night?
Does Ovey still drive up his chaise in?
Is Rainy as ever polite?

Charles Kemble, his nose is it aching
As yet from his fall, or got well?
Has Harley decided on making
Miss —— a church-going belle?

Is Titmarsh on anything clever,
Or bent on returning to France?
Is Planché as bustling as ever,
Avowedly going to Dance?¹

Say where—but ah me! wherefore ask
When there's none to reply or to care,
And Echo herself scorns the task
Of answering gloomily 'Where?'

But Fladgate will write, or George Raymond,—
His muse will not surely decline
For one moment to turn from the gay *monde*,
And sympathise sadly with mine.

Perhaps you'll consider it silly
To end with a rascally pun,
But as I have thus done my *billet*,
O, send me back one *billet done*!²

The last entry in the *Diary* is of the same date as the *Bulletin*:—

'May 29th.—In fly with Fanny to Clifton, and round by Bristol and Redcliff. Both better.'

From this point both Mr. Barham and my mother grew rapidly worse. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the painful scenes that followed.

Remote, among strangers, placed under the medical treatment of those who could not be expected to be alto-

¹ Messrs. Planché and Dance, the Beaumont and Fletcher of burlesque.

² Query:—An allusion to Mr. William—more commonly called Billy—Dunn, Treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre.

gether conversant with the particulars of their case, straitened for room when all the comforts and appliances of home were most needful—a more distressing situation can hardly be imagined! Fortunately, their eldest daughter had joined them some short time before; and she, with a judgment beyond her years, and an unwearying watchfulness such as women only can preserve, calling, though it does, for a degree of physical endurance under which strong men grow faint, tended them unceasingly, and afforded witness, in that season of trial, to the value of the ‘gift and heritage which cometh from the Lord.’

In the beginning of June, a temporary amendment enabled them to return to town. Here every thing was done that human skill and care could effect; friends gathered round, and professional advice of the highest character was freely offered; Doctors Roberts and Scott, and the eminent surgeon, Mr. Coulson, were unremitting in their attentions. No language can convey—none, at least, the writer can command—the sense of obligation which his family must ever entertain towards these gentlemen for the exertions they displayed on that occasion. In Mr. Barham’s case all was of no avail; the vantage ground had been lost, never to be regained, the malady had reached a point beyond the influence of medicine, and recovery was pronounced impossible. There was the customary and very natural disinclination on the part of his physicians to deprive their patient of all hope. He, however, was not to be lulled by the evasive nature of their replies, and, to place the matter beyond doubt, he prepared a series of questions, couched in the most precise

terms, in the manner of an examination paper, to which he requested specific answers in writing. Their opinion was, of course, manifested by their hesitation in complying.

To say that he received the intimation thus conveyed with fortitude, would afford but a very inadequate notion of the calmness and contentment with which he regarded his approaching end. Having arranged, with his usual perspicuity, all the details of his temporal affairs, he partook, for the last time, of the holy communion, in company with all his household, and set himself, in perfect self-possession, to make final preparation for the awful change at hand.

There was something peculiarly affecting—something at variance with the common phenomena of a death-bed scene, in a man, scarcely passed the prime of life, with intellectual faculties unimpaired, and bodily strength comparatively unbroken, awaiting without a murmur of complaint, or an expression of regret, the fatal stroke which the exercise of common care might, in all human probability, have averted. His mind appeared chastened and subdued; every symptom of impatience and irritability had vanished, and though he was among the last to place anything of dependence on man's imperfect services, it may be hoped that the review of a life not altogether ill-spent did much towards relieving the coming struggle of its terrors.

Upon one point alone did he exhibit any anxiety—the possibility of some misconception existing, or arising, as to his motives in the composition of those of the *Ingoldsby*

Legends which bear in any degree upon matters of religion. His purpose, he distinctly repeated, was to combat error and imposture, and the reactionary unbelief that naturally follows error and imposture in an age given overmuch perhaps to scientific criticism. Whether his treatment of these subjects was judicious or injudicious, successful or unsuccessful, the attempt, at all events, was made in good faith, and as such stood approved to his conscience.

His cheerfulness never deserted him, save under the pressure of anxiety concerning his wife, whose danger seemed daily increasing: nor was the 'ruling passion' quelled, till every thought was claimed for high and solemn things; no degree of pain was capable of extinguishing it. There had been times, as has been seen, even recently, ere the exigencies of his position were fully understood, when his ideas fell into their accustomed train, and found a vent through their accustomed channel, his poetic genius acting almost spontaneously even in the midst of suffering. His last lines, entitled *As I laye a-Thynkynge*, were written but a few days before he quitted Clifton, and are of a more sombre hue, referring chiefly to the death of his youngest son, to whom his latest thoughts were constantly recurring. They were placed, by his express desire, in the hands of Mr. Bentley for publication.

On the morning of June 17, 1845, he expired in the fifty-seventh year of his age, without a struggle, in faith, and hope, and in charity with all men. His funeral took place on the 21st, and was conducted, according to his

own wish, with such privacy as the sympathy of his friends would allow. Conscious, however, as his family could not fail to be, of the very high esteem in which he was held, especially by those with whom he had been professionally connected, they were not prepared for the unanimous demonstration of respect exhibited on this occasion. The windows of the streets situated in the parishes both of St. Faith and St. Gregory (his former benefice), through which the funeral procession passed, were closed. Both churches were hung with black cloth; and at that of St. Gregory, within the walls of which he had requested to be laid by the side of his children, the officials, in deep mourning, received his remains as they approached the porch, and, together with many of his old parishioners, witnessed their consignment to the Rector's vault, beneath that altar at which he had ministered so long. Nor were the inhabitants of St. Faith and St. Augustine less earnest in the expression of their kind feeling. Memorials of their appreciation of the worth of their late pastor, and of regret at his loss, were soon after forwarded to his widow, and a desire was expressed, were such a course deemed fitting, to present a petition, signed by every ratepayer in the parish, to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, to confer the vacant living upon his son. This kind offer was declined.

Other and different manifestations of affection were not wanting. The following touching stanzas record the grief of his attached friend, Mr. Hughes, and were appended to a memoir prepared by that gentleman which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, July 1845.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. R. H. BARHAM.

And hath the grave closed o'er him? 'Tis a strange
And startling thought to realise—this earth,
God wot, is full of sudden, mournful change;
But even now, his lays of genial mirth
Yet ringing on their lips, within the range
Familiar of each English household hearth,
Young happy voices ask in alter'd tone
The saddening question, 'Father, is he gone?'

Tears answer from the hard and thoughtful eye,
Unwont to weep:—'twas a bright episode,
Like the sun's gleam athwart an o'ercast sky,
To interchange, upon life's toiling road,
A word of cheer with one whose sympathy
Was true and cordial—whose heart o'erflow'd
With human charities;—who gently wore
The privilege of genius, wit, and lore.

Well loved by every one who knew him—best
By those who knew him most;—on this one thought,
Trite though it be, abiding hope must rest;
The world's poor gauds and trophies are as nought
Within the silent tomb; to this stern test,
Wit, wisdom, wealth, and empire, all are brought,
And nought enduringly survives on earth,
Save God's own richer guerdons, Heart and Worth.

Thus in some village churchyard briefly fade
Spring's puny flowers, ill-mated with the scene;
While, children of the mighty forest-glade,
The massive yew and holly evergreen

From year to year spread their ancestral shade
Over the good man's grave:—the breeze, between
Their foliage whispering, seems, at Heaven's behest,
To breathe of peace, and everlasting rest.

Lines breathing a similar spirit were addressed by Stephen Isaacson, A.M., to Mr. Pettigrew, and produced at the next congress of the Archæological Association, which was held at Winchester.

Independently, indeed, of any admiration Mr. Barham's wit and talent might excite, there was a warmth of heart about him, and an amiability of disposition, which rendered him justly dear to many even beyond the pale of intimacy. His spirits were fresh and buoyant, his constitution vigorous, and his temperament sanguine. His humour never ranged 'beyond the limits of becoming mirth,' and was in its essence free from gall. Where irony was employed, it was commonly just, and always gentle. On his writings might, in fairness, be inscribed:—

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato est litera mixta joco.

Perhaps his virtues were of a kind especially adapted to win their own reward; certain it is that to him humanity was ever presented under its fairest aspect. He never lost a friend; he never met with coldness or neglect. His family were devotedly attached to him; those upon whom he was instrumental in conferring benefits were rarely, if ever, wanting in gratitude; and his own claims to consideration were readily and liberally allowed. All these things pass away. His memory may be cherished as a

faithful pastor and firm friend, by some few 'fashioned of the better sort of clay,' and his social qualities may secure him a place for a season in the recollection of those who only sought in him an agreeable companion, but, as an author, he can scarcely be forgotten. His productions, whatever may be their defects or blemishes, must occupy that niche in the literature of the country which his genius has unquestionably carved out.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

g.c.



THE RELIC.

THIS story owes its origin to the exuberant loyalty of a certain Justice Jacks, an inhabitant of Lowestoft. When George II., in the course of one of his voyages from Germany, was driven by stress of weather on the coast of Suffolk, he landed and slept a night under the roof of the delighted Justice. This event is still (1818) recorded by an inscription on the mantel-piece in the room occupied by the Monarch; while the 'curiosity' which forms the subject of the poem, properly labelled, long after made a conspicuous figure in Mr. Jacks's museum. At his death it descended with the rest of his collection of rarities to his daughters, two maiden ladies, in whose possession it was seen by the gentleman (the Rev. — Warburton, rector of Lydd) from whom I had the anecdote.

R. H. B.

THE RELIC;

OR

THE ANTIQUARY AND THE PATRIOT.

A CANTERBURY TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CANTO I.

'Tis sweet to some, Lucretius used to say,
 To sit on the Marine Parade at Brighton,
 And gaze upon the sea some stormy day
 When from the Steyne the beaux huge rain-drops
 frighten,—
 To hear the thunder roll, and see it lighten
 Round the tost vessels labouring in the bay;
 And, as their masts appear to bore the sky there,
 Cry, 'Ah poor devils! rather you than I there.'

Some folks there are who round Hyde Park to rattle
 With glowing wheels think mighty pretty sport,
 Some—Wellington for one—enjoy a battle,
 Others prefer a minuet at Court;
 Some, like the great 'Squire Coke, delight in cattle,
 Ploughs, Porkers, and Merino Wool—in short
 Tastes vary, which may elsewhere well be seen, as
 In Horace, book i. ode 1, 'To Mecænas.'

All have their hobbies then, and who dare chide 'em
 If some than others take a wider scope,
 And, when they once are fairly mounted, ride 'em
 What Geoff: Gambado calls *au grand Galop*?

(O'Connell and Dick Shiel, we can't abide 'em,
Last summer made a pony of the Pope ;
This in *parenthesis*) meanwhile few carry on
A trot more briskly than your Antiquarian—

Your genuine rubbish-hunter, one who'll lecture
An hour by the clock on some old pot or pan,
Proving its lid the absolute shield of Hector,
Gog, Fin M'Coul, or some such mighty man ;
Of Roman coins (so called), a great Collector,
With porcelain demi-devils from Japan,
A porer o'er each old (or new) inscription,
Coptic or Cockney, Runic or Egyptian.

And such a one fond memory now recalls,
The plain brown *bob* and *specs* with shagreen cases,
The ample vest, the ginger-colour'd *smalls*
That scorn'd the adventitious aid of braces ;
The massive buckle which each foot enthrals
In sober radiance, a bright *oasis*
On the dark desert of the well-black'd shoe ;
(A metaphor, we fear, not over new).

Yes, such a one there was—mind *was*, not *is* ;
'Tis good to be particular in tenses,
Since to be hinted at as Bore or Quiz
To many matter of most grave offence is,
Producing great contortions of the phiz,
And disavowals are esteem'd pretences ;
'Tis best the *Present* therefore to eschew,
And use the *Perfect* or the *Preter-plu*.

So we'll say *was*—and 'twas his joy to seek
 (*Passion*, I might say, 'twas in him so furious,) Things rare and precious, modern or antique ;
And, though in other matters most penurious,
He'd rather far go dinnerless a week
 Than fail to appropriate ought he fancied curious
In earth, or sea, or air—no matter what,
So it was old, and others had it not.

And, sooth to say, he had a choice collection
 Of various ugly, odd, old-fashioned things,
Such as, when duly labelled for inspection,
 Make *Virtuosi* happier far than kings,
Though void of meaning, order, or connection ;
 One can't tell how or whence their value springs,
Whether intrinsic, or from some relation
Extraneous, which Locke calls Association ;

Such as a Handkerchief of Charles the Martyr's,
 A piece of Pig-tail chew'd by Captain Cook ;
An Idol worshipp'd by the Calmuc Tartars,
 A Gong, and an Arcadian Shepherd's Crook ;
King David's Tuning-hammer, Nell Gwyn's Garters,
 With here and there some queer black-letter Book ;
The *Editio princeps* of Tom Sternhold's Psalter,
Guy Vaux's Lanthorn, and Jack Thurtell's Halter.

Here, stiff and stuff'd, appear two full-grown Gulls,
 A group of cock-tail'd kittens and their mother,
A Chinese Joss, a pair of Scottish Mulls,
 Used by King Malcolm Canmore and his brother ;

Lord Russell's Breeches, one of Cromwell's Skulls,
 (Oxford and Naseby each can boast another,
 We've seen them, Reader, and 'twill pose you, when you
 in-
 Spect them, to say which of the three's most genuine).

Some local specimens were also there,
 The spoils of many a neighbouring monument ;
 A piece of granite, chipt from off the chair
 In which they whilom crown'd the Kings of Kent,
 A stone from Becket's shrine, a fragment rent
 From the proud surcoat, which sublime in air
 Waves o'er Black Edward's tomb, the very dress he
 Skewer'd certain French in on the Field of Cressy.

These the Cathedral furnish'd, while of date
 More modern there were some, as lately hinted,
 A Mustard-pot of George the Third's, a Plate
 With coronet and crest thereon imprinted,
 Used by Lord North when Minister of State ;
 The glass through which John Wilkes, the Patriot,
 squinted,

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

More recent still, a Linch-pin from the Gig
 By Hunt and Probert driv'n to Gill's Hill Lane,
 A tail from Harry Brougham's forensic wig,
 A thimble used by Ferdinand of Spain ;
 Also the *Os coccygis* of Tom Paine,

Which Cobbett at New York contriv'd to dig ;
A relic of Napoleon too, I mean a
Button O'Meara brought from St. Helena.

From these few last memorials one might guess
That Mister Jones (his name), with all his priggery,
Was *Radically* giv'n ; I must confess
He had acquired a trifling spice of Whiggery,
And once (long since) concocted an Address,
Which, fully bent on cutting no small figure, he
Had stuffed with 'Injured Queen,' 'heart-rending woe,'
And *quantum sufficit* of 'Unsun'd Snow.'

Of course he ever felt a great regard
For patriotism and patriotic men,
He almost worshipp'd them, and thought it hard
They were so scarce ; five miles, or even ten,
He'd walk at any time, so his reward
Might be to see a patriot—fancy then .
His joy, one day, when some kind neighbour went
And told him JOSEPH was come into Kent.

Who has not heard of Joseph ? not the lad
Who some four thousand years ago at Cairo
Drove Mrs. Potiphar exceeding mad,
And afterwards was Premier to King Pharaoh ;
Nor he whose works in folio my grand-dad
Priz'd far 'bove those of Flaccus or of Maro,
Josephus, of the self-same name and nation,
(Till he abjured them both to please Vespasian).

Who has not heard of Joseph? here 'tis plain

I do not speak of Buonaparte's brother,
Whom Wellington sent packing out of Spain,
Nor him at Long's once lock'd up by his mother,
Miss Foote's pea-green pretender, Joseph Hayne,
Nor Joe Grimaldi, sire or son—another
And greater far I mean, him whom in France
They'd call THE Joseph, THE *par excellence*.

He was forsooth a great Arithmetician,

Had all the Ready Reckoner at command,
And, having been a sort of Sub-Physician,

Now came to cast the water of the Land,
Which he pronounced in a most vile condition,

So bad in fact 'twas clear things could not stand;
The *antipous* of Leibnitz, still his song
Ran ever thus, '*Whatever is is wrong.*'

Oh Politics, sublimest Recreation,—

In faith I must apostrophise ye here!
Without ye what were man? what conversation
Could e'er subsist o'er Port, Gin-twist, or Beer,
(According to the tippler's taste and station)?

Without your aid useless the human ear;
Without it useless too the human tongue,—
One can't discuss the weather all day long.

O Politics! without ye many a warm man

(In City phrase we speak), had wanted bread,
Through every age since first the Conqu'ring Norman
Shot Harold (not the Pilgrim) through the head:

What were O'Shiel, O'Connell, and O'Gorman,
 And the other O.'s who make ye now a trade,
 Without ye?—Cobbett with his corn so boasted?
 Or Hunt with his—one raw, the other roasted?

O Politics!—but gently Madame Muse,
 Your Pegasus has a vile trick of bolting;
 'Tis bad, indeed it is, this breaking loose,
 Digressions are in general revolting;
 But always when one's looking after news,
 So pull your curb up sharp, Ma'am, rein your colt in,
 And turn his head to Wright's Hotel, the Fountain,
 Where you'll find Jones, and Joseph just dismounting.

CANTO II.

Kent in the Commentaries Cæsar writ
 Is call'd the civilest place in all the isle,
 And Jones resolved it should not lose a whit
 Of character through him; his civilest smile,
 His very civilest bow and all his wit,
 He brought to greet the patriot without guile,
 And cried while making a profound *salam*,
 'You're the Great Patriot, Sir?'—Quoth Joe 'I am.'
 'Your worship is right welcome into Kent!'
 Said Jones, and now again he bow'd his back,
 'We've few like you' (once more his body bent),
 'Fame like the wind' (his *Gingers* gave a crack,)

‘Resistless when it once hath found a vent,
Hath far and wide blown your great reputation
For counting, casting up, and calculation ;

‘Sir, I do reverence a man of *nous*,
A Patriot I do love, alive or dead ;
And, if you’ll deign to visit my poor house,
I will essay to furnish forth a *spread*
Fit for a Scotchman—there’s a brace of grouse,
Some cocky-leeky, and a sing’d sheep’s-head ;
I fear a pudding boiled in a bag is
A sorry substitution for a haggis.’

Jones paus’d and bow’d once more—the *pawkie* Scot
Knew well ‘a pin a day’s a groat a year,’
And that ‘a dinner sav’d ’s a dinner got,’
Then his mouth water’d at the dainty cheer,
Yes, *dainty*, Reader, though you like it not,
Nor I—but Joseph doth—besides ’tis clear
That, though in Magna Charta he delights,
He somehow can’t endure a Bill of Wright’s.

Not with more pleasure therefore He for pith
And piety alike renown’d o’er all,
Penzance’s Pride, the Reverend Boatswain Smith,
Hears to a ‘Love Feast,’ an ‘harmonious call ;’
Not with more pleasure Sisters Fry and Frith
Enraptured listen to his holy drawl,
Than Joseph lent an ear to this kind proffer,
At once embracing Jones and Jones’s offer.

In vain the waiter, with imploring face,
 Exhibits his long chronicle of stews,
 His fish from turbot down to humble plaice,
 His roast and boil'd, fricandeaux and ragouts,
 All the varieties o' the feather'd race,
 Goose, spring-chick, duckling—Joseph doth refuse ;
 'I'll thank you, Sir,'—these were his sole commands—
 'To get some water just to wash my hands.'

Your Scottish toilette's no such long affair,
 But much like that of Ponto, Don, or Rover,
 A shake, a wipe, five fingers through the hair,
 (If any hair there be), and all is over ;
 Dress too 's so much beneath a patriot's care
 That Joseph soon was ready to *break cover*,
 So, taking Jones's arm, the pair withdrew,
 Sam¹ and his waiter looking rather blue.

'Heaven sends us meat' (thus ancient proverbs go),
 'The devil sends cooks' they add, and quite as truly
 If Scotland be design'd the place *in quo*,
 And Janet, Jones's 'help,' had come but newly
 To Christendom direct from 'Edinbro ;'
 Of course that day the genial banquet duly
 With 'crowdy,' 'collops,' 'haggis,' was supplied,
 And Heaven knows how much nastiness beside.

¹ Samuel Wright, Esq., the worthy host of an excellent tavern, where you are sure of good entertainment 'whether you are a man or a horse.' He is, we believe, the *natu maximus* of a triumvirate of brothers who for many years past

'Each in a separate Kentish town
 Have kept the Ship, the Fountain, and the Crown !'

Now fancy, gentle reader, dinner done,
Fancy the *filth* remov'd, and all the dwelling,
Like ropes of rotten onions in the sun,
Of these most 'villainous rank compounds' smelling.
Fancy the whisky-toddy just begun—

And Jones in ecstasy while Joseph's telling
The abuses he intends to 'sweep away,'
And all the good he means to do—some day.

'First I'll re-organise the Church—that's flat,—
Confiscate her revenues to the nation;
Instead of tythe and offering and *all that*,
As soon as he has finished his oration,
The clerk shall carry round the parson's hat,
Collecting halfpence from the congregation,
And in the open air—no church or steeple—
'Twill make him more respected by the people.

'Then for the Bench—old proverbs still declare,
As they've been handed down to us by our mothers,
"Each man's the best judge of his own affair;"
And what then can he want with any others?
So we'll get rid of all the "learned brothers,"
And all their superfluity of hair;
Coifs, gowns, and robes—in fact, despite of Guelph,
I mean to do away with Law itself.

'Think what a saving there will be in wigs—
Buz, bush, and bird's nest, such as Parr's and Paley's,
Those too in which the lawyers *queer* the *prigs*,
Fine full forensic ones "wi' sma' wee tailies,"

The family will merry be as grigs

Freed from all fear of Park and *both* the Old Baileys;
All powerless then to *Brixtonise* or gibbet 'em,
While every man may live—and thiefe—*ad libitum*.

'Then as to Greece'—the Patriot stops because

He sees his host has dropt into a doze
Tranquilly sound, an inference which he draws
From the deep respirations of his nose;
At once he brings abruptly to a close
His lengthy lecture upon wigs and laws,—
Then transfers to his pocket, without any stir,
Some dozen lumps of sugar from the canister.

That done, indignant at the slight thus shown

Unto his oratorical display,
Just as he was proceeding to make known
(A fact we don't get hold of every day)
The best mode of expending a Greek loan—
He snatches up his hat and walks away:
Telling the curtseying Janet, as he past her
In the hall, 'by no means to disturb her master.'

Nor was it till some half hour had gone by,

That Jones, who had been dreaming of the devil,
Woke in a fright; but when he cast his eye
On Joseph's chair, presentiment of evil,
Flash'd on his mind, he felt how 'd—d uncivil'

A quiet snooze seems to a sitter by;
Then too his friend's retreat had spoil'd his plan,
'Janet!' he roars, 'why where's the gentleman?'

And when he found that he was gone indeed,
Without one 'frail memorial' left behind;
Away he trotted at his utmost speed
Back to the Fountain, much disturbed in mind
That after all he should so ill succeed,
Nor bear away a relic of *some* kind
From this the pink of patriot perfection,
To add unto his 'rich and rare' collection.

An autograph, a glove, a pinch of snuff,
Or any little thing by way of sample;
His very shoe-string had been quite enough,
His cotton pocket-handkerchief most ample,
Or some more trifling article, for example,
The pins he found and stuck upon his cuff.
But he has pass'd—a vision of the night,
A meteor gleam, as transient and as bright.

Joseph, by this, had got half way to Dover;
So all that Jones can do's to catechise
The chambermaid and waiters, to discover
If he had left aught which might be a prize.
A shilling, given to either one or t' other,
Identified, were precious in his eyes.
Alas! he had only given a nod to Sam,
The chambermaid a kiss, to 'boots' a d—n.

Alas for Jones! Now doth he fret and fume!
When Betty, chambermaid, at length bethought her,
'Perhaps there's something in the dressing-room?'
Fired at the thought, around the neck he caught her;

Then rush'd and saw to dissipate his gloom,
 Where stood a trifling modicum of water,
 The same in which, so Betty doth insist,
 The Patriot had lately wash'd his fist.

Oh ! not such rapture, Mister St. John Long,
 Feels when he grasps a patient's glittering fee,
 Oh ! scarce more rapture, Paton, queen of song,
 Pouring the full tide of her harmony,
 Darts through each breast amidst the listening throng,
 Than Jones experienced, as in extasy
 He sprang upon the fluid, seized the *tottle*,
 And cork'd it up securely in a bottle.

And there, a label duly fixed upon it,
 It stands his richest gem ; and daily press
 Sage antiquaries round to gaze and con it,
 And Mister Ellis that great A. S. S.
 Hath promised to write a paper on it.

.

ENCOMIUM IRREGULARE.

Of all the joys that sweeten life,
The joy that charms me most,
Is to sit at one's ease,
With the fire at one's knees,
And read the *Morning Post*.
And hark! two taps—'tis the postman raps!
Away, away, away!
Bring the muffins and the urn
And the rest of the *concern*,
With the milk, eggs, and sugar, on the tray;
Oh! brightly burns the fire as the paper thus I roast,
Like me, eager to devour the steaming *Morning Post*!

What's here?—Oh dear!
'A certain Noble Peer
Fought a duel with Sir John and was wounded in the
rear.'
'The match 'twixt Mr. Hayne
And Miss Foote is off again,
And Col. B. has thrashed a man and put him in great
pain.'
—'Effects of Catholic zeal,
Last Sunday Mr. Shiel,
Ate an Orangeman for breakfast, with all the pips and
peel!!'

Oh horrible! Oh shocking! Oh how lucky 'tis we boast,
Such an orthodox defender in the *Morning Post*.

‘Ever charming, ever new,
When will the paper tire the view?’
‘On Monday Mrs. Coutts’s plate
Was removed to Piccadilly—
And a hundred rats, for want of cats,
Were devour’d by Crib’s dog Billy.
On Tuesday, Lady Mary
Gave a gala at “the Dairy,”
And Miss Laroche, her maid, a *fête champêtre* in the
are.’

Then we’ve ‘LINES’—‘Poor little Fly! .
In my tea-cup here you lie!
You tumbled in and drowned yourself because you
were so dry!’
Oh charming! How pathetic! Neither Hamlet nor his
Ghost
Can raise the tear of sympathy like the tender *Morning*
Post.

‘The world of fashion’s wond’rous hot
For Michael Kelly’s life;—’
‘A noble Lord (an *excellent shot*)
Has *gone off* with a Commoner’s wife.’
‘The King, at Drury Lane,
Has heard *Der Freischutz* o’er again,
And Elliston has made a speech, and spoke it pretty
plain!’

‘ Last week a poor woman was brought to bed,
And hundreds have been to view her,
For her baby was born with a pin in its head,
And its arm sew’n up with a needle and thread ;
And its lips fastened down with a skewer.’
How delightful to sit thus and read what the news is,
And what wonderful creatures Dame Nature produces !
So I take a sip of tea and a little piece of toast,
And sigh to think how near I’m through the charming
Morning Post.

But stay—‘ the Argyle Rooms last night
Had a brilliant masquerade ;
The champagne of course was supplied by Wright,
Of the Opera Colonnade ;
We need not say the wine
Was pronounc’d *uncommon* fine,
While the *ladies* swore the ice-creams and the jellies
were divine.’
‘ Our Ambassador’s new coat,
Is all gold from skirt to throat,
And the tailor’s bill will form a pretty *Percy Anecdote* ;
For the waistcoat and the breeches
Bespeak the wearer’s riches ;
And nothing but gold-thread is us’d in sewing all the
stitches.
But this the Noble Lord
Can very well afford,
So he only asks Lord Liverpool to settle for his sword ;
To-morrow morn he sallies
In the Comet on to Calais,

And so to Rheims, where now it seems,
His Grace has hired a palace.'
Why zooks! I wouldn't give a crown to see him sailing
from the coast,
Since I'm reading all about it in the clever *Morning Post*.

So talk not to me of your musty old volumes,
Your tomes that grave sages and sophists enjoy;
Oh what can compare with these elegant columns,
Whose contents ever charm us and never can cloy?

Hail, pride of the Press! 'tis thy glory I sing of,
Long, long may'st thou flourish, thy Laureate I—
Bob Southey himself could not make any thing of
The rest, with thy fame should they venture to vie.

Through the Strand though thy horns be no longer re-
sounding,
Ah! silenc'd by 'old father antic, the Law,'
Yet each *boudoir* of taste still thy pages are found in,
From Burlington Gardens to Bermondsey Spa!

Yet thy merits shall Fame go on still advertising,
And her trumpet proclaim to each far distant coast,
That for all that's delightful, grave, gay, or surprising,
The world cannot equal the dear *Morning Post*.

TIM TWADDLE.

[The three powers, Great Britain, Russia, and France, having determined to establish a kingdom of Greece, which should be entirely independent of Turkey, offered the crown in the first instance to John of Saxony, who declined it; then several candidates being passed over, its acceptance was pressed upon Prince Leopold. Upon this the Prince, who at one time had been eager enough for the prize, began to bargain, demanding that the island of Candia should be included in his dominions. However, on February 20, 1830, he definitely accepted the offer, and wrote to the Count Capo d'Istria, the president of the republic, to that effect. The Count, in his reply, represented the danger and difficulties the new monarch would have to encounter. Then came the illness of George IV., and it was thought that the prospect of eventually arriving at the Regency of England contributed not a little to the Prince's final abandonment of the crown of Greece. A good deal of dissatisfaction at this infirmity of purpose was expressed, particularly by those who attributed it to a design upon the government of this country. At all events by Leopold's withdrawal the three powers were thrown into a state of considerable embarrassment, and it was not till after the assassination of Count Capo d'Istria, and some months of civil war, that the difficulty was for the time settled by the selection of Otho of Bavaria.]

GREECE.

A King for Greece!—a King for Greece!
—Wanted a ‘Sovereign Prince’ for Greece!

For the recreant Knight
Hath broken his plight,
Some say from policy, some from fright,
Some say in hope to rule for his niece,
He hath refused to be King over Greece.

A King for Greece!—a King for Greece!
Where shall we find a King for Greece?

Score after score,
A hundred and more,
Candidates crowd round the Treasury door,
From Athens, and Thebes, and the Peloponnese,
All of them eager to reign over Greece.

Big O exclaims ‘Be the diadem mine!

I spring from chiefs of an *iligant* line,

The Mahonites swear

If to *stand* I should dare

I shall ne’er again *sit* for the County of Clare.

Oh! what *will* I do should Parliament cease?

Oh! make me the Sovereign Prince of Greece!’

Now naye, now naye, thou vagabond Dan,

In faith thou never mayst be the man,

Thou'lt cringe, and cry,
And bully, and lie,
Yet shrink from danger whene'er it comes nigh !
A Skulker in war, a Braggart in peace,
Thou never mayst be the Prince of Greece.

‘ Oh ! I'll be King, and the Nation shall thrive,
And I'll make one halfpenny pass for five !

Subscribe ! Subscribe !

Ye Chaw-bacon tribe,
Give Peel and Wellington each a bribe ;
'Twill cost no more than a penny a-piece,
To buy Will. Cobbett the crown of Greece !’

Now spare, now spare, thou grey-headed sinner,
The poor-man's purse for the poor-man's dinner !
In vain thou'dst rob it,
To mob it, and job it,
Thou never mayst reign, thou wicked Will. Cobbett !
Traitor to all parties, all to fleece,
A Vampyre were better than thou for Greece.

‘ Oh ! I'll be King !—oh ! I'll be King !
And the people for joy shall dance and sing,
For Lords shall mix
With Layers of Bricks,
And Chimney-sweeps ride in their coaches and six ;
Then shout, boys, shout, nor your clamouring cease
Till Henry Hunt is the Monarch of Greece.’

Now naye, now naye, thou vain Blacking-man,
Thou wert fitter by far to be King of *Japan* ;
 Thy Reps, and RapsCALLIONS,
 And Tatterdemallions,
With their whitey-brown hats and their pewter medal-
 lions—
Fit subjects they for the new Police,
They never shall make thee the King of Greece !

‘Now tell me the price ! now tell me the price !
Don’t stand shilly-shally, nor be over-nice ;
 No matter how high,
 I’ll buy, I’ll buy !

Then who’ll be so great or so grand as I ?
In my diamond tiara and ermined pelisse,
No longer a Duchess but Queen of Greece !’

Now naye, proud Duchess, now naye, now naye,
No Queen, but Quean, which is spelt with an a !
 Full shameful, I ween,
 It were in a Queen

To tippie Kürsch Wasser and proof Maraschin,
Now naye, now naye !—thy maudlin caprice
Shall never, O never, give law to Greece !

A King for Greece !—Oh, who may he be ?
‘—Ye’ll just gie the *Souveran Croon* to me !
 The Siller’s the thing
 That maks a gude King ;
To sic a fine pass the *revanue* I’ll bring

Ye'll see the whole *tottle hoorly* increase,
Gin ye'll mak Joey the King o' Greece !'

Now naye, now naye, thou pawkie auld Scot,
Thy knaverie is not so soon forgot,

Thy tricks in the Loan

Are far too well known,

Thou 'dst 'rob the Exchequer,' and call it thine own !

Now naye, friend Joey, ne'er think us such Geese
That a Fox like thee should be King over Greece.

Alas ! for Greece !—Alas ! for Greece !

We never shall find a fit King for Greece ;

That Royal pair,

'Lance' and Chabert,¹

Are both of them *burning to blaze* away there,

Like William and Mary on a half-crown piece,

With heads conjoined to reign over Greece.

That never may be !—That never may be !

Though Satan were joined to make Fire-Kings three ;

No Quackified Gander,

Nor red Salamander,

May sit where sat Macedon's Great Alexander :

Oh ! had we Sovereigns fiery as these

Who might *insure* the safety of Greece ?

¹ Monsieur Chabert was a sort of conjuror, who, in addition to the title of Fire King, claimed, like his royal predecessor the 'Pontic Monarch,' immunity from the effects of poison. Unhappily for him, Mr. Wakley, the editor of the *Lancet*, thought proper to take up the cudgels in the interests of science ; and very soon proved that a fire of his kindling and prussic acid of his preparing were not matters to be trifled with.

Alas for Greece!—our hopes decrease—
We must look for a King among the Chinese!

There's Dombrowsky,
And Poniatowsky,
Soltikoffs twenty,
And Romanoffs plenty,
Mastuchiewitz, Tchitchagoff,
(Enough to give a witch a cough,)
Pole and Russ,
All making a fuss,
With Germans and Dutch,
The sceptre to clutch—
Van Rump, Van Frump,
Van Beest, and Van Trump!
There's Prince Esterhazy,
So rich and so lazy;
There's Prince Emilius,
Looking so bilious;
And Count Capo *d'Istery*,
Famous in History;
With Wirtemberg Paul,
And the Devil and all,
French, Swiss, Spanish and Piedmontese,
All of them mad to reign over Greece!

Oh, Jupiter! Sire of Gods and Men,
To thine own Olympus return again!
Bring back Mercurius,
Thy son, though spurious,

And Phœbus, and Juno,
And Hebe, whom you know ;
Sweet little Cupid,
Who strikes people stupid,
With Bacchus and Venus,
And Pan and Silenus,
And the rest, who at School used so much to chagrin us !
Restore, once more,
To thy Classical Shore
Her ‘ bright golden Age ’ and her ‘ Glories of Yore ! ’
(Two phrases I’ve borrow’d from honest Tom Moore),
From fierce Seraskiers,
Whisker’d up to the ears ;
From Slaves,
And Knaves,
And Fools,
And Tools,
Thine own fair realm at length release,
And send us a Patriot Prince for Greece !

[In the summer of 1830 London was visited by one of its periodical panics. The subject this time was hydrophobia. Among others, the Bishop of London was said to have been bitten by a mad dog. Whether either party died in consequence of the bite is not recorded, but it was certainly not the Bishop.]

THE MAD DOG!!!

Mad Dog!—Mad Dog!—
A horrid Mad Dog
Is running about the town,
And all take flight
To the left and the right
Wherever his nose is shown ;
For he barks, and he howls, and he snaps, and he yelps,
At the Dogs, and the Bitches, and all the little Whelps.

Still he keeps roaming,
Grinning, and foaming,
And Folks know not what to do,
For he runs as he goes,
And his eyes and his nose,
All are running too !
His eyes 'tis said,
Are 'set in his head,'

Which makes them the more to quail,
I own to me
More fearful 'twould be
If his eyes were set in his tail!

This fierce mad dog, this horrid mad dog,
Hath set both country and town agog ;
Some think 'tis the very Dog Star himself,
With his own heat grown delirious,
Sam Rogers says 'No,
It can never be so,
As he *grins* he can't be *Sirius*.'
Everyone dreads abroad to stir
All out of fear of this terrible cur,

For he hath nibbled a power of folks,
Lords and Squires of high degree ;
The Rich and the Proud,
And the Vulgar crowd,
Lowly Peasant, or high born Dame,
Whoever he bites 'tis all the same,
All are gone mad as mad may be !

He hath bitten a Parliament man,
One Mister —— ———,
'Twas sad to see
The poor M.P.
When he began to rave ;
At once, 'tis said,
All memory fled,

He knew no more what he had done than the dead,
Lost all recollection
About his election,
And his Leicester friends *diddled* in high perfection,
They'd bills by the score,
But stoutly he swore
He'd see them all d—d ere he paid any more.
Down to Hastings the Doctors agree
Mister —— must go and be dipt in the sea.

This dog hath bitten the Queen of Song,
Alack that it so should be !
' Like sweet bells jangled out of tune '
Is now all her melody.
She hath stooped from her airy height
Where she soared a peerless bird,
With kestrel kites, and crows obscene
For evermore to herd.
Alack ! that one so fair and so bright,
Whom haply we deem'd a thing of light,
Should sink to a gulf so dark and so low ;
Alack, alack ! that it should be so !

He hath bitten a huge Tom Cat¹
Of the genuine Yorkshire breed ;
Alack for ' Pussey ! ' alack ! alack !
How he cocks up his tail, how he sets up his back,
He hath gone very mad indeed.—

¹ An allusion to the elopement of Miss Paton (Lady William Lennox) with Mr. Wood the singer.

In his amorous rage
He hath pounced on a cage,
And borne off the Linnet
That sang within it;
Oh ne'er was such caterwauling heard,
As when 'Pussey' ran off with that favourite bird.

Run, neighbours, run—make no delay,
The Dog is snapping at all in his way;
He hath laid hold
Of a warrior bold
Who served for glory and not for gold.
The Colonel hath doffed his sabre and plume,
He hath gone into the little Green-room,
He lectureth there
The frail and the fair;
Good Lord, how the Thespian heroines stare
To hear their *Giovanni*
Who wooed so many,
And never was constant a week to any,
With air demure and sanctified look,
Talking away like a printed book!
Some smil'd, some winked, and said with a grin,
'Tis a new farce,—“*The Devil rebuking sin.*”

This Dog hath bitten—Oh woe is me—
A Market Gardener of high degree;¹

¹ The fruit and vegetables from Claremont were, it was said, duly consigned to a salesman of Covent Garden Market.

Imperial Peas
No longer please,
An Imperial Crown he burneth to seize !
Early Cucumbers, Windsor beans,
Cabbages, Cauliflowers, Brocoli, Greens,
Girkins to pickle, Apples to munch,
Radishes fine, five farthings a bunch,
Carrots red, and Turnips white,
Parsnips yellow no more delight,
He spurneth lettuces, onions, and leeks,
He would be Sovereign Prince o' the Greeks ;
No more in a row,
A goodly show,
His Highness's carts to market go !
Yet still I heard Sam Rogers hint,
He hath no distaste to *celery* or *mint* ;
A different whim
Now seizeth him,
And Greece for his part may sink or may swim,
For they cry that he
Would Regent be,
And rule fair England from sea to sea ;
Oh ! never was mortal man so mad,—
Alack ! alack, for the Gardener-lad !

Oh horrible ! horrible ! worse and worse !
This Dog is an absolute national curse.

That a cur should so presume !
To the Parliament House he hath forced his way,
No Serjeant-at-arms may keep him at bay,

Poor Robert Quarme
Flies in alarm,
Rickman and Ley
Are as frighten'd as he,
He hath bitten great Henry Brougham !
'Twould quite amaze ye
To see how crazy
This great man grew in his three-tailed jasey.
'Fools,' and 'Knaves,'
And 'Rogues,' and 'Slaves,'
'Smatterers,' 'Chatterers,'
'Sycophant Flatterers—'
Good Lord ! what names to the right and left
The 'puir bodie' threw when of sense bereft ;
Till up jumped Peel,
And to cool his zeal
Tipt him a mild 'persuader,'
Beneath his frown
At once sunk down
The poor demented upbraider.
At once, and why we may well divine,
He ceased to bark and began to whine,
Since that dose full well I trow
He hath not uttered one little 'Bow wow.'

Rejoice, Rejoice,
With heart and with voice,
None now will be bitten except by choice,

For Alderman Wood,
‘So Wise, and so Good,’
Hath brought in a bill to crush the whole brood
You may now lay hold of a mad-dog’s tail,
And pull him backwards into a jail,
And the Lord May’r no doubt,
Will never let him out
Unless he ‘produce satisfactory bail!’
Rejoice, Rejoice,
With heart and with voice,
All the little Girls and all the little Boys!
Let all of us shout, and sing, and say
Huzza for Alderman Wood! Huzza!

[On November 6, 1830, Alderman Key, Mayor elect, warned the Duke of Wellington that a large number of desperate characters were about, and begged him not to permit the King and Queen to come, as had been arranged, to the Guildhall banquet without a strong military guard. The banquet was postponed in consequence of the supposed danger, which was thought to be connected with the agricultural disturbances in Kent and Sussex, known as the Swing riots; the consternation in the City was extreme—some said that there was to be a fifth of November on the ninth; some, that while their Majesties were dining, the gas-pipes were to be cut, Temple Bar blockaded, the Royal personages made prisoners, and London sacked. There was no nonsense that could not find belief on that fearful Monday. Consols fell three *per cent.* in an hour and a half; careful citizens lined their shutters with iron plates, and laid in arms and ammunition in expectation of the sacking of London. Before the end of the week the most alarmed were laughing at the panic. See *Martineau's History of England*, vol. ii. p. 18.]

SWING.

SCENE.—*Exterior of Guildhall on the 9th of November*—CONSTABLES, CITY MARSHALS, WATCHMEN, FISHFAGS, &c., *bivouacking in front*—SIR CLAUDIUS HUNTER *is seen through the doorway wringing his hands, and tearing the curling papers out of his hair.*

Swing! Swing!

'Tis a terrible thing

To get an epistle from Captain Swing!

Sir Claud has got one,

Now he's off like a gun,

'My Lord May'r! My Lord May'r, we're for ever undone!

Here's a Plot! Here's a Plot!

My Lord May'r, I declare

The Devil knows what,

And the Devil knows where!

You run to the Duke, while I run to the King,

And show him my note from that terrible Swing!'

See he mounts his white horse,

And adown Charing Cross,

Ye Gods! how he goes

With his knees to his nose,

His heels turning inwards, and outwards his toes!

'Sir Robert, come down,

They'll set fire to the town,

And burn my Lord May'r in his gold chain and gown!

Tell the King, tell the King

To be sure not to bring

The Duke to Guildhall—he'll be swallow'd by Swing!'

Up jumps Sir Charles Flower,
‘Fetch the Guards from the Tower,
Or that Swing all the *wittles* will come and *dewour*,
The *Wen’son and Weal*,
And the wild-ducks and teal,
How he’ll gobble the turtle as though ’twas cow-heel.
Lack-a-daisy! Dear me!
My Lord Key! My Lord Key!
Who has seen my Lord May’r? where the d—I can he be?
Beat the drums, blow the horns, and make all the bells ring,
Here’s a letter just come from that terrible Swing!’

Up jumps Mr. Hobler,
The Aldermen’s cobbler,
Who mends each decision
In need of revision,
‘Let me read, let me read!
Aye, here’s treason indeed!
Oh! what shall we do? Oh! how shall we proceed?
Fall in! Fall in!
Short and Tall, Fat and Thin,
We must all of us arm, so we’d better begin;
Fall in, *Prestissimo!*
Bravo! Bravissimo!
That’s right, and now I’ll be your *Generalissimo!*
Here’s Alderman Wood,
‘So Wise and so Good,’
As stout a soldier as ever stood;
Here’s gallant Farebrother,
Just such another,

With ex-Lord Mayor Crowder,
 None ever looked prouder ;
 You may see by his head that he'll never *spare powder* ;
 And here comes a man full of valour and pith,
 Magnanimous Joshua Jonathan Smith !

‘ Fall in three deep !
 Don't be playing bo-peep
 Behind there,—d'ye hear—
 You M.P.'s in the rear ?
 Lord Waithman and Thompson, what is it you fear ?
 Mr. Deputy Oldham,
 Do, pray, go and scold 'em,
 And make 'em come here to the front, as I told 'em.
 Sir Peter, you're a Knight,
 And must know how to fight ;
 Sir John Perring's the left, so you look to the right ;
 And lead on that bevy
 Of troops, light and heavy,
 With your black-handled sword that you wore at the
 Levee.

‘ Here's Wenables, Alderman Lucas, and Flower ;
 Atkins lives out of town—he'll be here in an hour ;
 Why, aye, here's a body-guard fit for a King,
 We'll tickle your toby, be sure, Mr. Swing ! ’

Here he comes, here's Sir Claud ; how he rides and he
 bawls ;
 How he gallops through Fleet Street, and round by St.
 Paul's ;

Now he roars, might and main,
 ' You may go home again ;
 Cease your fifing and drumming,
 The King *ain't* a coming !

So all the *consarn*, you perceive, ends a *hum* in.

Alack for the Nation !

Our grand preparation

Must all be ' deferred for another occasion.'

' But the meat,

Who's to eat

All we've dressed for the treat ?

What becomes of the scaffolding rais'd in the street ?

And where's the five shillings I've paid for my seat ?

Do, Ex-Sheriff Kelly,

Just hand one a Jelly ;

Sir Charles, as you're picking

The bones of that chicken,

Pray send me the gizzard, a leg, or a wing ;

'Tis a shame, so it is, and a scandalous thing,

To be balked of one's *wittles* in this way by Swing !'

The Bivouack breaks up in confusion—a rush towards the tables—general scramble—SIR CHARLES FLOWER has his fork at his mouth when a jog of the elbow pops it into his eye—SIR CLAUDIUS rides off on his white horse with a haunch of venison under his arm, and a hot lobster in each of his holsters—The LORD MAYOR is tumbled into a tureen, and smothered—MR. FIGGINS falls into a fricandeau, the RECORDER into a fit, and ALDERMAN ATKINS into the fire—The Grand Glass Star comes down with a crash—MAGOG is overturned on the heads of the Common Council—The Livery mount and dance a Mazourka on the high table—Crish—Crash—Dash—Smash—The Curtain falls, amidst general uproar and confusion, as in the Devilry scene of Der Freischutz.

[In 1830 Mr. St. John Long, otherwise O'Driscoll, a celebrated quack, whose original calling was said to have been that of a housepainter, was tried for the manslaughter of one of his patients, a young lady, who died under his treatment. He was convicted and fined five hundred pounds. His theory was, to say the least of it, a curious one. He stated in his book that as all men are born in moral sin, so they have about them a physical depravity in the form of an acrid humour, which, flying about the system, at length finds a vent in diseases which afflict or terminate existence. Mr. Long declared that by an external application he was able to bring forth this acrid humour and, having expelled the cause of disease, to put an end to all our bodily afflictions. He stated further that he was contriving a most complex piece of machinery, to the mechanics employed in the construction of which he was paying a large sum per week, and which, when complete, would cost him about two thousand guineas. 'This machine,' says Mr. Long, 'will search all the body, and cut away all the diseased parts, leaving the patients perfectly sound and well!!']

VIRGO INFELIX.

Hic jacet in terris
Pulchra puella;
Voluit esse melior
Cum fuit wella.

Quæ causa mortis,
Infelix virgo ?
Aqua fortis
Urens a tergo !

Quantum quantitate ?
Nescio sanè ;
Attamen vixero
Si non any.

Quis administravit ?
Sanctus Johannes.
Quibus recommendatus ?
Pluribus Zanies.

Quis fuit ille
Johannes præfatus ?
O'Driscoll Billy
Olim nuncupatus.

Medicus ?—Nequaquam,
Sed pictor signorum,
In Tipperariâ,
Inops bonorum.

Nunc dives auri
Sedet sublimis
In curru, celebratus
Prosâ atque rhymis

Quæ tantæ famæ
Fuit origo ?
Sanatio mira
Marchionis de Sligo.

Num particeps alter
Dementiæ vestræ ?
Imo sane fuit
Dominus Ingestriæ.

Ah ! virgo infelix,
Tui quam miseresco,
Sine sheetis blanketsve
Dormientis al fresco !

A curis soluta
Hic intus jace,
In Longum a Longo
Requiescas in pace !

ENCOMIUM LONGANUM.

You may talk of your Celsus, Machaons, and Galens,
Physicians who cured all incurable ailings,
But ne'er yet was doctor applauded in song
Like that erudite phoenix, the great Dr. Long.

Such astonishing cures he performs I assure ye,
Some think him a god—all a *Lusus Naturæ*,
The whole animal system, no matter how wrong,
Is set right in a moment by great Doctor Long.

Through all regions his vast reputation has flown,
Through the torrid, the frigid, and temperate zone ;
The wretch, just expiring, springs healthy and strong
From his bed at one touch of the great Doctor Long.

His skill to experience, what potentates ran—
The Pope, the Grand Llama, the King of Japan !
The Great Chinese autocrat, mighty Fon Whong,
Was cured of the *doldrums* by fam'd Dr. Long !

In each serious case he considers as well as
Doctor Horace, '*Naturam cum furcâ expellas*,
'Dame Nature,' (i.e.) 'you must poke with a prong,'
Pretty poking she gets from the great Doctor Long.

He cures folks *a merveille*, the French people cry;
 The Greeks all pronounce him *θειοτατον τι*.
 Dutch and Germans adore him—the Irish among,
 ‘To be sure he’s the dandy!’ Go brag,¹ Dr. Long!

King Chabert has proved, since restored from his panic,
 There’s small harm in quaffing pure hydrocyanic;
 But he never found out it was good for the throng,
 When scrubb’d on their stomachs by great Doctor Long.

A machine he’s invented, stupendous as new,
 To sweep one’s inside as you’d sweep out a flue;
 No climbing-boy, urged by the sound of the thong,
 Can brush out your vitals like great Doctor Long.

Her Grace feeling qualmish one morning of late,
 After breaking poor Jeffries’ the box-keeper’s pate;
 A bumper of Nantz, in a cup of souchong,
 Was prescribed as a tonic by great Doctor Long.

Garter king² has assign’d, like a sad ‘fleering Jack,’
 A duck for a crest, with the motto ‘*Quack, quack*;
 To the proud name of St. John, (it should be St. *Johng*,
 Which would rhyme with the surname of great Doctor
 Long.)

¹ Qu. *Brag*.—Printer’s Devil.

² Sir George Naylor, Knt., Garter King at Arms, &c., a signal example of the fallacious foundation of the proverb, which saith, ‘Grocers do not like plums.’ We counted, yesterday, on his armorial majesty’s carriage and harness, *eight-and-twenty coronets, two-and twenty garters, and eighteen crests*, besides full coats of arms, mantles, &c. as the story-book says, ‘all very grand.’

Great house-painting, sign-painting, face-painting Sage,
Thou Raffaele of physic, thou pride of our age ;
Alas ! when thou diest, and the bell goes ding dong,
Sure Hygeia herself will expire with her Long.

Then fill every glass, drink in grand coalition,
' Long life long await this long-headed physician,
Long, long may Fame sound with her trumpet and gong,
Through each nation the name of the great Doctor Long.'

THE DEMOLISHED FARCE;

OR,

'WHO IS THE AUTHOR?'

BY A NEWSPAPER CRITIC.

Oh, no ! we'll never mention him !
We won't, upon our word—
'*Decorum*' now forbids to name
An unsuccessful Bard ;
From Drury Lane we'll toddle to
Our 'office' with regret,
And if they ask us '*Who's* been dish'd ?'
We'll say that 'we forget !'

We'll bid him now forsake 'the scene,'
And try his antient strain ;
He'd better 'be a butterfly'
Than write a farce again ;
'Tis true that he can troll a song,
Or tender Canzonette ;
But if you ask us, 'what beside ?'
Why—really 'we forget.'

And, oh, there are so many now,
Who write good come-dy,—
There's Mister Planche, Mister Peake,
And Poole, who wrote *Paul Pry*,

Moncrieff and Mister Buckstone join
To make a funny set,
With some half-dozen jokers more,
Whose names we quite forget.

They tell us he has got behind,
A bran-new five-act play ;
They say that it is devilish droll,
But heed not what they say ;
Perchance, indeed, 'twill struggle on
A night or two, but yet
If 'tis no better than his farce,
The pair you'll soon forget !

T. H. BAYLEAF.

THE OATH.

‘An oath! an oath! I have an oath in Heaven!’

‘Blood on this hand!’—aye—not the generous stream
Which shed, or spent, alike we glorious deem—
‘Blood on this hand!’—aye—that ensanguin’d stain
Which damn’d to endless pangs the first-born Cain!—
Thou talk of valour! Thou of honour’s path!
Kick’d into courage,—cudgell’d by ————!
Thou talk of oaths, to thee an idle song,
Thou ‘everything by turns, and nothing long!’
Thou scorn of those that use thee for their ends!
Thou tool of those thou darest not call ‘thy friends!’
Thou who canst calmly brook, and pass it by
The sneer scarce hid, the half averted eye!
Thou talk of honour! Shame to man—to earth,—
Shame to that generous land that gave thee birth!
Hence! in some desert hide that hateful name,
The good abhor thee, and the bad disclaim!

A LONDON ECLOGUE.¹

(Scene—A Saloon in Uxbridge House—Time, Noon—A breakfast-table set out—Café au lait, red herrings, Scotch marmalade, rizzer'd haddocks, anchovy toast, devil'd kidneys, best gunpowder, muffins buttered on both sides, &c.—Lord Anglesey discovered, solus, on a sofa, in a horizontal position, with his mouth full of muffin, reading the INTELLIGENCE;—his lordship's Sunday leg (a Cork one) stands near the fire on the opposite side of the room—A groom of the chambers announces 'Mr. O'CONNELL.'—Enter DAN, hat in hand, bowing and scraping.)

DAN. Lord Anglesey, Lord Anglesey!—Good day, my lord, good day!

I've just look'd in, *because* I've got a word or two to say;
Jack Lawless told me yesterday, 'tis now beyond a doubt
That you're made Lord-Lieutenant, and to-morrow you
set out!

LORD A. Dan O'Connell, Dan O'Connell! ragged Jack
has told you true;

I'm off by steam for Dublin, and so, I suppose, are you:
I'm off by steam for Dublin, Dan, and you'll be there ere
long,
And, Daniel, we'll be friends, my boy,—but keep a civil
tongue!

DAN. Why, that's the thing, Lord Anglesey, I come to
speak of now;
I'm going over, and I *mane* to make a precious row!

¹ See vol. i. p. 172.

LORD A. Oh! that's it, Daniel, is it?—Now, attend to what I say—

(*sippeth coffee*)

I mean to put *rebellion* down, assume what shape it may—

(*more muffin*)

If I'm obliged to *hang* you, Dan, my duty I must do ;

But I beg you won't consider it as *personal to you* !

(*The 'Great Agitator' is greatly agitated—puts his hand nervously to his stock—turns white, then red, then whitey-brown—hems—coughs—sneezes—hesitates whether to be impudent, or brush—spies the Sunday leg across the room.*)

THE LIBERATOR (*aside*). (Ah! sure he can't get at me ;
so I'll give him just a *taste*)

(*aloud*)—Is that the way ye'd *sarve* me, then, ye big un-
nat'ral *baste* !

Ye're a Saxon—and a Welshman—and a LIAR, *to the fore* !

Ye *are*, ye big *desaver*, ye——

(*His Excellency pulleth up his work-a-day leg (a wooden one) from beneath the cushion, and hurleth it, totis viribus, at Dan's head.*)

Oh, *murther* ! where's the door ?

(*The LEG encountereth the HEAD, and DAN acknowledgeth the message with immediate prostration—The LORD LIEUTENANT putteth his best leg foremost, and hoppeth across to get hold of his Sunday one, in order to kick the intruder downstairs—Dan maketh a bolt, throweth open the door, and discovereth the grand staircase, JACK LAWLESS waiting at the bottom, inter alios flunkies—Dan is seen, like the Flying Dutchman, descending fifteen steps at a time.*)

HIS EXCELLENCY (*from above*). John ! Thomas ! William !
Harry ! Peter !

HONEST JACK (*from below*). Ah ! now, what's the fun ?

THE LORD LIEUTENANT (*supra*).

Kick those confounded rascals—

DAN (*in mid air*).

Run ! ye Divil's Darling, run !

(*Tully ho ! a fine burst—Hark forward ! Dan dashes down the Burlington Arcade—Jack doubles, up Cork Street—the pack divides—‘go it !’—Jack tumbles over an old applewoman, drops his new hat, which he had brought away from the Cider Cellar, by mistake, instead of his own old one ; hounds at fault—Jack slips through Saville Passage—Stole away ! Dan is run to earth by William, Harry, and Peter, at Truefit, the barber's ; Lord Uxbridge comes up, and whips off the dogs.*)

(*Grand Hunting Chorus.*)

Hark ! how Vigo Lane, resounding,

Echoes to O'Connell's cry !

Hark ! how all the streets surrounding

To his trembling voice reply ! &c. &c.

(*A recheat is winded, and the Curtain drops.*)

RELICS OF ANTIENT POETRY.

No. I.

[The subject of this mock ballad, printed with No. II. in the *Intelligence* newspaper (1831), is a squabble which arose between Lord Londonderry and his nurse. The particulars are pretty accurately given.]

The following curious old ballad is said to have been lately discovered by that erudite antiquary, Mr. John Britton, who assigns it to the twelfth century. As it is not to be found in the collections of either Percy, Ellis, or Ritson, we willingly give it a place in our columns:—¹

When goode Kynge Wyllyam (1) ruled this lande,
And was a worthie Kynge;
The Queene he one daye dyd commande
To attende a fayre Christ'nynge.

(1) From my researches in a scarce tract, entitled Hume's History of England, I conclude the monarch here alluded to is the celebrated William of Normandy, sometimes called William the Conqueror, who came over in the famous Spanish Armada, and killed Queen Elizabeth at the battle of Agincourt. His uncle, William the Second, who succeeded him, and was surnamed Roofus, from the beautiful ceiling he put up in Westminster Hall (see the Ramsbottom papers in the possession of Theodore, King of Corsica), was never married. William the Conqueror married the daughter of Caleb Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, the 'gracyous Queene' here alluded to.

J. B.

The Knights dyd ride, the folke dyd runne,
And make a mightie dinne ;
Then who so ready as Lorde Holdernesse, (2)
To lette Kynge Wyllyam inne.

The Kynge and Queene they both stand forth,
With Lordes and Ladyes tenne ;
The Byschoppe (3) is there with hys great bygge wygge,
The Clerke he sayeth Amenne.

Now 'Largesse ! Largesse !' quoth the Nurse,
And she spake on bended knee ;
'Now Largesse ! Largesse ! our gracyous Queene,
I pray thy Majestie !'

'Largesse ! Largesse !' then cryed they alle,
And they kneelid on the grounde ;
'Grammercy !' quoth our gracyous Queene,
'For thy mede here is Fiftie Pounds !'

Right gladde, I ween, that nurse is seene,
And she laughed loud laughters three ;

(2) Mr. Harris Nicolas, in his *Synopsis of the Peerage*, assigns 1621 as the date of the first creation of this title. It became extinct in the person of Humphry Clinker, 15th Lord, killed by the savages in the island of Owwhybee, A.D. 1540. J. B.

(3) Probably Thomas A'Becket, or Cardinal Wolsey, who both flourished in this King's reign ; the former was afterwards Archbishop of York, and suffered death for stealing the Crown out of the Record Office in the Tower of London.

J. B.

‘Nowe God prosper longge our Noble Kynge,
And eke his gaye Ladye!’

Then out and spake a Lady fayre,
The Mither, (4) I trow, was shee!
‘Now naye, now naye, thou olde fatte Nurse,
In sooth thys may not bee.

For there is Alice, and there is Joane,
And Susanne and Pollie, all fowr, (5)
Servynge women of lowe degree,
Doe wayt within mye bower.

Tenne pounds to Alice, and tenne to Joane,
Be welle and trewly payde;
To Susanne tenne, and to Pollie but fyve,
For she is the Kytchen Mayde.

(4) The ‘Mither,’ here mentioned, was, in all probability, the celebrated Anne Boleyn, wife of John Wilkes, fourth Earl of Holderness. The fate of this beautiful, but unfortunate woman, who was hanged at Tyburn, in 1745, by order of the inhuman Jeffries, for aiding in the escape of King Charles the First after the Battle of Blenheim, is matter of history. For a minute account of her execution, see Augustin *De Civitate Dei*, and the *New Bath Guide*. J. B.

(5) I can find no account of these ‘fowr maydens’ in all my friend Mr. Cawthorne’s most valuable circulating library. It is, however, not unlikely that the ‘Pollie’ last mentioned was the daughter of Mr. Peachum, some time keeper of his Majesty’s gaol of Newgate, and afterwards the wife of Macbeth, the notorious highwayman who robbed and murdered Banquo, Member for Corfe Castle, in the fourteenth century. There is, however, a trifling difficulty as regards datés. For her history see Gray’s tragedy of *The Beggar’s Opera*. J. B.

And fyfteene pounds, thou olde fatte Nurse,
May well thy guerdon bee.
‘Now naye, now naye!’ quoth that olde fatte Nurse,
‘In sooth that may not bee!’

For fyftie pounds of the good red golde, (6)
I begged on mye bended knee;
I wyll have alle—our gracyous Queene
Dyd frankly give it me!’

‘Now naye, now naye! thou fatte olde Nurse,
In fayth it shall notte be donne;
Our Lady forefend thou shouldest have alle,
And mye other fowr Maydens nonne!’

Then up and spake Lord Holdernesse,
And a wrathful man was hee;
‘Thys olde fatte Nurse is a Female Dogge,
And here she no more may bee!’

And he hath taken that olde fatte Nurse,
And smackid her soundlie and welle; (7)
One smacke on her cheeke, one smacke on her eare,
And one smacke where I maye not telle.

(6) A truly Royal present, amounting to about three hundred and seventeen pounds, four shillings, and three-pence half-penny of our present money. J. B.

(7) By the laws of chivalry, as contained in the Napoleon Code, it was a heavy offence for a knight to strike a female, and was usually punished, especially during the period of the crusade, by setting the criminal in the pillory. Sir Philip Sydney narrowly escaped this degradation at the siege of Acre. J. B.

‘Now out and alas!’ quoth that olde fatte Nurse,

‘That ever I was borne!

The Devyll flie awaye with Lord Holdernesse,

And poke hym with his horne! (8)

‘The Devyll flie away with Lord Holdernesse,

Who colde smyte mee on the hyppe,

And colde smacke the cheeke of a ladye,

When he mote have kissed her lyppe!

‘The Devyll flie away with Lord Holdernesse,

And all faytours fals and mene,

Who wolde take fyftie pounce from a pore olde Nurse,

And leave her bote fyfteene!’

(8) An awful imprecation, not unsuited to the complexion and creed of the dark ages, which preceded the invention of gas-lights, when infernal agency was believed in by every one; the story of the devil’s flying away with Doctor Foster is familiar to most, though there is some reason to doubt its authenticity. Romulus, king of Greece, and Matthew Hopkins, Archbishop of Paris, were said to have been similarly disposed of; also a tailor (name unknown), as is recorded in the old ballad of Chevy Chase:—

‘And the devil flew away with the little tailor,

And the broad cloth under his arm.’

J. B.

RELICS OF ANTIENT POETRY.

No. II.

Another of those interesting remains of which we have already given a specimen, was read at the last meeting of the Antiquarian Society. The MS. in which it and about fifty more are contained is an illuminated one, but imperfect, wanting both title-page and colophon. It is said to have been discovered at Bristol, in the book-stall of Peter Hyson, Esq., A.S.S., who, through the kind intervention of our antiquarian friend, has furnished us with an illustrated copy.¹

It was a Butchere wyth hys traye
Walked forthe to buy hys meete,
And hee mette wyth a queere lookynge calfe (1)
Hangynge uppe by hys feete.

(1) Of the period when calves were first introduced into this country we have no certain account. It must, however, have been previous to the age of Elizabeth, inasmuch as we find England in that reign already celebrated for its beef, then commonly partaken of at breakfast, its introduction to the dinner-table being the innovation of a later age. That eminent naturalist, Mr. P. Hyson, has proved to demonstration that veal must have been antecedent to beef, as the maturity of the one is necessarily

¹ A squib on a certain worthy butcher and common councilman, rejected as alderman by the Court for having dressed a donkey as a calf and exposed it in his shop.

‘Now Heav’n thee save, thou Butchere’s boye,
 I praye thee telle to mee,
 If ever in alle Ledenhalle (2)
 Thou fayrer veale dydst see?’

preceded by the precosity of the other; indeed, Veal may be defined as Beef in an incipient state. According to an antient distich preserved by that erudite antiquary, Mr. Puffman, [Hofman] of Bishopsgate Street Within,

‘Hops, Reformation, *Calves*, and Beer,
 Came over to England all in one year.’

If there be any truth in this tradition, the era must be that of King John, who was formally excommunicated by Pope Leo the Tenth (Ganganelli) for granting Catholic Emancipation, and refusing to kiss his toe. The dissolution of the monastic orders followed, and the Reformation was soon after brought about, principally through the preaching of the celebrated Martin Bree. This supposition is further countenanced by a passage in the old play of King John, by Barber Beaumont and Fletcher, in which the Lord Falconbridge, addressing the Archbishop of Austria, is made to say

‘And hang a calve’s skin on those recreant limbs,’

a recommendation which would seem to intimate that calve-skins were rare at that period, and worn only as an article of dress on state occasions, by the principal nobility.

(2) Leden, or as it is now spelt, Leadenhall, was formerly a Dominican Convent for monks of the Order of St. Francis. It occupied the site on which the market now stands, having Gracious (now Gracechurch) street to the west, and to the east a magnificent pile of building belonging to the Honourable East India Company, against whom these ambitious ecclesiastics maintained a long litigation in the Court of Chancery on the subject of tythes.

‘And howe sholde I a Jacke-Asse (3) knowe,
If thys be never a one?’—

‘Poh ! never heede hys eares and taylor,
Bote take hym for a crowne!’—

‘Aldermanne, (4) hee is too farre gone—Aldermanne,
hee is too farre gone ;
Vy, blesse yowr eyes,
Hee aynt noe syze ;
Hee vont cutte uppe tenne stone!’—

(3) Jackasses are supposed to be indigenous in this country ; it is at least certain that they were common in the time of Richard the Conqueror, and the breed has by no means degenerated. From the peculiar sagacity of this ‘fine animal,’ its name is held in great veneration in the City of London, as the symbol of ‘absolute wisdom,’ and has not only been frequently conferred as a title of honour upon aldermen, but has even been supposed to lend a lustre to the name of the chief magistrate himself. Mr. Kempe, in his valuable History of the New Post Office, mentions a rare print, representing a Lord Mayor in his robes of office with an ass’s head on. It were superfluous to speak farther of the ass, in its emblematic capacity, before a society which has so deservedly affixed A.S.S. as a proud distinction to the names of its members. As an article of food, the flesh of the ass is now little in request, except at corporation dinners and other civic entertainments, and occasionally, in the form of sausages, in the more thickly inhabited parts of the metropolis.

(4) From this term of address it would seem that the salesman, or master butcher, here alluded to, was a person of distinction, or a member of a body corporate. Ealdermann, or Eorlderman, was a title of honour amongst the ancient Scandinavians or Scavengers, and is still used by their descendants, the Low Dutch, as the appropriate designation of an elderly lady.

‘ Chaffe noe more, Butchere ; Butchere, chaffe noe
more ;

Thyne haggling is in vayne—
For soche a bargayne, atte fyve bobbe, (5)
Thou ne’er mayest see agayne !

Nay, staye thee, Butchere, thynke awhyle
Before thou leav’st mye stalle,
For Spryngge is comme, and veale doth ryse,
Whyle other meetes do falle !’ (6)

It was the custom formerly, for Eorldermen to ride upon white horses (see Tillotson and Jeffrey Monmouth *passim*). Their persons were held to be inviolable, and the form of an imprecation is still extent, made use of towards an offender who had inflicted an injury on one of their body—

‘ Zoundes, Sir ! you’ve cutte offe the Eorldermanne’s thumbe ! ’

This title must not be confounded with the modern ‘ Alderman,’ an office of great dignity and importance, *usually* filled by persons of respectability.

(5) Bobbe, an antient coin, equal in value to one shilling of our money. It was styled a Bobbe, from Robert Bruce, last Sovereign Prince of South Wales, who was slain in battle by Edward the Third, and whose effigy and legend it bore. One of these scarce coins is now in my possession, the head much defaced, and the inscription altogether obliterated.

(6) A curious illustration of the state of the gastronomic thermometer in days of yore. Its fluctuations seem to have been nearly the same in all ages. My learned friend Mr. Michael Scaley, whose experience in these matters is too well known to need farther comment, affirms, that ‘ *Weal is allays dearest a’ter Chrissmus.*’

‘Nowe tempte mee notte, thou Scalie manne—
O tempte mee notte, I praye ;
Here beé fowr hogge, (7) and ane tyzzie downe!’—
‘Welle, poppe hym inne thye traye!’

(7) The Boar, or ‘Hogge,’ was the well-known cognizance of the house of Lancaster, and usually stamped on the coins of all the Princes of that dynasty. When William the Third, surnamed the Crook-back Tyrant, from causing Perkin Warbeck to be smothered in the Tower, fell at Bosworth Field, Joseph de Lancaster, the sole survivor of the family, fled to America, where it is believed he still resides, exercising, in imitation of another great living potentate, the humble occupation of a schoolmaster. Mr. Heseltine’s assertion, that he became a bricklayer in St. Giles’s parish (vide *Last of the Plantagenets*), and built a stack of chimneys at Eastwell Park, for the Earl of Winchelsea, is a pleasing fiction, but utterly at variance with facts as developed by the severity of historical research. The precise value of the Hogge I have no means of ascertaining. The Tyzzie is the same as the Tizzy, i.e. sixpence, and was current during the ‘wars of the Roses,’ so called from a noble but turbulent family, which recently became extinct in the person of the late George Rose, Esq. M.P. for the borough of Christ Church, Hants.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

Oh ! we're a' nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh ! we're a' nodding at our house to-day ;
There's my wife and my daughter
My sister and my mother,
They're a' deck'd out in plumes,
And they're nodding at each other,
For the Birthday's come,
And her Majesty the Queen
Holds a Drawing Room, and all of us
Are anxious to be seen ;
And we're a' nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh ! we're a' nodding at our house to-day.

There's plump Mrs. Jukes,
From Great St. Helen's Place,
Has got a dress of Llama, richly
' Trimm'd with Urling's lace.'
Miss Jones has got a ' Colonnade
Dress,' ending in a flounce,
Superbly trimm'd with silver spangles,
Half-a-crown an ounce !
And they're both nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh ! they're both nodding at our house to-day.

Lady Sims has got a 'white tulle dress'
Adorn'd with 'flowers and blonde,'
Above a 'satin petticoat'
'With sleeves to correspond,'
'A coronet of feathers, with
Blonde lappets,' on her head,
And she looks just like a shuttlecock
Upon a feather bed!
And she's nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh! she's nodding at our house to-day.

Mrs. Snooks has got a robe,
'Fitted nicely to her shape,'
With charming 'silver sprigs,' all
'Embroider'd on white crape ;'
Sally Wilkins sports a train,
All so gorgeous to behold,
Of '*Vapeur terre* velvet,' and
'Embroider'd round with gold ;'
And they're nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh! they too are nodding at our house to-day.

There's Sir Claudius, with his chain
Twisted twice about his throat,
And very odd it looks upon
A Colonel's scarlet coat ;
There's my Lord Mayor, Key,
With his collar, but no gown,
His sword has got between his legs,
Oh, dear! he'll tumble down!

For he's nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh ! he too is nodding at our house to-day.

Come, they're all off at last
To St. James's, in their carriages,
I hope they won't come back again
To our house to-day ;
For my head's completely bothered with
'Presentations,' 'Court,' and 'Marriages,'
I'm sure I cannot understand
One half of what they say !
For they call it 'Coming out,'
When I thought 'twas 'Going in,'
And they talk of 'Llamas,' 'Tulle,' and 'Toque,'
'Brocade,' and 'Pelerine ;'
Of 'Blonde, *Drap à la Sévigné*,'
'Mantillas,' and 'Manteaus,'
And 'garnitures of rich Chenille,'
And '*Slips couleur de rose* ;'
And we're all bother'd, both-both-bother'd,
Oh ! we're all bother'd at our house to-day.

Now, what's the '*couleur immortelle*,'
I'm sure I cannot guess,
Though I dare say there'll be plenty at
The Opera to-night,
With '*corsages trimm'd à la cour*,'
And 'Cherry tissue dress,'
And 'Beret sleeves, with blond sabets,'
And '*vert pomme*, over white ;'

There's Polly Sprigs, dress'd *à la Grecque*,
With '*grenat* velvet train'
And '*epaulettes*,' will never speak
To Peter Dobbs again ;
While Sally Maggs, in satin '*torsad*,'
Will not give a nod
To Mister Perkins, in the pit,
Who thinks it very odd ;
For he'll keep nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh ! he'll keep nodding at the Opera to-night.

I'm sure I shall be very glad
When once they're all undrest,
And their '*Pomeran velours épinglé*
Trains' are stow'd away ;
These '*ruches*,' '*manches*,' '*slips*,' and '*toques*,'
Have rather broke my rest ;
For though they're all 'so cheap,' I doubt
There'll be a deal to pay.
But my wife says 'No !
We can't always stay at home,
And we must do as Romans do
Whenever we're at Rome !
And her head keeps nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
Oh ! her head keeps nodding at me, till she has her
way.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[A quarrel between two gallant captains, originating in a charge of evading the subscription due to the Junior United Service Club, and terminating, after a long correspondence, in an appeal to Sir Richard Birnie at Bow Street, gave rise to the following pleasantries, which appeared in the *Intelligence*, July, 1830.]

No. 1.

Captain Hogshead's best compliments—begs Captain
Squirt
Will just drop him a line, and be pleased to insert,
At what hour to-morrow or next day 'twill suit him,
To let his young friend, Captain Pills, come and shoot
him?

No. 2.

REPLY.

Captain Squirt Captain Hogshead's kind note has read
o'er;
He doesn't think proper to say any more.

No. 3.

Sir,—Your note's such a queer one, I really don't know
If you mean to encounter my friend Pills or no,

S. HOGSHEAD.

No. 4.

If I don't hear by ten, I conclude it *No Go*.

S. H.

No. 5.

Sir,—Captain Mouth has just brought me your verbal
despatch,

I shall tell Captain Pills, you won't come to the scratch,
Although in the dark you've been joining to flout him,
And all sorts of tarry-diddles telling about him.

S. H.

No. 6.

Sir,—It having been settled this day in committee,
That your friend Captain Pills has behav'd himself
pretty ;

Captain Squirt now no longer to shoot him refuses,
Wherever he likes and whenever he chooses.

R. H. MOUTH.

To Captain Hogshead, &c. &c.

No. 7.

Sir,—I beg leave to put what I told you in writing,
I must say I think it's all nonsense this fighting ;
Suppose they shake hands—think no longer of slaughter,
But finish—I'll join—with hot brandy and water !

S. H.

To Captain Mouth, &c. &c.

No. 8.

Sir,—Either beg pardon at once for your malice,
Or—zounds ! sir—come over and fight me at Calais !

HOTSPUR PILLS.

To Captain Squirt.

No. 9.

Sir,—My friend Captain Squirt, who's as bold as a lion,
Says as how he conceives Captain Pills is a *shy un* ;
A voyage in a steam-boat he don't choose to hazard,
He has waited three days for a slap at his mazzard ;
So his character now he will hinge upon that,
He will fight in England, and d——n me that's flat !

To Captain H., &c. &c.

R. H. M.

No. 10.

Sir,—You know we agreed when you gave me a call,
That France was the best place for powder and ball,
And if you've chang'd your mind—why I hav'n't—that's
all.

To Captain Mouth, &c. &c.

S. H.

No. 11.

Sir,—You know you told lies, and said everything bad,
And you ought to be 'sham'd of yourself—so you had !
And now that my mother has found it all out,
And won't let me fight, why my courage you doubt,
Come over I tell you, or soon you'll have got
What you won't like at all—but I shan't tell you what.

To Captain Squirt, R.N.

HOTSPUR PILLS.

No. 12.

Calais.

Sir,—I meant to have lick'd you, and bought a new whip,
But the beak bound me over ; I've giv'n 'em the slip,
And here I'm now staying your carcass to drub,
If you don't come, by Jove, I shall write to the club.

H. P.

To Captain S.

No. 13.

Sir,—It's devilish provoking your keeping one so,
Captain Squirt should have come and been shot long ago;
I beg we no longer attendance may dance,
It's deuced expensive this stopping in France.

To Captain Mouth, &c. &c.

S. H.

No. 14.

Sir,—Captain Squirt I can never advise
To fight anywhere else but at Battersea Rise;
And more than that, it should never be his plan
To take any more notice of any sich man,
Who would not fight
When he very well might,
But for full thirteen days kept clean out of sight.
If you write any more I shall very much thank
You to pay the post, or to put it in a frank.

To Captain H., &c. &c.

R. H. M.

No. 15.

Sir,—As to writing, 'tis grown such a bore,
That I don't mean to trouble you never no more;
But since Captain Pills is my crony, I feel
That to call him 'a man' is not very genteel.

To Captain M., &c. &c.

S. H.

No. 16.

Sir,—I don't mean to quarrel, indeed never do,
But I hope I'm at least as genteel, sir, as you.

To Captain H., &c. &c.

R. H. M.

No. 17.

Dear Squirt,—As to Pills, whom I know well enough,
I thought his palaver in Down Street all stuff,
But what 'twas about it is so long ago
I've forgot, but I think 'bout his brother poor Joe ;

No. 18.

I don't recollect, I can't tell, I don't know.

H. DOWNEYCOVE.

No. 19.

DECLARATION.

We think and agree
That far better 'twould be

For the parties to stand on the beach near the sea.
Brave Pills close to Calais, Bold Squirt down at Dover,
With the Channel between 'em, then let 'em shoot over—
So witness our hands, and our seals, well and truly ;
S. H.—R. H. M.—London—10th day of July.

THE CAVALIER.

The Cavalier came riding,¹
As the beams of the setting sun
Shed a lurid light
On the field of fight—
Of the fight that was lost and won.

There was blood on his saddle bow,
There was blood on his bridle rein,
As the panting steed
Relax'd his speed
At the bower of the Lady Jane.

Fair Jane look'd east, fair Jane look'd west,
As far as she could see,
And she was aware
Of a company there
Fast galloping over the lea.

'Oh, saw ye a horseman, lady?
Oh, saw ye one ride this way,
Full proud was his mien,
And his scarf was of green,
And his steed was a dapple grey?'

¹ These lines were set to music by Atwood, but never, I believe, published.

‘ Oh, I saw no horseman pass,
But a dapple grey steed came by ;
There was blood on his mane,
There was blood on his rein,
But no rider might I espy.

‘ All travel-stain’d was that courser’s side,
And masterless was he,
And away and away
Flew that gallant dapple grey,
Like the summer gale fleet and free.’

They have search’d that hall and bower,
They have search’d both wide and near,
And the maiden’s heart beat high
Though no trace could they espy
Of that war-worn Cavalier.

Fair Jane look’d east, fair Jane look’d west,
No scarf of green could she see,
But she spied in the yew,
Through the coppice where it grew,
The blink of a bonny black e’e.

‘ Now haste and away, Lord William,
Now haste and away,’ she cried,
For the bellying sail
Bends low to the gale,
And fair are both wind and tide.’

Now hoist every sail to the breeze,
And, boatman, ply thine oar,
For a truer hearted pair
Than the maid and Cavalier
Never yet sail'd from shore.

THE VICTIM OF SENSIBILITY.

Why mourns my Eugene ? In his dark eye of blue
Why trembles the teardrop to sympathy due ?
Ah ! why must a bosom so pure and refin'd
Thus vibrate, all nerve, at the woes of mankind ?

Yet dear are the drops by Philanthropy shed
O'er the victim of Sorrow's unfortunate head,
Nor beams there a gem with a ray so divine
As the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine.

Say, friend of my soul, then, what story of woe
Thus bids the soft streams of humanity flow ;
Oh, give thy Lorenzo thy sorrows to share,
And together we'll mourn for the child of despair.

Like a sunbeam the clouds of the tempest between,
A smile lights the eye of the pensive Eugene,
And thus in soft accents the mourner replies,
' Hang your mustard ! it brings the tears into my eyes.'

THE OLD WOMAN'S CAT.

The old woman sat in her rush-bottom'd chair,
And she snorted and sniff'd with her nose in the air ;

‘Dear me ! dear me !

What's this ?’ quoth she ;

‘ Here's a very bad smell ; why, what can it be ?

I'll wager a hat

It's that horrid Tom cat

Has been on the rug, or the carpet, or mat ;

All this has been

From his being shut in.

Betty, go run for Carpenter Gore,

Make him cut a great hole by the sill of the door,

And the cat will get out and annoy us no more.’

Straight at the little old woman's command

Came Carpenter Gore with his saw in his hand,

And he saw'd and he chisel'd, and close by the floor

He cut a great hole by the sill of the door ;

And the little old woman began for to snore,

For now, without doubt,

As the cat could get out,

She conceived he would ‘ never do so any more.’

But when she awoke

She was ready to choke ;

Oh dear ! how she wheez'd

And snuff'd and sneez'd,

For the smell was a hundred times worse than before.

The old woman bann'd and the old woman swore,
And she vented her spite upon Carpenter Gore ;
But Carpenter Gore cared little for that,
He put up his saw and he put on his hat,
And to Betty he said with a grin :—
 ‘ A hole, no doubt,
 That lets one cat out
Will let half a score cats in !’

MORAL.

Little old women, wherever you be,
Gentle or simple, come listen to me—
 Beware how you storm,
 And bawl for Reform,
And great alterations begin,
 Lest, in going about,
 To rout one grievance out,
You let half a score come in.

THE MODERN IXION;

OR,

THE LOVES OF JOSEPH DALE AND ELIZA BAINES.

[One of the most extraordinary hoaxes ever played off was exposed at the sessions at Greenwich. A young man named Joseph Thornton was charged with detaining a miniature, the property of one Joseph Dale. It appeared that the prisoner had represented that a certain fair lady was deeply in love with Mr. Dale, and had induced him to commence a correspondence with her. His letters were duly answered, to the number of a hundred or more, which answers described the lady's affection to be of the most romantic description. *Her* miniature was sent—*his* was given in return; her will was made, and all her property devised to him; and Mr. Dale at length fancied that he was really in love with a being whom he had never seen; when—sad disaster!—it turned out that the whole was a hoax on the part of Thornton, and that he retained the miniature of the enamoured *Lothario* in his possession; and for this he was given into custody. Upon his returning the portrait and consenting to make a suitable apology, he was discharged.]

Come listen to a mournful tale,
All ye who feel for true-Love's pains!
Just twenty-two was Joseph Dale,
Fifteen he deem'd Eliza Baines:

A heart more tender or more true
Ne'er throb'd with passion than the swain's ;
And though she ne'er had met his view,
That heart adored Eliza Baines.

One Abraham Thornton (not the youth
Who dash'd out Mary Ashton's brains,
But one, alas ! as void of truth)
First told him of Eliza Baines ;

And how her roseate cheek grew pale,
And how salt tears, like wintry rains,
In torrents flow'd for Joseph Dale,
All heedless of Eliza Baines.

And she was fair, and rich as fair ;
With store of gold and wide domains ;
And blest the youth ordain'd to share
All this with fair Eliza Baines !

Oh, then a tender *billet-doux*
He pens and softly thus complains,
' If you loves me as I loves you,
I'll wed with sweet Eliza Baines.'

He turns his back on Greenwich Park,
Its glittering domes and gilded vanes,
And sadly roams till almost dark,
In hopes to meet Eliza Baines.

To Lew'sham 'lazy, lanky, long'
 (One epithet the Muse disdains
As all unfit for poet's song),
 He hies to seek Eliza Baines;

And there his devious path he winds,
 So pensive peeping through the panes—
But ah! those curst Venetian blinds
 Seclude the fair Eliza Baines.

In vain beneath that window high
 He pours his fond melodious strains,
And coughs, and sneezes—not a sigh
 Responds from Miss Eliza Baines.

'Oh, Abraham Thornton! aid me now,
 If any spark of friendship reigns
Within thy bosom, breathe a vow
 To bear me to Eliza Baines!'

'A portrait, Joseph!' Abraham cried,
 'True love in absence best sustains;
There dwells a limner in Cheapside
 Will paint one for Eliza Baines.

'To morrow eve, at Astley's too,
 The fatal fray on Belgium's plains
They act—a mimic Waterloo!
 There may'st thou see Eliza Baines!'

Oh then a hackney coach was call'd,
A surly *jarvey* took the reins;
'My fare's two bob!' he hoarsely bawl'd;
Ah! how unlike Eliza Baines!

They reach the pit—the great Ducrow
From every hand applauses gains;
Applause from Joseph Dale?—Ah! no,
He thinks but on Eliza Baines.

One form alone attracts his view,
That form an upper box contains;
Yon orange turban trimmed with blue—
It is—it is Eliza Baines.

'Bright vision! spare my aching sight!'
He cries—and scarcely yet refrains
To scale that box's topmost height,
Though darkly frowns Eliza Baines.

Withheld by Abraham, down he sunk,
A snob his other arm detains,
With 'Blow my vig! the fellow's drunk!'
He reck'd not of Eliza Baines!

Ah, why must Fortune cruel prove?
Why still delight in mortals' pains?
Why rouse him from his dream of love?
Why cry, 'There's no Eliza Baines!'

That fatal truth revealed, his breast
Dire thoughts of vengeance entertains,
False Thornton owns, a knave confess,
‘ ’Tis all my eye about Miss Baines !’

At once his eyes turn darkly blue,
His nose the spouting claret stains ;
Fierce Joseph strikes so swift, so true,
Thus hoaxed about Eliza Baines.

And ‘ Sarve him right !’ the people say,
Of pity they bestow no grains
On one who could his friend betray,
To love a false Eliza Baines.

Alas, for Joseph Dale ! bereft,
And forc’d to reassume the reins,
The whip, the box he lately left
Rejoicing, for Eliza Baines ;

Bound to the ever whirling wheel,
Ixion’s fault—Ixion’s chains
He shares like him, condemn’d to feel
He clasp’d a cloud in Betty Baines.

THE CABOUAT TRAGEDY.

The Roman bard feelingly laments that many great names have failed to reach posterity—

Carent quia vate sacro.

Those of Messrs. Cabouat and Simon, two of the most illustrious cut-throats of modern times, will at least not be lost for want of this advantage. It is but two days ago that we had to report their execution, and a poem of 150 stanzas is already published, composed by one of the most brilliant geniuses, which must immortalize their memory. We regret much that its length precludes our giving this splendid effusion entire and in its original language; ‘Half a loaf,’ however, says the adage, ‘is better than no bread,’ and therefore we venture to Shenstonize a few verses, commencing with its opening address to ‘*Tout bon et sensible cœur.*’

Come listen to a doleful tale

Each tender heart that throbs with pity,
Your very cores will all turn pale
Before I’ve got through half my ditty.

A hapless Abbé’s fate I sing,

Whose sons-in-law took much in dudgeon
A will they thought not quite the thing,
So beat his brains out with a bludgeon.

Pseaume was his name (for verse a cramp
 One); they who for his blood did hunger
 Were a sad thorough-going scamp,
 Call'd Adolphe Cabouat the younger,

And one who bore as bad a fame,
 In dress and mien though somewhat neater,
 And Peter Simon was his name—
 Ah! how unlike to Simon Peter!

.

The bard goes on to relate the marriages of the two daughters of Pseaume, the death of Cornélie, Simon's wife, and her fatal will which sowed the first seeds of enmity in her husband's breast, and eventually produced such a dreadful result. She thus consigns her children to the care of the Abbé:—

'Oh! for the love of heav'n, papa,
 When I am gone and toll'd my knell is,
 Be thou to them a new mamma,
 And fill their little darling bellies.

'Protect, I pray, my children three
 According to my true intention;
 They will be better far with thee
 Than with that chap—I shall not mention.'

Expressive silence! Ah, poor thing!
 E'en then she could not charge a crime on
 The man she once had lov'd, nor bring
 Her pen to write 'that rascal Simon.'

.

In describing the marriage of Eliza Pseaume with Cabouat, so reluctantly consented to by her father, he alludes to the efforts of Madame Pseaume to overcome her husband's reluctance to the match :—

Dame Jeanne, who thought him meek and mild,
And had a soul above base Mammon,
Cried, 'Dearest, do indulge the child !'
The Abbé only answered, 'Gammon !'

Oh ! had he uttered 'Gammon' still,
His then so seeming harsh denial
Had saved himself a bitter pill,
His daughter many a bitter trial ;

Nay, sad forebodings shook the bride,
Her future lot foreshadowing evil in ;
She wept so while the knot was tied,
She set the very parson sniveling.

After recounting at great length the perpetration of the crime, &c., he describes the behaviour of the prisoners while in gaol :—

They laugh'd, they quaffed, they drained the cup,
Nor thought on him they'd used so cruelly,
All reckless that they soon might sup
On sulphur broth with brimstone bouilly.

.

Many just compliments are paid to the presiding judge, M. de Sansonetti, and the rest of the Bench, as well in

prose as in verse, and the whole is at last wound up with the affecting adieus of Simon to his family and to the members of the Court that had condemned him:—

‘ Great sirs, who from yon bench look down,
And thou, illustrious Sansonetti !
Sage Thiriet, counsel for the Crown !
Gents of the Jury, Grand and Petty !

‘ By your just judgment doom’d to trip,
Mercy I hope not, nor will ask it ;
[*To the Executioner.*]
So jump about Jack Ketch, and snip
My knowledge-box into your basket !’

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

BEING A FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF A CERTAIN 'TIGHT LITTLE ADMINISTRATION' THAT WAS LOST IN A FOG OFF THE COAST OF BRIGHTON, ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1834, AND HAS NEVER BEEN HEARD OF SINCE.

AIR—*The tight little Island.*

Dandy Melbourne one day
Said to sage Gaffer Grey,
‘ We must now hold a grand consul-tation ;
Since Spencer’s “ gone dead,”
We shall want a new head
To conduct the affairs of the nation ;
For now he’s got this elevation,
Althorp can’t keep his old situ-ation,
And where’s the three-decker
Can take the Exchequer,
In our tight little Adminis-tration ?

‘ As for Durham, you know,
He’s been down to Glas-gow,
And made an infernal o-ration,
Calling all of us “ fools,”
And “ rogues,” and “ Brougham’s tools ”
(To *that* Peer’s no small morti-fication) ;
And since that great Illumin-ation
Of the Law, meets such vituper-ation

From your son-in-law ; *he*,
As your Lordship must see,
Can't be one of our Adminis-tration.

‘ Edward Littleton, too,
Would, I fear, never do,
Though we might, as to mere calcu-lation,
Send for Bowring from France,
To teach him finance,
And subtraction, and multipli-cation ;
But you know what a sad pertur-bation
He occasioned our Associ-ation
By that business with Dan,
Which demolished the man
As a part of our Adminis-tration.

‘ There’s that Scotch Abercromby
May, it’s fancied by some, be
Possess’d of a qualifi-cation ;
His return, to be sure,
Is pretty secure,
And that’s no small consider-ation ;
For since in her old corpor-ation
We’ve produced such transmogrifi-cation,
With his tongue in his cheek, he
May blarney Auld Reekie,
And humbug her whole popu-lation.

‘ But then, there’s Ned Ellice,
You know, would be jealous,

That rose-bud of civili-zation ;
Though the Tories defame him
And grossly nick-name him,
Which causes him great tribu-lation—
Yet why should it give him vex-ation ?
Ursa Major's a prime constel-lation,
And who dares declare
Him the *only* "Great Bear"
To be found in our Adminis-tration ?

'As to little John Russell,
Who's in such a bustle
To put us to farther "pur-gation,"
With his "Ballot" and nonsense,
We can not, in conscience,
Consent to such gross inno-vation.
We must all view with great constern-ation,
A seat of but three years' dur-ation ;
The King and the Church
We can leave in the lurch,
But we can't leave our Adminis-tration.

'Stay!—by Jingo, I've caught
What, you'll own's a bright thought,
Unless I've lost all pene-tration—
I'll be off in a trice,
And take with me Spring Rice,
To propose for the King's appro-bation !
When once I've made this presen-tation,
There's an end to our whole bother-ation ;

And no longer sticks
In this "tarnation fix"
Our rickety Adminis-tration.'

Jumping into a chaise
('Twas an old hack of Grey's),
Melly dropped here this grave conver-sation,
And bade the postilion
Drive towards 'the Pavilion'
Without further procrasti-nation :
But conceive our poor friend's desper-ation,
When, in answer to this appli-cation,
Turning coolly about,
Said the Sov'reign, ' *You're out !*
And I'll form a new Adminis-tration !'

Alas ! and alack !
When his Lordship got back,
Only fancy the cold perspir-ation
The Whigs were all in,
When they heard where he'd been,
And his journey's abrupt termi-nation.
Holland House, at the first intim-ation,
Became one scene of sad lamen-tation !
A succession of fits
Turn'd poor Palmerston's wits,
And produced mental halluci-nation.

Then in Great Stanhope-street
The confusion was great

In a certain superb habi-tation,
Where, seated at tea,
O'er a dish of bohea,
Brougham was quaffing his 'usual po-tation.'
(For you know his indignant ne-gation,
When accused once of jollific-ation)—
Down went saucer and cup,
Which Le Marchant pick'd up,
Not to hear his Lord mutter 'd—n-ation !'

But this greatest of men
Soon caught hold of a pen,
And, after slight delibe-ration,
No longer he tosses
His flexile proboscis
About, in so much exci-tation ;
But, scribbling with great ani-mation,
He sends off a communi-cation :
'Dearest Lyndhurst,' says he,
'Can't you find room for me
When constructing your Adminis-tration ?

'Though the *Times* says I'm mad,
And each rascally *Rad*
Abuses my tergiver-sation—
Though those humbugs, the Whigs,
Swear that *my* "Thimble-rigs"
Were the cause of all their vacill-ation ;
The whole story's a base fabri-cation
To damage my great reputa-tion ;

So now, to be brief,
Only make me Lord Chief,
And I'll serve without remuner-ation !

When he found 'twas 'no go,'
And that Lyndhurst and Co.

Were deaf to all solicit-ation,
As 'twas useless with Lyndy
To kick up a shindy,

He resolv'd upon peregrin-ation ;
Not waiting for much prepa-ration,
He bolted with precipi-tation ;

A sad loss, I ween,
To Charles Knight's Magazine,
And to Stinkomalee edu-cation !

So now that the Noodles,
The Doodles, and Foodles

Of the Radico-Whig combination
Are off, and the Realm
Has sound men at the helm,

Let us give them full co-operation !
Superior to intimidation,
May they free us from mere mob-dictation,
Till her Altar and Throne
Grateful England shall own,
Preserv'd by Peel's Administration !

*BRIEF SUMMARY OF A LATE INTERESTING
REPORT.*

[A squib on 'The Report of the Privy Council on the Destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire, 1834.']

This is the house that Josh burnt.

These are the sticks that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Milne, who advised a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, but never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who suggested a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the brick, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Weobly, who heard but feebly, what was said by Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, and never told the news, to Mr. Milne, who suggested a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Josh Cross, who continued to toss, in too many sticks, and was full of his sauce, though cautioned by Weobly, who'd heard very feebly, what was said by Phipps, when he suffered the chips, to be burnt in the flues, yet never told the news, to Mister Milne, who preferred a kiln, for burning the sticks, which heated the bricks, that set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mrs. Wright, who was all in a fright, and sent to Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though cautioned by Weobly, who heard so feebly, the words of Phipps, who suffered the chips, to burn in the flues, and never told the news, to Mister Milne, who had ordered a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Dick Reynolds, who saw that night, the flues and the furnaces blazing bright, stuff'd full of sticks to three-fourths of their height, when sent by Mrs. Wright, who was all in a fright, to scold Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though rebuked by Weobly, who heard so feebly, the orders of Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, and never told the news, to Commissioner Milne, who advised a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is John Snell, who found out by the smell, and the smoke and the heat that came through to his feet, when he sat himself down in the Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the flues and the stoves were blazing too bright, when despatched by Dame Wright, in her hurry and fright, to scold Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though warned by Weobly, who heard very feebly, what was said by Phipps, who permitted the chips to be burnt in the flues, and never told the news to Mr. Milne, who had talked of a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Mr. Cooper of Drury lane, who went down to

Dudley and back again, and heard a man say, the very same day, that the house was a-blazing, a fact more amazing, than that of John Snell, who knew very well, by the smoke and the smell, and the very great heat, that came through to his feet, when he sat himself down in the Black Rod's seat, that Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the stoves and the flues were burning too bright, stuffed full of sticks to three-fourths of their height, when Mrs. Wright sent him off in a fright, to blow up Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, for not minding Weobly, who heard so feebly, the directions of Phipps, respecting the chips, being burnt in the flues, without telling the news, to Commissioner Milne, who ordered a kiln, for burning the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is John Riddle, who only cried 'Fiddle!' when asked if Cooper¹ of Drury Lane, had been down to Dudley and back again, and had heard a man say, at the Bush that day, that the house was a-blazing, a thing more amazing, than the fact of John Snell, finding out by the smell, and the smoke and the heat, coming through to his feet, when he sat with his boots on in Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the fire in the stoves was a great deal too bright, stuff'd up with sticks to three-fourths of their height, when sent in her fright, by poor Mistress Wright, to admonish Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, though rebuked by Weobly, who heard so feebly, the words of Phipps, who allowed the chips, to be burnt in the flues, but never

¹ N.B.—No connection of our friend honest John of Drury Lane Theatre.

told the news, to Mr. Milne, who had said that a kiln, was the place for the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is Whitbread the waiter, who added his *negatur*, to that of John Riddle, who only cried 'Fiddle!' when they told him that Cooper of Drury Lane, had been down to Dudley, and back again, and had heard that day some traveller say, that the house was a-blazing, a thing most amazing, to even John Snell, who had found by the smell, and the smoke and the heat, that was scorching his feet, as he sat in his boots in the Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, when he said that night, that the fires in the stoves were alarmingly bright, stuff'd up with sticks to three-fourths of their height, when Mistress Wright, being really in a fright, sent him off to Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, to Surveyor Weobly, who'd heard so feebly, the orders of Phipps, who permitted the chips, to be burnt in the flues, without carrying the news, to Commissioner Milne, who had told him a kiln, was the place for the sticks, that heated the bricks, and set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

This is the Peer, who in town being resident, signed the report for the absent Lord President, and said that the history was clear of its mystery, by Whitbread, the waiter, adding his *negatur*, to that of John Riddle, who laugh'd and said 'Fiddle!' when told Mr. Cooper, of Drury Lane, had been down to Dudley and back again, and had heard the same day, a bag-man say, that the house was a-blazing, a thing quite amazing, even to John Snell, who knew very well, by the smoke and the heat, that was broiling

his feet, through his great thick boots in the Black Rod's seat, that Dick Reynolds was right, that the fires were too bright, heaped up to such an unconscionable height, in spite of the fright they gave poor Mistress Wright, when she sent to Josh Cross, so full of his sauce, both to her and to Weobly, who'd heard so feebly, the directions of Phipps, when he told him the chips, might be burnt in the flues, yet never sent the news, as he ought, to Milne, who'd have burn'd in a kiln, these confounded old sticks, and not heated the bricks, nor set fire to the house that Josh burnt.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF IKEY SOLOMONS!

[The following is a squib on Mr. Disraeli's early novel, *Alroy*, or, as it was originally called, *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, and the parody is really closer than might be suspected. Ikey Solomons, whose name is probably now forgotten, was a once notorious receiver of stolen goods, and was thought to have had a hand in the robbery of plate at St. Paul's Cathedral. Being committed to Newgate, in 1826, he persuaded the officers to take him round by Petticoat Lane, where a crowd of Jew thieves and pugilists surrounded the hackney coach and rescued him. He was afterwards convicted and transported in 1830.]

To the Editor of the New Anti-Jacobin.

Sir,—The weeping victim of a Literary Larceny throws himself at your feet for sympathy and for succour.

'*Hos ego versiculos scripsi, tulit alter honores*' was the heart-broken exclamation of the Roman (or Grecian, I forget which) poet, when suffering under a similar bereavement, and well can I appreciate his bitterness of soul when the astounding truth burst at length upon him, overwhelming him with all the reluctant wretchedness of conviction. Sir, I too have been plundered! miserably, bare-facedly despoiled! I too—but I will state my case, and let a liberal and enlightened public judge for itself.

Sir, I am a young gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, and have a great deal of genius; my father tells all his friends that I am the cleverest young man in Europe, and so I am. Thus accomplished, and having been bred to no particular calling, I naturally turned my attention to a seat in Parliament; and as the readiest mode of attaining my wishes resolved to become at once a Dandy and a Novelist. The first was easily accomplished; I bought a pair of green velvet pantaloons, and pink silk stockings, and thus accoutred went to a ball in Barbican. The affair was done. The second requisite was not attained without a little more difficulty; but I borrowed an odd volume of the Newgate Calendar and went to work with a stout heart. I was not long at a loss for a hero, the name of an illustrious sufferer of our own people caught my eye, and the brief but brilliant career of Ikey Solomons opened at once a noble field for my exertions. The work grew under my hands, I traced my hero's progress from infancy to childhood, from childhood to mature age. His birth, parentage, and education, were luminously portrayed, and had it been his fortune to have delivered a last dying speech and confession, that too would have pointed my moral and adorned my tale. That he is reserved (perhaps) for a different fate is not my fault, I dare not violate historic truth for the sake of a pleasing *dénouement*.

Sir, my work was all but finished, I had actually decided upon the propriety of employing type of an extraordinary size and doubling the usual spaces between the lines so as to extend my one volume into three; I had

even projected a short memoir of Bishop the Barker to tack on by way of make-weight at the end of the third, when, at the very moment when, 'Good easy man,' I

'thought full surely
My greatness was a ripening'

a perfidious friend, to whom I had confided my design and its progress, 'nipped my root;' and a fortnight ago I had the mortification to find myself forestalled in the market, my novel anticipated by another so perfectly identical in conception and execution that the omission of a name upon the title page could not for one moment raise a doubt in my mind as to the faithless author of the Piracy. The very address to my revered grandmother, with which I had so pathetically prefaced my work was not spared, but stared me impudently in the face from the very first leaf. But the public, I repeat, shall judge for itself; I enclose you a synopsis of the contents of my volumes, which you may compare with the spurious work, when I trust to your sense of justice for a proper anathema on the head of the shameless offender.

I am, Sir,

With great respect,

Yours indescribably,

ASHER LEVI.

ORIGINAL INTRODUCTION.

TO

MY GRANDMOTHER ANNE . . .

Sweetest Grandmamma! As I wandered over Hampstead Heath behold a Nanny Goat stood in front of Jack Straw's Castle! She perceived me! She started back! She gazed at me with trembling surprise. 'Ah! fear not! sweet creature,' I fondly exclaimed, 'fear not, and scamper not away! I, too, have a Nanny in the next parish; not less soft her downy chin than thine! and if her eye be not so bright, she useth spectacles, which amply make up for the defect! If I recall one gleam of rapture to her pensive cheek, and extract but one half-guinea from her pocket, not in vain shall I have written the wondrous tale of Isaac Solomons!

PREFACE.

The time of this Romance is the nineteenth century.

At that period this was the political situation of the East.

Whitechapel was in a state of ferment; Michael Scales, who had been charged with skinning and dressing a donkey, had been rejected by the Court of Aldermen, and now not only threatened them with a *Mandamus*, but avowed in terms too plain to be mistaken his intention of can-

vassing the City for a seat in the lower House. His pretensions, however, were warmly opposed by many of the livery, who conferred their suffrages on Alderman Wood, Alderman Waithman, Alderman Thompson, and Alderman (then newly created Sir John) Key.

With regard to the Hebrew people, it should be known that after the destruction of the Brunswick Theatre, many of them who had resided in its immediate vicinity removed but a short distance into Petticoat Lane, and there gathered themselves together for the purpose of carrying on the business of dealers in old clothes and receivers of stolen goods, in connection with a notorious Fence known to the Police by the name of 'Old Smouche.' If we are to credit the Advertisements in the *Hue and Cry*, there were periods of prosperity when the coffers of this enterprising people were enriched with 'white soup' (as their imaginative fancies taught them to designate melted silver) from many a house at the opposite extremity of the metropolis, and even with the Communion Plate from the sacristy of St. Paul's Cathedral itself.¹ Another place of residence was Houndsditch, a favourite spot, famed also as the abode of the philanthropic Joseph Ady,² who dedicated

¹ The sacristy of St. Paul's Cathedral had been a few years previously entered, and the communion plate, valued at about 4,000*l.*, carried off. The thieves were said to have been occupied some five or six nights upon the job. As violence could not be employed, it took a separate night to obtain a waxen impression of the wards of each lock. At length the booty was reached and carried off in a couple of hackney coaches to a house in Little Britain, where the warmest possible reception awaited it. The present 'plate' is, I believe, but copper gilt.

² Mr. Joseph Ady, a quaker and by trade a hatter, 'the friend, philosopher and guide' of all in search of unclaimed dividends.

almost every hour of a long and well-spent life to the benevolent employment of conveying to unknown individuals intelligence of 'something very much to their advantage.'

In this state of affairs arose Isaac, or (as he was usually denominated in the unrestrained familiarity of friendship) Ikey Solomons, a name not, perhaps, unknown to the vast majority of my readers, an illustrious individual, whose surpassing qualities, both as a public and private character, will long keep his memory green in the souls of his companions. As the former he will be ever regretted as the most active and accomplished 'picker up of unconsidered trifles' about town, while to his excellence as the latter, many a fond tribute will be paid by the barmaid of the 'Duke's Head' as she sighs over the recollection of his favourite toast, 'The Girl we love and the Land we live in;' an amiable sentiment, combining all the social endearments of Connubial Felicity with the sterner virtues of Patriotism.

And now for my style. I must frankly confess that I have *not* invented a new one. I am conscious of the hazard of such innovation, but I have adopted in many instances the phraseology most in vogue in the vicinity of the Seven Dials, especially towards the middle of my second volume, where I have introduced a volley of 'Infernal Gentiles,' 'Jew Dogs,' and 'Accursed Scoundrels,' as spirited as euphonous. The artless language made use of by the children on their way to witness an execution is also, I flatter myself, in strict keeping with that ingenuous simplicity which is the characteristic of tender years.

I hope the reader will experience the pleasure of an agreeable contrast in the achievements of the renowned Mr. Bishop.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

How Ikey Solomons was a sharp little Jew boy, and sold slippers and sealing wax in the Minories; and how he grew up to be a man and would not pay his taxes.

CHAPTER II.

How the Churchwarden's son kissed Ikey's sister in Whitechapel Churchyard; and how Ikey knocked him down with a mop-stick.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

How Ikey Solomons ran away with the Churchwarden's cab, lamed the horse, and bilked the turnpike.

CHAPTER II.

How Ikey fell asleep under Aldgate Pump.

CHAPTER III.

How he awoke again; how a Donkey came and looked at him; and how Ikey stared the Jackass out of countenance.

CHAPTER IV.

How 'Little Robin-red-breast sat upon a pole' over Ikey's head; and how his tail 'went widdle waddle.'

CHAPTER V.

How Ikey called at a shop in Houndsditch where the door-chain 'was evidently constrained by some magnetic influence.'¹

CHAPTER VI.

How Mr. Solomons was introduced to the High Priest; how the High Priest had a beard down to his waistband, red plush breeches with yellow buttons, a greasy hat, and 'large luminous eyes';² and how he looked at Ikey with them.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

How Ikey Solomons fell asleep again in the High Priest's garret; and how he dreamt that he had stolen Mr. Rothschild's walking-stick, and was worth a hundred thousand pounds in the Three per Cents Reduced.

CHAPTERS III. and IV.

How the High Priest gave Ikey his blessing and a Queen Anne's half-crown; and how Ikey went out to buy a centre-bit and a jemmy.

¹ Taken from me *verbatim* without acknowledgment!—A. L.

² Ditto!!

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

How Ikey Solomons walked to Field Lane to buy his tools ; how he fell in with a gang of 'Cracksmen,' who wanted to make him eat pork ; and how Huffey White would not let them, because his own Grandmother was a Jewess.

CHAPTER II.

How Ikey gave the Cracksmen the slip and ran up Holborn Hill ; how he took 'something short' at Thompson and Fearon's, and was picked up by the New Police out of a gutter in the Seven Dials.

PART V.

CHAPTER I.

How Ikey Solomons was carried to Dr. Eady's ; and how the Doctor cured him ; and how one small pill was a dose.

CHAPTER II.

How Dr. Eady turned out to be the High Priest's uncle ; and how he recollected the half-crown.

CHAPTER III.

How the Doctor gave Ikey a bag, and bad him cry 'Old Clothes !' and how they took a boat at Hungerford stairs, and went to a great house over the water.

CHAPTER IV.

How Ikey Solomons fell in love with the Queen of Sheba.

PART VI.

How Ikey stole a crowbar from a dealer in marine stores.

PART VII.

CHAPTER I.

How Ikey showed the crowbar to his sister; how his sister said, 'Choice news, my darling!'¹ and how the High Priest lifted up his hands, and cried, 'Only think of Ikey!'²

CHAPTER II.

How the High Priest and Ikey Solomons rejoined the cracksmen in Field Lane, with a true and particular account of their jollification.

CHAPTER III.

How Huffey White sung a song; and how Ikey encored it and said it was 'rare stuff!'³

¹ Ditto!!!

² Ditto!!!!

³ Ditto!!!!!!

HUFFEY WHITE'S SONG.

‘Drink! Drink!
Drink away!
Never think
On what’s to pay!
What is Man?—a sigh! a vapour!
What is Woman?—whitey-brown paper!

‘Waiter quick! another lump
Of sugar in my beaker plump!
Pop it in my brimming cup!
Bravo! now I’ll drink it up.
Drink! Drink!
Drink away!
Never think
On what’s to pay!’

CHAPTER IV.

How Ikey and Huffey White queered the *beaks*, tipped them the ‘go by,’ and broke into the pantry of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER I.

How Ikey Solomons ran away with the Queen of Sheba, grew proud and quarrelsome, got drunk, and called the High Priest a stupid old blockhead.

CHAPTER II.

How Ikey gave a grand party with his share of the Archbishop's *swag*; how he had a goose 'stuffed with almonds and sugar-plums' for dinner, and pistachio nuts kabobbed for supper; and how he went to Almacks in green velvet breeches and pink silk stockings, and kept open house for a week.

PART IX.

CHAPTER I.

How the High Priest meant to 'turn nose;' and how the Doctor and the Queen of Sheba burked him.

CHAPTER II.

How Ikey Solomons had a confounded headache.

PART X.

CHAPTER I.

How the police got scent of Ikey; and how the ghost of the High Priest came and said solemnly, 'Ikey! Ikey! Ikey! meet me next Monday in Petticoat Lane!'

CHAPTER II.

How Ikey Solomons showed fight; how Huffey White *split*; how Ikey was nabbed by the *peeler*; and how the Doctor came to see him in jail.

CHAPTER III.

How Ikey Solomons was taken in a hackney coach to be hanged; how the little boys cried, 'O My!' and the little girls, 'O Crikey!' how they all said they should be 'so disappointed'¹ if he was not hanged, and how they were so disappointed; how a dozen of old-clothesmen upset the coach in Petticoat Lane; how the High Priest's ghost opened the door, and cried, 'Go it!' and how Ikey Solomons bolted up an alley, and was never seen nor heard of afterwards!

¹ Ditto!!!!!!

THE END.



PR
4058
A4B3
v.2

Barham, Richard Harris
Life and letters

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
